

UNIV. OF  
TORONTO  
LIBRARY







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







THE  
EDINBURGH REVIEW,  
OR  
*CRITICAL JOURNAL:*

FOR  
JANUARY, 1906 . . . . APRIL, 1906

*TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.*

---

---

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

---

---

VOL. CCIII.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO., LONDON AND BOMBAY  
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, NEW YORK.

---

1906.



# CONTENTS OF No. 415.

|                                                                                                                                                                                       | Page |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ART. I.—1. British and Foreign Trade and Industry. [Cd. 1761.] 1903.                                                                                                                  |      |
| 2. British and Foreign Trade and Industry. (Second Series.) [Cd. 2337.] December 1904.                                                                                                |      |
| 3. Essays and Addresses on Economic Questions. By the Right Hon. Viscount Goschen. London: Edward Arnold. 1905 . . . . .                                                              | 1    |
| [And other works.]                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| II.—1. Histoire de M. Émery et de l'Église de France pendant la Révolution. Par Mgr. Méric. Paris: Librairie Ch. Poussielgue, Rue Cassette, 15. 1895.                                 |      |
| 2. Mémoires inédits de l'Internonce à Paris pendant la Révolution. Par Mgr. de Salamon. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1890.                                                            |      |
| 3. La Séparation de l'Église et de l'État en 1794. Par Edme Champion. Paris: Librairie Armand-Colin. 1903 . . . . .                                                                   | 33   |
| [And other works.]                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| III.—1. Kipps: The Story of a Simple Soul. By H. G. Wells. London: Macmillan & Co. 1905.                                                                                              |      |
| 2. The Divine Fire. By May Sinclair. London: Constable & Co. 1904.                                                                                                                    |      |
| 3. The Difficult Way. By Mabel Dearmer. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1905.                                                                                                              |      |
| 4. The Garden of Allah. By Robert Hichens. London: Methuen & Co. 1904 . . . . .                                                                                                       | 64   |
| IV.—1. Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, as edited by her niece Charlotte Barrett, with preface and notes by Austin Dobson. In six volumes. London, Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1904-5. |      |
| 2. The Early Diary of Frances Burney. Edited by Annie Raine Ellis. In two volumes. London: George Bell & Sons. 1889.                                                                  |      |
| 3. English Men of Letters: Fanny Burney. By Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1903. . . . .                                                                                      | 85   |
| [And other works.]                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| V.—The Catalogue of the British Museum Library . . . . .                                                                                                                              | 117  |

|             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |     |
|-------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| ART. VI.—1. | T. Lucreti Cari de Rerum Natura : Revisione del testo, commento e studi introduttivi di Carlo Giussani. Three volumes. Torino: Hermann Loescher. 1896–1898.                                                                                                                    |     |
| 2.          | Il Suicidio di Lucretio. By Ettore Stampini. Messina: Tipografia d'Amico. 1896 . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                       | 137 |
|             | [And other works.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |
| VII.—1.     | A Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures, Poetical and Historical Inventions, painted by William Blake. London, 1809.                                                                                                                                                               |     |
| 2.          | The catalogues of the following Exhibitions of works by William Blake: At the Burlington Fine Arts Club, London, 1876; at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A., 1880 and 1891; at the Gallery of Messrs. Carfax, London, 1904; at the Grolier Club, New York, U.S.A., 1905. |     |
| 3.          | Gilchrist's Life of Blake . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 161 |
| VIII.—1.    | Mediæval Art. By W. R. Lethaby. London: Duckworth & Co. 1904.                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |     |
| 2.          | The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. Second Series. By Bernhard Berenson. London: George Bell & Sons. 1902.                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
| 3.          | Some Aspects of the Greek Genius. By S. H. Butcher, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891. 180                                                                                                                                                                                     |     |
|             | [And other works.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |
| IX.—1.      | Hawthorne. American Men of Letters Series. By George E. Woodberry. Boston and New York: Riverside Press. 1903.                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
| 2.          | Hawthorne. English Men of Letters Series. By Henry James, jun. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.                                                                                                                                                                                   |     |
| 3.          | Hawthorne. Collected Works, Thirteen Vols. Riverside Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1894 . . . . .                                                                                                                                                         | 210 |
| X.—1.       | The Message of President Roosevelt to Congress. December 5, 1905.                                                                                                                                                                                                              |     |
| 2.          | Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902–1904. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.                                                                                                                                                          |     |
| 3.          | American Ideals and Other Essays. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904 . . . . .                                                                                                                                                              | 236 |
|             | [And other works.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |
| XI.—        | The Fall of Mr. Balfour's Government . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 263 |

## CONTENTS OF NO. 416.

---

|                                                                                                                    | Page |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ART. I.—Hansard Parliamentary Debates, 1906 . . . . .                                                              | 281  |
|                                                                                                                    |      |
| II.—1. In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. London :<br>Edward Moxon. 1850.                                            |      |
| 2. An Index to In Memoriam. London : Edward<br>Moxon. 1862.                                                        |      |
| 3. A Key to Lord Tennyson's In Memoriam. By<br>Alfred Gatty, D.D. London : George Bell & Sons.<br>1881.            |      |
| 4. Tennyson's In Memoriam. By John F. Genung.<br>London : Macmillan & Co. 1884 . . . . .                           | 297  |
| [And other works.]                                                                                                 |      |
| III.—1. Projet de Réorganisation de la Ménagerie du<br>Muséum. Par M. Gustave Loisel. Paris :<br>Lahure. 1906.     |      |
| 2. Correspondance de Buffon. 1729–88. Édition<br>de Lanessan.                                                      |      |
| 3. Livre du Centenaire du Muséum. Paris : Imp.<br>Nat. 1893.                                                       |      |
| 4. Bernardin de St. Pierre. Par Maurice Souriau.<br>Paris : 1905 . . . . .                                         | 319  |
| [And other works.]                                                                                                 |      |
| IV.—1. Life of Canning. By H. W. V. Temperley.<br>London : Finch & Co. 1905.                                       |      |
| 2. Life of Sir Robert Wilson. Edited by Rev. H.<br>Randolph. 2 vols. London. 1862.                                 |      |
| 3. Diaries of the First Earl of Malmesbury. Edited<br>by the third Earl of Malmesbury. 4 vols.<br>London . . . . . | 345  |
| [And other works.]                                                                                                 |      |
| V.—1. The Seething Pot. By George A. Birmingham.<br>London : Arnold. 1905.                                         |      |
| 2. Hyacinth. By George A. Birmingham. London :<br>Arnold. 1906.                                                    |      |
| 3. The Untilled Field. By George Moore. London :<br>Unwin. 1903 . . . . .                                          | 362  |
| [And other works.]                                                                                                 |      |

|                                                         | Page |
|---------------------------------------------------------|------|
| VI.—1. Archivio di Stato, Venice. Senato, Secreta. Dis- |      |
| pacci Costantinopoli. Deliberazioni Costanti-           |      |
| nopoli, 1500 to 1600. MSS.                              |      |
| 2. Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti al Senato.       |      |
| E. Albèri. Firenze : Società Editrice Fiorentina,       |      |
| 1840. . . . .                                           | 387  |
| [And other works.]                                      |      |
| VII.—1. Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement et de la Décora-  |      |
| tion. Par Henry Havard. Paris : Ancienne                |      |
| Maison Quantin.                                         |      |
| 2. Le Mariage de Louis XV. d'après des documents        |      |
| nouveaux et une correspondance inédite de               |      |
| Stanislas Leczinski. Par Henry Gauthier-                |      |
| Villars. Paris : Librairie Plon, 1900 . . . . .         | 410  |
| [And other works.]                                      |      |
| VIII.—Memoirs of Archbishop Temple. By Seven            |      |
| Friends. Edited by E. G. Sandford, Archdeacon of        |      |
| Exeter. London : Macmillan & Co. 1906 . . . . .         | 429  |
| IX.—Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brother-    |      |
| hood. By W. Holman Hunt. Two vols.                      |      |
| London : Macmillan. 1905 . . . . .                      | 450  |
| X.—1. International Law. A Treatise. By L. Oppen-       |      |
| heim, LL.D., Lecturer in Public International           |      |
| Law at the London School of Economics and               |      |
| Political Science (University of London). Vol. I.       |      |
| Peace. Vol. II. War and Neutrality. London :            |      |
| Longmans & Co. 1906.                                    |      |
| 2. Reports of Prize Cases determined in the High        |      |
| Court of Admiralty, before the Lords Com-               |      |
| missioners of Appeals in Prize Causes, and before       |      |
| the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,            |      |
| from 1745 to 1859. Edited by E. S. Roscoe,              |      |
| Admiralty Registrar of the Supreme Court.               |      |
| In two vols. London : Stevens & Sons, Ltd. 1905         | 471  |
| XI.—1. The Poor Law Commissioners' Report of 1834.      |      |
| [Cd. 2723.] (1905 reprint. Price 1s. 8d.)               |      |
| 2. The Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the Local         |      |
| Government Board, for 1904-1905. [Cd. 2661.]            |      |
| Price 4s. 10d.                                          |      |
| 3. The Strength of the People. By Helen Bosanquet.      |      |
| London : Macmillan, 1902.                               |      |
| 4. Old-Age Pensions. London : Macmillan, 1903.          |      |
| A collection of short papers . . . . .                  | 488  |
| [And other works.]                                      |      |



THE  
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JANUARY, 1906.<sup>1</sup>

---

No. CCCCXV.

---

ART. I.—PROTECTION AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

1. *British and Foreign Trade and Industry*. [Cd. 1761.] 1903.
2. *British and Foreign Trade and Industry*, (Second Series). [Cd. 2337.] December 1904.
3. *Essays and Addresses on Economic Questions*. By the Right Hon. VISCOUNT GOSCHEN. London: Edward Arnold. 1905.
4. *Handbuch der Volkswirtschaftslehre*. Von ALFRED MARSHALL. Stuttgart und Berlin: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger. 1905.
5. *Progress of the German Working Classes*. By W. J. ASHLEY. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1905.
6. *Speech of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., at Birmingham, November 3, 1905*.
7. *Speech of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., at Bristol, November 21, 1905*.
8. *Sir Louis Mallet. A Record of Public Service and Political Ideals*. By BERNARD MALLET. London: Nisbet and Co. 1905.

§ I.—INTRODUCTORY.

'I CAN fancy that an interesting address might be delivered on statistical fallacies, illustrated by copious examples from contemporary politicians and social philosophers. Given a great number of figures partially unknown, given unlimited power and discretion of selection, and given an enthusiast determined to prove his case, and I will not answer for the consequences.' \*

---

\* Goschen, 'Essays and Addresses,' p. 223.

So wrote Lord Goschen as President of the Statistical Society in 1887; and so his words are printed in the admirable collection of papers that he has recently brought together into a single volume. The warning was just. The 'copious examples' have not been wanting. During the last three years, statistical data have been showered from thousands of platforms upon zealous and untrained audiences by orators as zealous and scarcely more instructed. Nor has the ignorance, misstatement, misrepresentation, so lamentably apparent, been confined to one party in the great fiscal controversy. Popular audiences affect strong speech. Exaggeration was demanded, and the demand has been supplied. The political leader has been abroad in the land, and has almost warranted the bitterness of M. Le Bon :

'Le meneur peut être quelquefois intelligent et instruit ; mais cela lui est généralement plus nuisible qu'utile. En montrant la complexité des choses, en permettant d'expliquer et de comprendre, l'intelligence rend toujours indulgent, et émousse fortement l'intensité et la violence des convictions nécessaires aux apôtres.' \*

On no aspect of the controversy, perhaps, have the misstatements been so numerous as on the relation of Tariff Reform to the fortunes of the labouring classes. Again and again Mr. Chamberlain has dealt with that subject. His gospel never wavers. His 'mathematical certainty' never falters. At Glasgow the torch was lighted. The message flashed through Greenock, Newcastle, Liverpool: 'I call upon the working classes of this country to wake up. I call upon them to demand that they shall be defended against the unfair and unequal competition which, during the last thirty years, has taken thirty millions of wages out of their pockets, in order to put it into the pockets of their competitors.' † On the banner of Tariff Reform, in a place of honour beside 'Think Imperially,' is inscribed 'Help for the Working Man.' ‡ Tactically it is an excellent device. The *Mail* parades the misery of great hosts whose speedy multiplication not Falstaff's men in buckram rivalled. Exaggeration matters nothing. § Overstatement

\* 'La Psychologie des Foules,' p. 174.

† Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham. 'Times,' Nov. 4, 1905.

‡ Mr. Chamberlain at Bristol on November 21 announced as his motto: 'More work for the people of this country, and a closer union between the different parts of the Empire.' 'Times,' Nov 22.

§ This point may be illustrated from the Report of the Joint Committee *re* Unemployed, of the Borough of Finsbury for the winter of 1904-5: 'With regard to the extent of distress, which it has been reported prevailed in Finsbury through lack of employment,

of an evil is forgiven more readily than understatement ; and Mr. Chamberlain's statistical nightmares have unfortunately evoked from opponents pæans of prosperity, no less the stuff of dreams. Hence, Tariff Reformers have enlisted on their side the great human force of uninstructed sympathy. In point of rhetoric they could have chosen no better battle-cry.

Nor is their *prima-facie* case a bad one in point of argument. It is crisp and brief. Under present conditions, in Mr. Chamberlain's view, our workpeople suffer a double injury. They 'lose' when we send less manufactures to those protected countries, 'they lose when those countries are allowed to send more manufactures to us.' \* As a remedy it is proposed, first, to enlarge our market abroad by securing a preference in the Colonies and by bargaining for better terms with the foreigner ; secondly, to enlarge our home market by duties on competing imports.

The former of these positions it is not our present business to examine. The general proposition that an improved market for our goods abroad would benefit this country as a whole, and the working classes with the rest, is one that nobody in practice denies. Controversy only begins when it is alleged that the advantages to be reaped in this way will more than outweigh the price that Mr. Chamberlain proposes to pay for them. The plan is that Colonial preference of unknown extent shall be purchased by a differential tax on imported foreign food stuffs, and that reduction of foreign tariffs shall be extorted by means of a 'big revolver.' Economically, the only point in dispute is whether the game is worth the candle. Into that question we cannot enter here. It may, however, be observed incidentally that the persuasive argument in favour of commercial treaties, so vividly presented by Sir Louis Mallet in the papers that his son has collected, lends no support to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. For the late Colonial Secretary the revolver must be loaded with a general tariff. 'You cannot,' he said at Bristol, 'have retaliation—and the more you look at it the more it will be clear to you—without a general tariff.' † For Sir Louis Mallet, on the other hand, tariff bargaining meant friendly representations

it seems clear that statements made by persons who claimed to represent the "Unemployed" were greatly exaggerated. The leaders of a deputation to the Borough Council stated that they spoke in the name of 700 men who were out of work. Upon being asked to furnish the names and addresses of these men, they were only able, after a lapse of three weeks, to supply a list of 156, and 104 of these had already been dealt with by the Committee' (Report, p. 8).

\* Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham. 'Times,' Nov. 4, 1905.

† 'Times,' Nov. 22, 1905.

backed, at need, by small manipulations of the purely revenue duties on wine and tobacco.\*

The second article in the rubric of Tariff Reform—the plea that protection against manufactured imports will improve the fortunes of British labour—is of great importance, both intrinsically and as a means of impressing the electorate. The purpose of the following pages is to subject that plea to a close examination. The arguments adduced in its favour are two-fold, partly statistical, partly economic. We shall investigate the problem from both points of view.

## § II.—ARGUMENTS FROM STATISTICS.

There are two ways in which, if adequate data were available, statistical reasoning could be employed. First, figures indicative of the condition of the working classes at any given period might be collected for a number of Free-Trade countries, and similar statistics for a number of Protectionist countries. If the countries selected were sufficiently numerous, if the fiscal policy pursued in each was not a *result* of the industrial conditions, and if any given policy could be assumed to act in the same sense under all conditions, a comparison of the statistics would be an application of the method of difference, and should show *a posteriori* whether Free Trade or Protection was economically the more advantageous. Secondly, statistics indicative of changes in the condition of the working classes might be collected over a series of years for a number of countries, with a view to showing, on the same lines as before, whether prosperity increased more rapidly under Free Trade or under Protection.

It may be said at once that there are no sufficient data for an application of either of these methods. Neither Protectionist nor Free Trade countries are numerous enough to warrant resort to it. In the few of them for which statistics are available, general conditions are so various that the fortunes and progress of the working classes would differ enormously whatever fiscal policy were adopted. Naïvely to attribute differences in the figures to differences in policy is to indulge in ignorant absurdity.

This general conclusion seems so clear that in any ordinary controversy the argument would need to go no further. In the present instance, however, so much stress has been laid by Tariff Reformers upon the case of Germany that their appeal to the circumstances of that country cannot be wholly ignored. This appeal involves a comparison both of existing conditions in the two countries and of recent rates of progress.

---

\* Cf. Memoir, 'Sir Louis Mallet,' p. 104.

The argument by absolute comparison was worked out in leaflet No. 88 of the Imperial Tariff Committee (President, Mr. Chamberlain). 'In 1903 the number of emigrants for every 10,000 of the population was in England thirty-five, in Germany six. In 1903 the percentage of unemployed in trade unions was in England 5.3, in Germany 2.3. The amount, per head of population, in savings banks is in England 4*l.* 11*s.*, in Germany 7*l.* 17*s.*' The implied inference is that the Protectionist policy of Germany is better for the working man than the Free-Trade policy of England.

Prima facie the reasoning may seem persuasive. Since, however, statistics are susceptible of accidental manipulation, caution suggests that we should trace those figures to their origin. Fortunately that task is an easy one. In 1904 the Board of Trade published an important Blue-book (Cd. 2337), entitled 'British and Foreign Trade and Industry' (Second Series). This Blue-book deals with all the points mentioned in the leaflet, and is cited by the writer as one of the sources from which he drew his information. A comparison of the source with the stream that filters through his hands may prove not uninteresting.

The statistics of emigration quoted in the leaflet have the best show of justification. The following comments are, however relevant. (1) For the 'United Kingdom' of the Blue-book, 'England' has been substituted in the leaflet. (2) The Blue-book shows that our emigration rate in 1903 (35 per 10,000) exceeded that of the previous year by more than ten, and that of any other year subsequent to 1894 by more than fifteen; in the leaflet these facts are suppressed. (3) The Blue-book shows that, of the recent increase in the rate, by far the greater part has been due to emigration to outlying portions of our own Empire, and that in 1903 the destination of nineteen out of every thirty-five emigrants was British; this fact is suppressed. (4) In the Blue-book we read, 'Still less is it an easy task to institute international comparisons, the basis on which the emigration statistics are compiled in different countries being far from uniform.'\* This also is suppressed.

The second figure in the leaflet refers to savings banks. In this case the deception is more serious. On the first page of the section of the Blue-book headed 'Savings Bank Deposits in the Principal Countries,' the following passage occurs:

'An attempt may be made to compare working-class savings in different countries by a comparison of the statistics of savings

\* [Cd. 2337] p. 159.

banks, co-operative and friendly societies, and other similar institutions. Such comparisons, however, are usually unsatisfactory for the following reasons, among others :

'1. There are no data enabling a comparison to be made of the total deposits in *all* institutions in which working men deposit their savings.

'2. Even if such data were available, we should not know, for each country, what proportion of the total deposits represents savings of classes other than the working class.

'3. If we confine our comparison to a single class of institution, *e.g.* savings banks, it is vitiated by the fact that the conditions of deposit, *e.g.* maximum limit of deposit, rate of interest, &c. differ in different countries, and the degrees to which savings banks are exposed to the competition of other modes of thrift and other classes of provident institutions also vary very greatly.

'It follows that savings banks are likely to be attractive to working-class savings and to the savings of other classes in different degrees in different countries, so that there will be no uniformity either as regards the extent to which the total deposits in these banks are representative of the whole savings of the working classes, or as regards the proportion of these deposits which are drawn from other than working-class sources.' \*

The third figure quoted concerns unemployment. Here, again, the leaflet suffers from an accidental slip. The Blue-book section on 'Unemployed Statistics in Foreign Countries' (p. 104) opens with this passage :

'It may be said at once that no unemployed statistics exist 'in any foreign country on a basis which allows a comparison 'to be made of the actual level of employment in that country 'and the United Kingdom respectively at a given time.' The method of the leaflet is illumined by the further fact that in France, also a Protectionist country, the unemployed figure for 1903 was 10·1. This figure, at least as comparable with ours as the German one, is suppressed. Further comment is scarcely required.

\* Rem facias ; rem,

'Si possis, recte ; si non, quocumque modo rem !'

So far of the precise figures contained in the leaflet. In addition to these there is the more vague statement : 'The 'cost of living on the whole is *not higher* in Germany than in 'England. Butter, pork, eggs, milk, potatoes and other vegetables, beer, spirits and tobacco are all cheaper in Germany.' The following comments may be made. (1) At the beginning



of the section in the Blue-book, in which statistics under most of the above heads are cited, we read :

‘Comparisons of absolute prices of commodities in different countries are far more difficult than comparisons of rates of change of such prices, inasmuch as we have to be sure that the qualities of the articles compared are approximately the same. In some cases this is impossible ; in other cases it would yield a misleading result, seeing that the staple articles most usually consumed in the different countries may not be identical in quality. With these reservations the following figures are given.’ \*

In the leaflet this caution is suppressed. (2) In the Blue-book, comparative figures are given for the important commodities, flour and sugar, indicating that both are decidedly more expensive in Germany than in England. These commodities are not mentioned in the leaflet. (3) Taking all the articles of food, for which the Blue-book gives figures, and weighting them equally, we find that the geometric mean of them all gives prices in England as 6 per cent. higher than prices in Germany ; when rice and sugar are omitted, as 17 per cent. higher. On the other hand, it is stated as ‘the most ‘probable result from our present imperfect data’ that the average level in money of industrial wages in Germany is two-thirds of that in the United Kingdom.† If this conclusion, which is not mentioned in the leaflet, is combined with the foregoing price statistics, it appears that the level of *real* industrial wages in this country must exceed the German level by a quarter or a fifth. We do not claim for this result any positive value. It seems, however, to show that the argument from a comparison of *existing conditions* in England and Germany, if it could be permitted as an argument at all, would not work out in the way that Tariff Reformers pretend.

The argument from the comparative *progress* of England and Germany frequently occurs in Mr. Chamberlain’s speeches. At Bristol he expressed it thus :

‘In Germany, take that as an instance . . . wages have increased in greater proportion than here. Emigration has diminished enormously. It is not diminishing in anything like the same proportion—indeed, it has not practically diminished at all—in England.

\* [Cd. 1761] p. 221.

† Ibid. p. 290. It is probably right to add to the German wage the compulsory contribution to workmen’s insurance on the part of employers. This contribution is, however, too small to affect the argument. It is put by Professor Ashley at ‘about 2 per cent. additional wages.’ ‘Progress of the German Working Classes,’ p. 18.

The savings of the people have multiplied in a much larger degree. The cost of living has diminished there as well as here.' \*

The statement that the emigration rate has declined more rapidly in Germany is true. Down to 1894 the curves for the two countries moved similarly, and, since that date, the German curve has fallen considerably below the English. In the Board of Trade inquiry † various reasons for this change are suggested. We are absolved, however, from going into the matter by the fact that the immediate antecedent of the new movement was a considerable diminution of protection in Germany, brought about by the Caprivi treaties of the early nineties. It can scarcely be argued that an improvement, which began when protection was made less stringent, is *primâ facie* itself the result of protection.

The statement that the savings of the people have multiplied much faster in Germany is unwarranted. The deposits in savings banks per head of the population did, indeed, increase between 1880 and 1890 by some 86 per cent. in that country as against 30 per cent. in England. Between 1890 and 1900, however, the percentage growth has been practically the same in the two countries.‡ Furthermore, as already observed, it is dangerous to infer from savings banks deposits to savings in general, since large masses of savings are invested in other institutions, of which comparative figures are wanting.

The statement that wages have increased in greater proportion in Germany, coupled with the remark that the cost of living has diminished there as well as here, misrepresents the facts. Both assertions are literally true; but they conceal the conclusion, to which the figures apparently point, that real wages have risen faster here. From the Blue-book [Cd. 1761] it appears that since 1886, the first year for which comparative statistics are available, industrial wages in terms of money have moved as follows, the wages for 1886-90 being represented for each country by 100.

TABLE I.

*Changes in Industrial Wages in terms of money.*

| —             | United Kingdom | Germany |
|---------------|----------------|---------|
| 1886-1890 . . | 100            | 100     |
| 1891-1895 . . | 105·5          | 105     |
| 1896-1900 . . | 110·3          | 113·9   |

\* 'Times,' Nov. 22, 1905.

† [Cd. 2337] p. 166.

‡ [Cd. 2337] p. 195.



The above table takes account of money wages only. Table II., printed below, takes account of the movement of prices as well as of the wage movement, and thus measures fluctuations in terms, not of money, but of the things that money can buy. It is reached by combining the table just given with Table P, headed 'Changes in average level of retail prices of food to a 'workman's family in Germany and United Kingdom' in the first fiscal Blue-book.\*

TABLE II.

| —             | United Kingdom | Germany |
|---------------|----------------|---------|
| 1886-1890 . . | 100            | 100     |
| 1891-1895 . . | 109·6          | 100·8   |
| 1896-1900 . . | 119·9          | 118·9   |

The second Blue-book fails to bring up to date the figures upon which Table I. is based. Consequently, neither table can be carried beyond the year 1900. It should be noted that Table II. corrects for prices of food only, there being no figures for the other items that enter into a workman's weekly budget. So far as any conclusion is warranted by these imperfect data, it is that the statistics of money wages have masked the real relative movement in England and Germany, and that, as a matter of fact, our own workmen have been progressing at a more, and not at a less, rapid rate than their Continental neighbours. As in the case of comparative conditions, so in that of comparative progress, we submit no positive argument. In the present state of knowledge, trustworthy statistical treatment of the problem along either of these lines seems to us wholly impracticable. † A wrestling match conducted on ice is futile and proves nothing. It is for our opponent's satisfaction and not for our own that we have accepted his challenge under those conditions.

### § III.—THE POPULAR ECONOMIC ARGUMENT.

We may now turn from the statistical to the economic aspect of the problem. The quotations already given from Mr. Cham-

\* [Cd. 1761] p. 224.

† In this view we may claim the energetic support of Professor Ashley. Cf. 'Progress of the German Working Classes' *passim*, especially p. 2: 'It requires but little reflection to understand why it is that a direct comparison, exceedingly difficult and insecure as it must be in the case of any two countries, is absolutely valueless as applied to Germany and Great Britain.' In the face of this and

berlain's speeches indicate the line of argument on which he relies. The working classes 'lose when those countries are 'allowed to send more manufactures to us,' because, when this occurs, work is taken abroad which might otherwise have been done in England; with the result that industries, capable of employing a great number of men, are contracted, or possibly even destroyed. This reasoning, persuasive enough in itself, is reinforced by instances, taken from the town in which the orator happens to be speaking, of specific local industries that have suffered from the effects of foreign competition. In the face of these things it is not difficult to understand that many admirable and sympathetic men regard free imports as the main cause of unemployment and protection as the infallible cure.

There is, however, a serious logical gap in all this. Nobody denies that foreign competition with any particular British industry tends to contract the scope of that industry, and, hence, the aggregate of wages annually expended in it. That this must happen is, indeed, too obvious for argument. Nor is it less obvious that protection to an industry, everything else remaining the same, would expand that industry and augment its wages-bill. A tariff on imported steel means, *ceteris paribus*, more money spent on steel-making in England. That is a primary 'datum' that nobody can possibly dispute. The Free-Trader's contention is, not that protection of steel will fail to benefit steel-makers, but that it will fail to benefit them so much as it injures the workpeople in other industries. The direct stimulating effect on the favoured trade is, indeed, the more palpable. It is concentrated at one point and is, therefore, plainly visible. The indirect depressing effect, on the other hand, is spread over a great number of industries and is, therefore, concealed. It is as though a sluice were opened between a large reservoir and a small one. The volume of water in the large reservoir might be lessened more than that in the small one was increased, but in the latter the change would be patent, in the former scarcely noticeable.

Whatever may be thought of the inherent value of this Free Trade contention, it is at least clear that no amount of declamation concerning the direct benefits of Protection can afford an answer to it. These effects are admitted; the argument is that the indirect effects outweigh them. To answer this argument by repeating that the direct effects exist is to be guilty of an 'ignoratio elenchi.' Even, therefore, if the Pro-

---

many similar passages it is interesting to note that the writer of leaflet No. 88 mentions Professor Ashley's book as one of his authorities.

tectionist conclusion is correct, it is in no way demonstrated by the Protectionist argument. The economic considerations popularly advanced are, in fact, as inadequate to that end as the statistical considerations we have already examined.

#### § IV.—THE CORRECT METHOD OF APPROACHING THE PROBLEM.

So far the discussion has been purely critical. Its purpose has been to clear the ground for more positive reasoning. In this reasoning we shall assume without proof that fundamental analysis of the nature of foreign trade that is common to intelligent disputants on both sides. We shall not argue against the view that the advantage of such trade consists in a balance of imported money, nor shall we apply statistical criticism to Mr. Seddon's annual export of 160 million golden sovereigns. We shall take it for granted that foreign trade consists essentially in the exchange of goods and services on our part against other goods and services on the part of the rest of the world. We shall, in fact, echo the opinion of Professor Ashley, perhaps the best equipped among Mr. Chamberlain's supporters: 'Properly explained and qualified, the proposition that in the long run exports must balance imports is a commonplace too evident for discussion.'\*

Now, it is often supposed by Free-Traders that, by means of this commonplace, they can at once destroy the plea that Protection will benefit the working classes. They argue that, since a tariff must ultimately check imports and exports equally, the workmen in the export industries must lose as much as those in the protected industries gain. This argument is no doubt effective against certain superficial fallacies. But it is itself also superficial. The Free-Trader would do well to recognise this; for, if he refuses, he will find himself in difficulties. He will be compelled, in fact, to support proposals for shifting taxation from non-competitive commodities, such as tea, to imported manufactured goods. That policy would, indeed, diminish manufactured imports, but, since tea imports would at the same time be increased, it would not diminish aggregate imports to the same extent: indeed, it might not diminish them at all. Exports, however, would only contract in correspondence with aggregate imports. Therefore, the net result of the change would be, on the one hand, an increase in the field for labour in the protected industries, on the other hand, either no decrease at all,

---

\* 'Compatriots' Club Lectures' (First Series), p. 260.

or, at the worst, a relatively small decrease in the field for it in the export industries. This conclusion is at once obvious and simple. And yet supporters of Tariff Reform have failed to perceive that it is implied in the common Free Trade contention. Their opponents have been proclaiming from the housetops an argument that really helps their side, and the weapon thus put into their hands has been left altogether unused. Truly, the fiscal controversy has proved a tangled skein !

In reality no direct argument either way as to the effect of Protection upon Labour can be drawn from the fact that imports and exports balance. To attempt such an argument is to assume that there is in the country a definite fund for purchasing labour, and that the size of this fund is fixed. It is only on that assumption that labour can be supposed either necessarily *un*-affected when manufactured imports and exports decrease equally, or necessarily *well*-affected when the former decrease most. But the assumption itself is an exploded fallacy. The fund that rewards the services of the various factors of production, labour among the rest, is itself nothing but the aggregated fruits of those services, consisting of them and varying when they do—varying, therefore, when, through foreign trade or any other cause, they are directly or indirectly rendered more productive. The modern and now accepted doctrine is set forth in Professor Marshall's *Principles of Economics*, or in the German version of that great work, whose title heads our article :

‘The net aggregate of all the commodities produced is itself the true source from which flow the demand prices for all these commodities, and, therefore, for the agents of production used in making them. Or, to put the same thing in another way, this national dividend is at once the aggregate net product of, and the sole source of payment for, all the agents of production within the country ; it is divided up into earnings of labour, interest of capital, and, lastly, the producer's surplus, or rent, of land and of other differential advantages for production. It constitutes the whole of them, and the whole of it is distributed among them.’\*

From this general principle, it is easy to deduce the correct method of estimating the effect of Protection upon Labour. The first stage is an inquiry into the effect of that policy upon the National Dividend as a whole. For, *primâ facie*, anything that enlarges that dividend is likely to be advantageous, and anything that diminishes it disadvantageous, to all the agents of production in the country. The ultimate effects, for instance,

---

\* ‘*Principles of Economics*,’ p. 609.

of an industrial invention will probably be good, and those of an expensive war bad, for all classes.\* The second stage is an inquiry as to the effect of Protection upon the distribution of the dividend among the various agents. For, this may be altered in such a way that, despite the increase in the whole dividend, the share that goes to certain agents may be, not merely proportionately, but absolutely less than it was before. The third and final stage concerns the effects of Protection on the manner in which Labour receives its share. This may be altered in such a way as to react on character and *morale*. If, for instance, Protection would lessen either the irregularities of employment, or the proportion of people engaged in sweated industries, the consequent improvement in the men might be well worth purchasing even at a cost of some reduction in their earnings.

#### § V.—THE FACTS OF RECENT HISTORY.

The line of investigation thus sketched out must be pursued mainly by the analytic method. Direct arguments from history are always charged with, and often guilty of, the fallacy ‘post hoc, ergo propter hoc.’ Nevertheless, in view of the widespread misconceptions that prevail, it will be well to establish certain matters of fact.

*First*: during the past forty years there has occurred an enormous increase in our imports of wholly and mainly manufactured goods, and there has also occurred an enormous improvement in the general circumstances of the labouring classes. On the one hand, wholly and mainly manufactured goods have increased from an average of 31 millions in 1860–4 to 131 millions in 1900–3. On the other hand, according to estimates prepared by Mr. A. L. Bowley, the total paid in wages has risen from some 300 to some 700 million £, in spite of the fact that Sauerbeck’s index number of wholesale prices has fallen nearly 30 per cent.† The increase of population during the period has been 23 per cent.

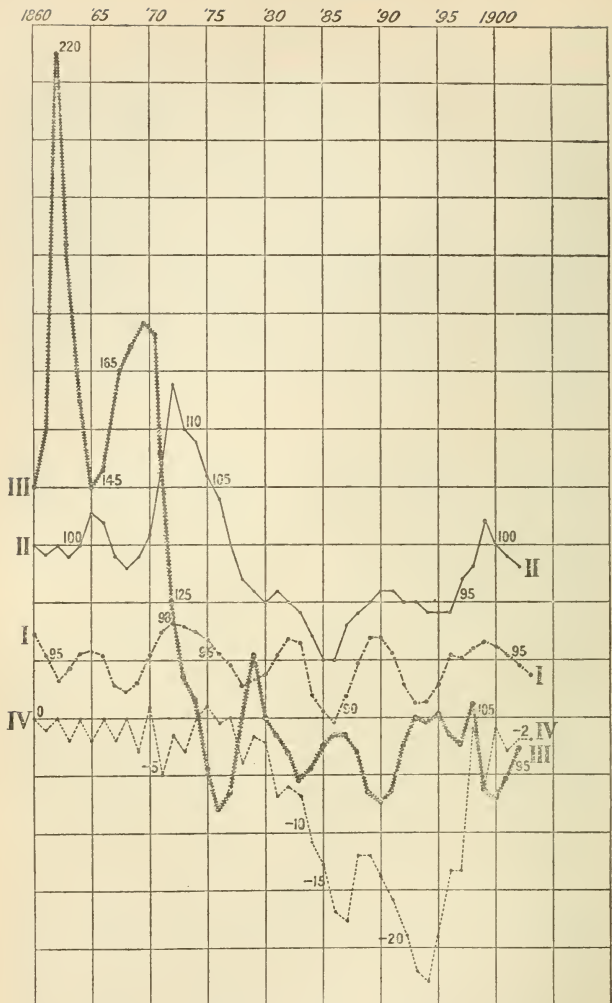
*Secondly*: the general average percentage of workmen re-

---

\* Cf. the comment of Sir Louis Mallet upon the political tactics of his time,—a comment that has lost none of its appositeness:—‘At least, then, let us not deceive the working classes by dangling before their eyes the prospect of better times and lightened taxation. Let us not deceive ourselves or them by thinking that we can at once gratify our imperial ambition, and raise the standard of life of our labouring population to the level of that enjoyed by other peoples of our own race and speaking our own tongue.’ (‘Sir Louis Mallet,’ p. 169).

† ‘Economic Journal,’ September 1904, p. 459.

# HISTORICAL CHART



I. Corrected percentage of members not returned as out-of-work in all available Trade Unions.  
 II. Index of deviations from the trend in the general course of money-wages in the United Kingdom.  
 III. Mean number in thousands of able-bodied adult paupers in England and Wales.  
 IV. Index of deviations from the trend in imports of wholly and partly manufactured articles.

NOTE.—In curves I. and IV. the point on the curve under any year represents the facts of that year; in II. and III. it represents those of the *succeeding* year.



turned as unemployed by Trade Unions has remained fairly constant. It has neither increased with the great rise in manufactured imports, nor diminished with the great rise in wages.

*Thirdly* : fluctuations in wage rates, pauperism, and the percentage of Trade Unionists out of work are closely correlated, wages and pauperism tending to lag in their movement one year behind employment. This fact is brought out in the diagram printed on p. 14.

The curve of wages is based on the index number published by Mr. A. L. Bowley in the 'Economic Journal' \* This index number differs from that given in the Board of Trade Blue-book of the previous year, fluctuating, indeed, in a similar manner, but exhibiting a more decided upward trend. The reason for the divergence is that Mr. Bowley's figures do, and the Board of Trade's do not, allow for the changes that have taken place in the relative importance of different occupations. An allowance of this kind certainly ought to be made, and, therefore, Mr. Bowley's table is the better of the two.

The curve of employment is based, not on Mr. Bowley's figures, but on those worked out in the second Fiscal Blue-book (December 1904). In the tables there drawn up by the Board of Trade, account seems to have been taken of important materials not accessible to Mr. Bowley earlier in the year. The curve represents the computed average percentage of members of Trade Unions who were *not* returned as out of work at the end of each month in the years 1860-1903.†

The curve of pauperism is based on the statistics of able-bodied adult paupers, exclusive of vagrants, in England and Wales, published by the Board of Trade.‡

The method of construction of the curves is as follows. Those for employment and pauperism are translated direct from the tables in the Blue-book. They represent simply the annual percentage of Trade Union members not returned as out of work, and the absolute annual numbers of able-bodied paupers in the several unions from 1860 onwards. In the construction of the wages curve, however, a more complex plan has been followed. Mr. Bowley's table of wage index numbers has a strong general upward trend. If our curve had been constructed directly from this table, the deviations from the trend would have been partially masked by the trend itself. It is, however, with the deviations and not with the general trend that our present purpose lies. In order, therefore, that these may be

\* 'Economic Journal,' Sept. 1904, p. 459.

† [Cd. 2337] p. 83.

‡ [Cd. 1761] p. 468.

properly exhibited, the curve has been tipped into a horizontal position. For exact tipping a large amount of arithmetical labour would have been necessary. Consequently, the following device has been adopted. In Mr. Bowley's wage table the trend is treated as roughly equivalent to a series, whose value stands at 100 for the year 1901, and diminishes by unity for each preceding year. The curve in the diagram is found by adding to Mr. Bowley's actual index number for each year the excess of 100 over the figure for the trend in that year.

Of the curves thus constructed, that for employment represents, under the year 1860, the figure for 1860, and similarly for succeeding years; the curves for wages and pauperism represent under 1860 the figures for 1861, and so on throughout.

The diagram thus obtained shows, in the first instance, a close positive correlation between movements of wage rate and employment respectively. In almost every case an upward or downward movement in the one is accompanied by a similar movement in the other. In like manner, both these curves are negatively correlated with (i.e. move in the opposite direction to) the curve of pauperism.\*

*Fourthly:* fluctuations in wage rate and the percentage of Trade Unionists out of work are not correlated positively, and fluctuations in pauperism are not correlated negatively, with fluctuations in manufactured imports. On the contrary, there is an appearance of the opposite type of correlation.

This point also is brought out in the diagram. Below the curves of wages, employment, and pauperism, we have printed a fourth curve, described as an index of deviations from the trend in imports of wholly and mainly manufactured goods. This curve is based on the table given in (Cd. 2337),† and is constructed in a manner similar to that employed for the wages curve. It represents the series of differences between the actual

---

\* The relation which thus appears between pauperism and employment among Trade Unionists gives ground for increased confidence in the latter figures as indices of changes of employment in general. Directly, of course, the employment figures refer only to employment among Trade Unionists. Since, however, the services of unorganised labour are, in most industries, in some relation of direct or indirect dependence upon those of skilled men, it is commonly believed that the Union figures, though not perhaps indicative of the absolute amount of general unemployment at any time, afford trustworthy information of the direction in which this amount changes. The movement of the pauperism curve goes to confirm this opinion.

† p. 83.



imports and a trend of imports beginning at 26 millions in 1860 and increasing by one-tenth of that amount in each succeeding year. The reason for the adoption of this device for tipping the curve is, as in the case of the wages curve, to prevent deviations from the trend being masked by the trend itself. When this curve is compared with the other three, it is at once apparent that there is no general tendency on its part to move in the opposite direction to the wages and employment curves, or in the same direction as the pauperism curve. The only point at which such a tendency is in any way suggested is about the year 1871, and the movement there is readily explained by the Franco-German war. Nor is this all. On closer observation it appears that, from the time of the war onwards, there is a distinct, if not very close, positive correlation of curve IV. with I. and II. and a corresponding negative correlation with curve III. Observe especially the period beginning with 1881. The relative decline in manufactured imports that culminated in 1887 is accompanied by a similar decline both in employment and in wages. The improvement that followed is marked in all three curves, and so is the decline of the early nineties. The same remark holds good of the recovery that followed. The curves continue together till the outbreak of the Boer War. In all these cases the pauperism curve moves in the opposite sense to the import curve.

*Lastly*, the great increase of manufactured imports has not been accompanied by any increase in the extent of the fluctuations that occur in the percentage of Trade Unionists out of work. This is readily seen by inspection of the employment curve in the diagram. In the middle period the curve seems to have been less steady than in the early period; but in the later period it returned again to the early form.\*

\* This point can, if necessary, be proved more exactly. Of the several measures of stability familiar to statisticians, the simplest is the 'mean deviation from the average.' Applying that measure to compare steadiness of employment as between the successive periods from 1860 that comprise entire wave-lengths from maximum to maximum, we obtain from the annual figures :

|          | Mean deviation<br>from average |            | Mean deviation<br>from average |
|----------|--------------------------------|------------|--------------------------------|
| [1860-64 | 1.40]                          | 1882-88    | 2.48                           |
| 1865-71  | 1.89                           | 1889-98    | 1.67                           |
| 1872-81  | 2.16                           | [1899-1903 | .93]                           |

The first and last of these figures are enclosed in square brackets, because they do not refer to complete wave-lengths.

It should be noted that in this calculation we have been dealing with *annual* percentages of employment. If it were worth while, the monthly figures, so far as available, could be treated in the same way.

These points are put forward as facts merely. They may serve as a corrective of popular misstatements, but they afford no proof of the wisdom of Free Trade.

#### § VI.—PROTECTION AND THE SIZE OF THE NATIONAL DIVIDEND

We turn, therefore, to the three stages of the main argument that were distinguished at the end of § IV. The first of these stages has already been traversed in an article on 'Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals' in our issue of October 1904. The gist of the argument there adduced was in this wise.

Primâ facie, every exchange, whether conducted between persons in the same or in different nations, is beneficial to both parties; for, unless benefit were expected, no exchange would occur. Consequently, impediments imposed upon exchange are, in general, injurious; the productive resources of both parties yield a smaller quantity of the goods desired when diverted from the method of indirect purchase by exchange to that of direct manufacture. This is the primâ-facie case for Free Trade as a means to maximising the National Dividend.

The above reasoning, however, our article showed to be incomplete in two respects. First, as was pointed out by Hamilton and List of the kindred reasoning of 'the school,' no account is taken in it of more remote effects. Granted that Protection involves an *immediate* detriment to the national dividend, in that would-be exchangers are directly injured, it does not follow that there is any detriment on the whole. On the contrary, by stimulating the developement, or hindering the atrophy, of 'productive powers,' Protection may lead to an *ultimate* gain more than commensurate with the immediate loss. In short, a nation, like an individual, may be well-advised, at certain stages of its history, to dispense with present wealth for the sake either of education or of insurance.

In the second place, the primâ-facie case is incomplete even as regards immediate effects. For protective duties, if moderate, are not merely impediments to trade. They involve also the collection of a certain amount of revenue, and, in some cases, they may compel the foreigner to contribute appreciably towards that revenue. There is no absolute *a priori* proof that the loss involved in diverting capital and labour from their natural channels necessarily outweighs the advantage, from a national point of view, of shifting a part of the direct burden of a country's taxes on to foreigners.\* Cases can, therefore, be conceived in

\* Cf. Marshall, 'An Export Duty on Coal,' 'Times,' April 22, 1901.

which duties, incidentally protective, would involve an addition to the National Dividend, not merely during the first few years of their operation, but sometimes even permanently.

From these considerations it results that no general abstract argument can suffice to rebut a plea for protective duties. The character of the duties suggested, and, above all, the industrial circumstances of the country whose tariff is under review, need to be carefully examined before a final judgement can be pronounced. In the article of October 1904, to which reference has been made, such an examination was attempted. It was there found that, under the special circumstances of this country, with its free enterprise and highly developed industry, List's argument about 'productive powers' was of little direct relevance. It was admitted that, as against deliberate destructive dumping by foreign Trusts and Kartels, protective duties might be defended on the lines suggested by him. It was observed, however, first, that no evidence to prove that this kind of dumping into England is actually taking place has been produced, and, secondly, that the taxes required to meet such dumping would be of an entirely different kind from the moderate general tariff that Mr. Chamberlain and his Commissioners propose. In regard to the revenue aspects of protective duties, it was admitted that, by a very careful and limited selection of dutiable commodities, some slight advantage under this head might be obtained. But on the other hand, if, as under the present proposals, a large number of duties were arranged, not with the object of taxing the foreigner, but with the entirely different object of protecting home industries, it was not to be expected that a benefit, scarcely regarded in the construction of the tariff, should, nevertheless, be obtained. The duties, that would be most efficient protectively, would not be either of the same size or levied upon the same commodities as those which would best serve the purposes of revenue. Indeed, the more completely home industry was protected, the smaller would be the import of foreign goods, through which alone the taxation of the foreigner could be achieved. In view of these considerations it appeared that in England at the present time the qualifications proper to the ordinary Free Trade argument have no practical effect. Under certain conceivable circumstances, a general tariff would increase the National Dividend; under the actual circumstances of this country it would almost certainly diminish it.

Furthermore, this result is independent of the practical difficulties to which, in a democratic country, all forms of tariff manipulation are necessarily exposed. The intellectual difficulty

of discovering the right occasions for governmental interference is liable to be enhanced by organised pressure from interested parties. If a protective element is once introduced into the tariff, demands for its extension, whether in the shape of increased duties on commodities already taxed, or of new duties in related industries, are likely to be made in forms very difficult to resist.\* 'If Government has interfered in favour of one set of interests, other interests will clamour for similar favours at the hands of the State. The reality of such dangers can scarcely be denied, and the risk is heightened by the obvious difficulty of retracing steps taken under such conditions.' † Foreign experience, particularly that of America, ‡ abundantly confirms this view. As was well observed at an earlier stage of our own fiscal controversy: 'Protection, when once it has taken root, is likely to extend beyond the limits at first assigned to it, and is very difficult to extirpate.' § Practical considerations of this kind support and emphasise the conclusion of analysis, that a general tariff in England at the present time would almost certainly lessen the aggregate National Dividend.

#### § VII.—PROTECTION AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE DIVIDEND.

We now pass to the second stage of the argument. Though *prima facie* probable, it is not certain, that a reduction of the aggregate dividend would involve an injury to each and every contributory factor of production. It is, on the contrary, possible that a protective system, though diminishing the wealth of the country as a whole, might, nevertheless, improve the fortunes of the labouring classes. Furthermore, it is an essential part of Mr. Chamberlain's strategy to emphasise this possibility. According to him, foreign trade in manufactures is likely to injure the poor in the very act of benefiting the rich. In his speech at Birmingham, he said: 'Year by year the balance of trade gets greater and greater against us. Who is it that loses by this? Is it the rich? Not necessarily at all. They may continue to make more money than ever—by financial operations, by carrying their works abroad, by other

\* Cf. 'Memorandum of the Cambridge University Free Trade Association,' August 1904.

† Goschen, 'Essays and Addresses,' p. 320.

‡ Taussig, 'Tariff History of the United States,' especially p. 173.

§ Professors Edgeworth, Marshall, and others: 'Times,' August 16, 1903.

'devices. The people who lose are the working people of this country. . . . The working man, and the working man alone, 'is the sufferer.' \*

To some it might seem that this reasoning should be brushed aside as irrelevant to political practice. The business of the Government, it might be said, is to forward the general interest of the whole community, and not to concern itself with the special interest of a part. In confirmation of that view, the financial ideals of Mr. Gladstone might be cited. 'We have 'been steadily endeavouring,' that statesman declared on one occasion, 'to extricate ourselves from the vicious habit of looking 'to the supposed claims and supposed separate and rival interests 'of classes, and to legislate simply and exclusively for the 'interest of the country at large. . . . I believe that legislation 'for the benefit of a class is a mistake of the first order. . . . It 'is a betrayal of our duty to the nation, whose trustees we 'are without distinction of class.' † Eloquent and impressive, however, as this passage undoubtedly is, any demurrer to our reasoning founded upon it is altogether beside the point. It is certainly the duty of statesmen to consider the interests of the whole, but those interests are not necessarily advanced by an augmentation of the national dividend, if this augmentation involves a change of distribution unfavourable to the poor. It is clear, for instance, that a community need not become more prosperous if its rich men add a million £ to their incomes at a cost of, say, half a million of wages to the labouring population. There is, in fact, no necessary harmony between changes in the aggregate dividend and changes in real welfare. Consequently, Mr. Chamberlain's contention is not irrelevant, but demands careful investigation.

In a group among whose members mobility is complete, it is easily shown that the interest of the whole and of the parts is harmonious. Imagine, for example, a community consisting exclusively of workmen, able to pass without friction from any one trade to any other. If the Government of that group puts a duty on imported boots, the immediate result is a gain to the bootmakers and a loss to everybody else. This result, however, cannot continue. For the boom in boots will attract labour into that industry and divert it from other industries, until a common level is again established. There will be a short period of transition, but things will soon settle down, and, when they have done so, no one division of the group can be affected differently

---

\* Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, 'Times,' Nov. 4, 1905.

† Quoted by Sydney Buxton, 'Finance and Politics,' i. p. 347.



from any other. Consequently, if the import duty lessens the dividend of the whole group, it necessarily lessens that of every part.

Now, of course, in real life mobility within the different groups of industrial agents is not complete. Even unskilled labour cannot turn indifferently from one occupation to another. Still less can a skilled sugar-refiner transform himself into an iron-puddler, or a commercial traveller adopt the rôle of littérateur. Within the realm of capital, plant erected for gasworks cannot convert into a motor factory, or the machinery of a cotton mill be turned to the making of guns. Between the various uses of land similar barriers subsist. The conversion of arable into pasture land, or of pasture into building sites, is not a wholly frictionless operation. Within each of these industrial groups mobility does, indeed, exist, but it is hampered by serious impediments.

From the standpoint of the moment these considerations are fundamental. Since, however, protection is never advocated except as a more or less lasting policy, this standpoint is not an appropriate one from which to examine it. For such a purpose we need to take a fairly long view of society, and, when we do this, the impediments to mobility that have been noticed no longer seem to matter. The factors of production present themselves, not as a stock, but as a flow. Within each broad group, the members, sprung, as it were, from a common ancestry, are differentiated into separate divisions under the stress of profit and loss. As a group flows into being from year to year, these divisions come to be tenanted in such relative proportions that the 'attractiveness' of any one of them is equal to that of any other. It is thus that fresh accumulations of capital, new generations of workers, even established acres of soil, are silently pointed their road. The forces of equilibration are always at work. Though halting, they are continuous; and though, as with a viscous fluid in connected tanks, the tendency to a common level may, to the spectator of a moment, seem to make little way, for the far-sighted it is the great dominant factor, and all the impediments minor incidents. In the long run, therefore, mobility is complete, and the interest of the whole cannot clash with that of any part.

The above argument applies broadly to any group consisting of a single industrial agent. It does not, however, apply to those great nation groups in which a variety of such agents are embraced. For, as between one agent and another, the equilibrating force of mobility is much less conspicuous. When labour is depressed, no 'run' seems long enough to allow it to transfer

itself to landowning or capitalism. Is not the better view that the great divisions of the industrial world, land, capital, brain-labour, trained hand-labour, muscular labour, are non-competing, in the sense that, against those who would pass from one to another there is a great gulf fixed ? \*

From the standpoint of a very long period this view is not, indeed, accurate. In nature there are no hard lines, and correct analysis depicts competing character, not as rigidly present or absent, but as more or less present according to the relations of the object, and the length of the period, we are considering. Conclusions based on the assumption of immobility as between groups of industrial agents are thus necessarily imperfect. On the other hand, however, those suggested by the opposite assumption would be more imperfect still; they would be vitiated throughout by the interaction of temporary earnings and permanent efficiency. The truth is that our problem is too complex for exact treatment, and that, in starting from the assumption of immobility, we are merely preferring a less to a greater inaccuracy. Fortunately, whatever error is thereby introduced tells in favour of, and not against, the policy that we oppose.

Mobility absent, the interests of the whole and part are no longer necessarily harmonious. The appropriate analysis is as follows. Throughout the whole range of industry the 'law of substitution' prevails. Employers tend to substitute one kind of labour or machine for another until the return from the last sovereign invested in each is the same. Between employers themselves the same law is at work. As a consequence, the national dividend is distributed among the various factors of production in proportion to their marginal efficiencies. So long as the ratio between these remains unaltered, anything that increases the whole dividend necessarily adds to the share of each factor. Protective duties, however, besides affecting the dividend, may also change relative efficiencies. They develop one manufacture, A, at the expense of another, B, and a given factor may play a more important part in the former than in the latter of these. In such a case that factor rises in marginal efficiency relatively to the others, and, consequently, secures a greater proportionate share of the national dividend. The point is easily illustrated. Suppose, for example, that all agricultural imports into Great Britain were subjected to heavy taxation. Much of our industrial energy would thereupon be diverted from manufactures to agriculture. But the function of agricultural land is more important in the latter than in the former industry. Consequently,

---

\* Cf. Edgeworth, '*Economic Journal*,' xi. 587.



the marginal efficiency of agricultural land, relatively to that of capital and labour, would be increased, and, hence, the proportion of the national dividend that accrues to agricultural land-owners. In corresponding circumstances the same result would emerge in regard to any other factor of production. Nor need the gain achieved be merely proportional. The increase per cent. in the share of the dividend obtained by the favoured factor might exceed the shrinkage per cent. in the dividend itself. In that case, protective duties would involve an absolute, and not merely a relative, gain to that factor.

This is the judgement of pure theory. Since, however, in that sphere, almost anything can be proved *possible*, practice is little helped. What we really need to know is the *probability* of such a result occurring in England at the present time. On that point the following considerations may be submitted. First, we do not know that the part played by Labour in the industrial life fostered by Protection would, as a matter of fact, be any more important relatively to other factors than the part played by it now. So far as the evidence goes, it is just as likely to be less important. Secondly, if it is more important in any degree, Labour's *proportion* of the dividend would, indeed, be augmented; but a *great* increase of importance would be needed to increase its *absolute quantum*—and it is this alone that matters. Thirdly, as between England and the rest of the world, capital is exceedingly mobile. If, therefore, the earnings of Capital here are diminished—and, with the whole dividend reduced and the slice of it taken by Labour augmented, this can scarcely fail to happen—Capital would flow abroad in large quantities.\* That movement would both react unfavourably on the aggregate dividend and also compel Labour to surrender to Capitalists a larger proportion of what remained. Even, therefore, if Labour were to gain for the moment, it could scarcely retain its advantage. Fourthly—and this is our final point—even though it were true that Protection benefited Labour, it would not follow that it benefited labouring people. For labouring people are not mere embodiments of the factor Labour. They are also themselves Capitalists, whose savings are enormously important. No doubt, as Lord Goschen warns us in his admirable study of the 'Growth of Moderate Incomes,' the available

---

\* There would probably also be a tendency for some of the remaining capital to seek investment in men rather than in machines, and this, so far, would be good. An argument on those lines, however, if adequate in favour of protective duties, is still more adequate for prohibiting mechanical inventions.

statistics must be used with caution. Part of the investments in savings banks belong to the children of the well-to-do, and there are other qualifications of a similar character. No matter, however, what stress is laid on these points, the general drift of the figures is highly significant. In 1903 the number of depositors in Trustee and Post Office savings banks in the United Kingdom was 11,000,000, the amount of deposits per head 17*l.* 18*s.*, and the aggregate deposits 198,000,000*l.* The number of members of industrial and provident (co-operative) societies was 2,000,000, the amount of share capital per member nearly 13*l.*, and the aggregate share capital over 26,500,000*l.* The number of building societies (a frequent form of investment for the poor) was 2,062, and the liabilities 51,000,000*l.*

Industrial companies (the insurance companies of the poor) had on their books (in 1904) 22,500,000 policies, aggregating 221,000,000*l.*, and averaging 9*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* per head. The membership of *ordinary* Friendly Societies was in 1902, the latest year for which statistics are accessible, 5,500,000, and the aggregated capital 36,500,000*l.* The membership of *all classes* of friendly societies was 13,250,000, and the funds 45,000,000*l.*

The membership of all trade unions was (1903) 1,900,000; for the hundred principal unions the income in 1903 was 2,000,000*l.*, and the funds in hand at the end of the year 4,500,000*l.*\*

In the face of such figures it is impossible to treat the working classes as dependent merely on labour. Their stake in capital is also very large. Even, therefore, if it were proved that Protection would benefit labour, it would by no means follow that it would benefit labouring people. For, the dividend as a whole being reduced, capital would probably lose more than labour gained, and the capital of the poor would suffer with the rest. Though solidarity were wanting between factors of production, it would still be prominent between concrete classes. That the factor labour should gain through a policy injurious to the national dividend we have already shown to be improbable; that the class 'labouring people' should so gain is more improbable still.

### § VIII.—PROTECTION AND THE STABILITY OF INDUSTRY.

We thus come to the third stage of the argument—the effects of Protection upon the manner in which Labour secures its

\* Cf. 'Tenth Abstract of Labour Statistics of the United Kingdom, 1902-4.'

earnings. Under this head, it is sometimes suggested that the present tendency of our foreign trade is towards an increase in the proportion of people employed in unhealthy sweated industries, and that Protection to the staple trades would remedy this evil. That contention was examined at length in our article of October 1904.\* The conclusion reached was, first, that protection of staples was at least as likely to draw men down into those industries from above as up into them from below; secondly, that the proper remedy for bad conditions in the inferior 'miscellaneous industries' was not protection to something else, but direct factory legislation, inspection, and so forth in those industries themselves. For a defence of this position the reader is referred to the article itself.

A much more important point is the effect of Protection upon, first, the average amount, and, secondly, the fluctuations of 'employment' among men willing to work. Under this head the difficulties both of analysis and of exposition are serious. For 'employment' itself is an ambiguous term. We say nothing of the difficulties that arise when attempts are made to measure it intensively and not merely extensively by the time occupied. The point is rather that 'employment' is sometimes used for the opposite of 'unemployment,' if such a word may be permitted, and sometimes of 'the unemployed.' Now, so far as *fluctuations* of employment are concerned, this ambiguity does not matter. For, first, irregularity of employment in either sense carries with it irregularity of earnings, and is, therefore, a palpable evil;† and, secondly, fluctuations in 'unemployment' and in the number of the 'unemployed' naturally take place at the same time and in the same direction. The case, however, is otherwise with the *average amount* of employment. On the one hand, the aggregate earnings of

---

\* 'Edinburgh Review,' October 1904, pp. 452-4.

† Cf. Foxwell: 'I cannot venture to say what would be the general opinion of the working classes on the point; but my own feeling would be that, when a certain necessary limit had been reached, regularity of income was far more important than amount of income. Where employment is precarious, thrift and self-reliance are discouraged. The savings of years may be swallowed up in a few months. A fatalistic spirit is developed. Where all is uncertain and there is not much to lose, reckless over-population is certain to set in. . . . The working class suffers most. To this class thrift and prudence are absolutely vital; and it emerges from a period of disturbance with its standard of comfort seriously lowered, and with a corresponding loss of social position.' ('The Claims of Labour,' p. 196).

labour being taken as fixed, a small amount of employment in the sense of short hours and numerous holidays is a great gain to Labour. On the other hand, a small amount of it in the sense of many men involuntarily without a job is a great evil; for it means in practice, not that everybody, from time to time, gets a few days' 'playing,' but that, while good workmen are in pretty continuous work, the inferior men in the various industries are chronically on the streets for long periods together.\*

There are, thus, three distinct questions. First, how does Protection affect 'employment' in the sense of the aggregate quantum of work that has to be done for given earnings; secondly, how does it affect the average number of men out of a job; thirdly, how does it affect the fluctuations that occur about this latter average?

The first of these questions need not detain us. If, in accordance with previous reasoning, Protection lessens both the National Dividend as a whole, and that slice of it that goes to Labour, the hours of work are apt to be longer and not shorter than they would otherwise have been. The very fact that wages are low necessitates long hours as a means to subsistence earnings. It is a commonplace that hours of labour decline as wages rise, and that they tend to be lowest among the most prosperous sections of the working classes. Protection is likely to increase employment in the sense of exacting more work for the same real wage and lessening the labourer's time of leisure.

The second question is more complex. The average proportion of men out of work depends upon two main causes. In the first place, it cannot be isolated from the general policy pursued by labour in the matter of wages. So far as custom fixes a rigid minimum, forbidding the older or less competent workmen to accept lower rates than their companions, it makes it less easy for them to secure employment. The proportion of men out of work is thus a function of the workpeople's wages policy. So far as it depends upon this, it has nothing to do with the fiscal system in vogue.

In the second place, the average proportion out of work

---

\* This point is illustrated by the analysis of time lost by workpeople through unemployment in the Amalgamated Society of Engineers from 1887 to 1895 (published in Cd. 2337). The results show 'that, taking good and bad years together, about 70·4 per cent. of the whole number of members lost less than three working days per annum through want of work; 13 per cent. lost between three days and four weeks; 4·6 per cent. from four to eight weeks; 2·8 per cent. from eight to twelve weeks; and the remainder, about 9 per cent. of the whole, lost over 12 weeks.' [Cd. 2337] p. 99.

depends in part upon the stability of industry. Much of the enforced idleness that exists is due to the fact that the industrial machine is in a state of motion. Wants change with fashion, means of supplying wants with new inventions and developing transport. Labour and capital strive continually to adapt themselves to this varying process. But they are not mobile or far-sighted enough to adapt themselves completely. Mal-adjustments occur both in space and time. Supply follows hard on the heels of demand, but lacks the speed to overtake it. Hence, there is necessarily a fringe of men in movement. They are at once a means by which adjustment is sought, and a proof that it is not found. The average number unemployed for this cause varies with what may be called the organisation of mobility, with the developement, that is to say, of agencies for moving people, spreading information and cultivating foresight. So far it is clearly independent of fiscal policy. But it depends also, in part, upon the character of the particulars from which the average is derived. In those trades where the variations in these are largest, the average itself is also largest.\* The variations, however, depend upon the stability of industry, and that in turn partly depends upon fiscal policy. At this point, therefore, for the first time, Protection and the Unemployed come into connection. If Protection makes for stability, it lessens the average number of persons out of work as well as the fluctuations about that average.

Hence, our second and third questions reduce themselves to one. Under both heads, Protection is beneficial if it steadies, injurious if it disturbs, industry. Nor is this all. The National Dividend itself is not, as has been tacitly supposed hitherto, determined independently of the extent to which industry fluctuates. Fluctuations mean the periodic idleness of certain productive resources, and hence, *ceteris paribus*, make the dividend less than it would otherwise be. Consequently, if it could be proved that Protection made for stability, the case against it from the standpoint of Labour would be weakened in three distinct ways.

The Protectionist argument, by which this proof is attempted, turns principally upon certain incidents connected with the modern developement of large-scale industrial organisation. Stated as plausibly as possible—more plausibly, we venture to think, than the Protectionist himself usually contrives to state it—it falls into three divisions, referring respectively to (1) the dumping of surplus produce into England; (2) similar

---

\* Cf. the tables in [Cd. 2337] pp. 87-90.



dumping out of England; and (3) the general developement of Kartels and Trusts.

In the first place, surplus produce is sometimes dumped into this country by foreign manufacturers who are anxious not to spoil their home market, but have no compunction about disorganising ours. It is not denied that this practice has, *pro tanto*, an influence detrimental to stability in what may be called the 'dumpee' country. If, however, it is argued that such an incident justifies the establishment of a protective tariff, we reply, first, that the incident is comparatively unimportant; secondly, that a tariff such as is proposed would have no tendency to remedy it.

The former point may be illustrated as follows. In 1902 the German crisis led to a large amount of 'dumped' iron and steel coming to this country. The extracts from trade journals, which Mr. Schloss prints as an appendix to his 'Memorandum to the Board of Trade' (in Cd. 1761), do not, however, indicate any great disturbance in England as a consequence. We are again and again told that, in spite of the low prices of the dumped goods, 'local steel-makers still adhere firmly to their quotations.' Furthermore, an inspection of the figures concerning employment in the iron and steel trades, published in the 'Labour Gazette,' does not indicate that 1902 differed appreciably from other years, either in the number of men employed or the number of 'shifts' worked per man per week.

The further point that dumping of the kind contemplated would not be hindered by a general tariff was well argued by the distinguished Professor Dietzel in a recent issue of the 'Economic Journal.' 'A moderate system of Protection,' he wrote, 'affords no security that the floods due to over-production in other countries will not wash away the tariff wall.'\* A country with a surplus tries to spread that surplus over a wide area. Since the normal price in Protectionist tends to exceed that in Free-Trade countries by the amount of the duty, it has no inducement to send more to the latter than to the former group. One may even argue—in this diverging from Professor Dietzel—that, if the duty is *ad valorem*, the danger of surplus dumping is actually greater in Protectionist countries, since, whereas, in a Free-Trade country, the fall in selling price and price received is equal, in a Protectionist country, the duty payable being diminished, the price received falls less than selling price.† This point

\* Economic Journal, March 1905, p. 2.

† Cf. 'Professor Dietzel on Dumping and Retaliation,' by A. C. Pigou, Economic Journal, Sept. 1905, pp. 438-9.

is, no doubt, of little practical interest, since it assumes *ad valorem* duties to be assessed on declared values. The broad conclusion that a general tariff cannot diminish the danger of dumping remains, however, intact.\*

In the second place, it may be argued that Protection has a steadying effect, in that, by checking re-imports, it facilitates dumping from the protected country when times are bad. *Pro tanto*, this argument is valid. The provision of an effective means for the disposal of surplus acts upon the industries interested in much the same way as the practice of making for stock. On the other hand, however, when an industry steadies itself by dumping surplus abroad, it, at the same time, disturbs the more advanced industries of its own country by providing cheap material for the use of their foreign rivals. Those rivals are thus enabled to undersell native firms both at home and abroad, to cut into their market, and to throw their trade into confusion. In Germany this state of things has already given rise to serious complaints, nor does it appear that any satisfactory way of remedying it has as yet been found.† Though, therefore, Protection, by facilitating the dumping process, may, perhaps, promote stability in one or two industries, it is most unlikely to promote it to any appreciable extent in the industrial system of the country as a whole.

In the third place, attention may be directed to the connection that subsists between protective duties and industrial combination. Circumstances are conceivable under which this latter form of organisation would tend to promote stability.‡ If, therefore, these circumstances are realised, it follows that Protection, so far as it involves combination, itself indirectly promotes stability. On the other hand, however, recent experience shows that there is a tendency among combinations of producing firms to frequent disruption from within. So far as this tendency is realised, combination makes strongly against stability. Furthermore, this particular plea for Protection may, perhaps, be put aside *ab initio* upon more general grounds. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. To purchase a little stability at

---

\* No doubt, the danger might be lessened either by prohibitive duties or by discriminating tariffs upon particular cargoes. Neither of these devices, however, is included in Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, and the second is wholly impracticable. (Cf. *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1904, pp. 456-8.)

† Cf. Lotz, 'The Effect of Protection on some German Industries,' *Economic Journal*, xiv. p. 515 et seq.

‡ Cf. A. C. Pigou, 'Professor Dietzel on Dumping,' *Economic Journal*, Sept. 1905, pp. 440-1.



the cost of a Trust or, still worse, a Kartel system, with its power to mulct the consumer and corrupt the Legislature, is not a bargain that commends itself to those who know the facts.

The three incidents of modern industry on which the Protectionist argument about stability depends have thus been reviewed. In every case it has been found that the alleged steadying influence is at the best extremely small. There must now be noticed on the other side a broad and deep force making for disturbance. Protection narrows the market, and, the narrower the market, as the history of wheat prices in the nineteenth century shows, the greater is the liability to fluctuation. Booms rise higher, depressions sink lower; the hills and the valleys of industry are alike more marked. 'When a period of prosperity occurs in a régime of high Protection'—we quote from Professor Dietzel—

'there will be a violent inflation in the favourably situated industries. The consumers are obliged to buy from them—as in former times the customers from the guild masters. The level of prices, profits, wages, rises enormously, to sink in like degree. When a period of prosperity occurs in a Free Trade region there will be a rise of prices, profits, and wages, but not in nearly so great a degree as in the protected regions. Energy is at once employed throughout the world to work towards the restoration of the disturbed equilibrium between demand and supply, and hence to prevent the waves rising too high. Foreign competition, like oil poured on the sea, moderates the tide of the national industrial system.'\*

Is it not plain that this broad general tendency altogether outweighs the special incidents on the other side to which reference has been made? Despite recent developements in industrial combination, we can still echo the words that Professor Marshall addressed to the Co-operative Congress in 1885: 'Protection has been proposed as a remedy for the inconstancy of industry; I believe that all reasonable arguments and all practical experience prove that it much increases that inconstancy.'† If this conclusion is accepted, it follows from our previous reasoning that Protection is likely to increase, rather than to diminish, both the average number of men out of work and the fluctuations at once of unemployment and the unemployed.

---

\* *Economic Journal*, March 1905, p. 9.

† Address to the Co-operative Congress 1885.

## § IX.—CONCLUSION.

The positive results of our inquiry may now be summarised in a few sentences. They are not, be it observed, of an abstract or general character, but refer specifically to the conditions existing in this country at the present time. They are: first, a general tariff, such as Mr. Chamberlain proposes, would almost inevitably lessen the aggregate national dividend; secondly, it would not increase the proportion of that dividend that goes to the labouring classes in any way that could save them from absolute loss; thirdly, so far from yielding an incidental compensation to the poor by lessening the numbers out of work or the fluctuations of employment, it would tend to make both these evils worse than they are at present.

These conclusions are precise and definite. If accepted they destroy the plea that protective duties upon manufactured imports would benefit the labouring classes. In urging them against Mr. Chamberlain we are condemning the means that he proposes to employ. With his end, the great object of bettering the condition of the people, we, no less than he, claim to be identified. We welcome the work that he has done in opening men's eyes to the evils of our industrial life, and in rousing their enthusiasm for the cause of social improvement. It matters little that the fire he has kindled seems now a turgid issue of smoke and sparks. The prophet of Protection has given us heat and power. Patriotism, grown sane, will clarify that gift and turn it to true service in the State.

## ART. II.—RELIGION UNDER THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

1. *Histoire de M. Émery et de l'Église de France pendant la Révolution.* Par Mgr. MÉRIC. Paris: Librairie Ch. Poussielgue, Rue Cassette, 15, 1895.
2. *Mémoires inédits de l'Internonce à Paris pendant la Révolution.* Par Mgr. DE SALAMON. Paris: Plon Nourrit et Cie, 1890.
3. *La Séparation de l'Église et de l'État en 1794.* Par EDME CHAMPION. Paris: Librairie Armand-Colin, 1903.
4. *Le Mouvement Religieux à Paris pendant la Révolution.* Par le Docteur ROBINET. Paris, 1896-8.
5. *Le Culte de la Raison et le Culte de l'Être Suprême.* Par A. AULARD. Paris: Félix Alcan, 1904.
6. *L'Église et les Philosophes au dix-huitième Siècle.* Par P. LANFREY. Paris: Pagnerre, 1857.
7. *L'Église et la Révolution Française.* Par EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ. Paris: Meyrueis et Cie, 1864.

IT is impossible to dive into the whirlpool of the French Revolution without at times being overwhelmed by strong currents of emotion and dramatic sentiment. And because its violent action was so often irrelevant to the principles and ideals which it was supposed to promote, it is easy to lose consciousness, in a maze of horror or a mist of pity, of the true objective of that tremendous movement. The clear issue of the realisation of liberty is clouded in Russia to-day by atrocious massacres of Jews, as the clear issue of the realisation of religious liberty in France was blurred over a century ago by monstrous and unnecessary cruelties. The story of the laggard progression of the French nation towards tolerance and freedom of worship, ending as it did in an audacious, meteoric advance, is of absorbing interest. During the century which preceded the Revolution no advent could have seemed more hopelessly delayed than that of religious liberty. Erect above the dull tomb of national life towered the splendid superstructure of State and Church, united and secure. Royalty with its armies, laws, nobility, prisons, authority, subserved the ends of ecclesiasticism with its princes, discipline, confraternities, monk militia, missionaries, its prestige, persecutions, wealth and venerability. Organisations so elaborate and dominations so crushing must

have appeared inviolable to all reformers ; but yet within the darkness of the tomb of national life lay germinating the seed which, like the thorn of Glastonbury, would one day split the ponderous weight in twain.

Without estimating in some degree the power of the Church in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and considering the way in which that power was used, it is difficult to get any sane notion of the meaning and aims of the often frenzied innovators of the revolutionary period. When the proclamation of the liberties of the Gallican Church in 1682 made it the pride and interest of French Kings to defend an institution, confessedly national, and to some degree independent of Roman jurisdiction, the will of the Church became the law of the State. But even prior to the assertion of her liberties her power had been great and, though the clement Edict of Nantes (1598) had appeared to indicate some feebleness in the ecclesiastical hold on the machinery of State, its gradual annulment and final revocation after eighty-seven years' existence showed that the Church had only temporarily lost her grip of affairs. M. Lanfrey, who with great brilliancy and strong anti-clerical bias summed up the story of the seventeenth-century Church in France,\* most strongly insists that the financial dependence of State on Church was the chief cause of ecclesiastical supremacy. During the seventeenth century it had been the custom of the clergy to meet every five years to make contribution toward the charges of Government. All that was implied by the 'don gratuit' may be gathered from examples picked out at hazard from records of the quinquennial assemblages. In 1665 the Church requested that heresy should be suppressed ; that Catholics should not be permitted to become Protestants ; that all reformed colleges and schools should be closed, and that only Catholics should be presented with judgeships. When these requests were made law 4,000,000 livres were paid in to the State. In spite of Colbert's endeavours to protect the heretics, persecution gradually became more open, and in 1680 the Dragonnades of Marillac made life intolerable for Huguenots. Dragoons quartered in the houses of heretics flogged the men and dragged the women of the family by the hair to church. Five years later the Revocation was complete. Protestants were interdicted from the practice of their cult ; their children were to be baptized and their sick to receive sacraments by compulsion ; they were forbidden to employ Catholic servants, debarred from being lawyers, printers, or librarians, and pre-

---

\* *L'Église et les Philosophes au dix-huitième Siècle.*

vented keeping lodgings or inns. Their temples were demolished, and their dead accorded no sepulture. By the intellectual ecclesiastics, no pity was shown for the oppressed sect. Bossuet assisted in organising the persecution, Massillon approved of it, and Fénelon, whom some people have wished to enrol among the tolerants, wrote from La Rochelle in 1685: 'Je ne trouve presque plus de religionnaires à La Rochelle depuis que je paye ceux qui me les découvrent. . . . Je fais emprisonner les hommes et mettre les femmes et les filles dans les couvents de l'aveu et par l'autorité de l'évêque.' \*

Though the death of Louis XIV. introduced an interlude in persecution, when Dubois came to be Cardinal de Gesvres, prime minister, and head of the General Assembly of 1723, the cruellest laws against the Protestants were made once again effective.

The manner in which the Church endeavoured to crush Rationalism in France is as memorable as her effort to extirpate Protestantism. With her customary assurance she entered into conflict with the intellectual forces of the day. She greeted the appearance of the Great Encyclopædia by a condemnatory storm of books and pamphlets, and at her instigation the aims of the philosophers were travestied upon the stage. In 1758 the clergy fêted the suppression of the Encyclopædia, as they had fêted the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes long years before. Another instance of ecclesiastical power was given in the trial of de La Barre. Twenty-three years before the fall of the Bastille, a crucifix hanging on the bridge at Abbeville was found one morning mutilated. The Bishop of Amiens and his clergy came down to inquire into the matter, and since no one knew who was responsible for the outrage, two young men, reported to hold advanced opinions and to sing ribald songs—the Chevalier de La Barre and M. d'Étalonde—were chosen to expiate the crime. The judges declared that they were 'véhémentement soupçonnés d'avoir mutilé le crucifix,' and as punishment condemned them to lose their right wrists, to have their tongues torn out, their heads cut off, and their bodies burnt. Into the pile were to be thrown the 'Dictionnaire philosophique' and other new works. D'Étalonde fled, and on Voltaire's letter of introduction took service with the King of Prussia. De la Barre, inflexibly brave and only eighteen, suffered the penalties enumerated.

Both Voltaire and the Encyclopædists have had praise and

---

\* 'L'Église et les Philosophes au dix-huitième Siècle,' P. Lanfrey, p. 37.

recognition of men for the share which they took in destroying the prestige of the Church. Undoubtedly their work and influence were both serious and important; but beneath the philosophers and their works of light other nameless powers were striving toward enfranchisement, to whom historians have never meted out full justice. The extensive and intensive influence of the secret societies in France during the eighteenth century has never been satisfactorily described. The appeal of the Encyclopædists was to the educated, but the secret societies made their appeal to the uneducated and the poor, who were not for their ignorance or poverty debarred from comprehending the great belief, which inspired nearly all the mystical societies of the Middle Ages and modern days, the belief in the divinity of man and in the true brotherhood and unity of humanity, symbolised in the triple watchword of the Martinists, 'Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.' In order to attack tyranny by destroying the idolatrous esteem in which it was held, men had banded themselves together in all ages; for the effort to emancipate the human race and enable it to grow to the full stature of its manhood is an ancient endeavour, a divine fever laying hold of mystics, peasants, quakers, poets, theosophists, and all who cannot get accustomed to the ugly inequalities of social life. Although nowadays men can further such ends openly, in other centuries they had to work stealthily in clandestine ways, and the generations of victims and martyrs who lie in the catacombs of feudalism can attest the danger of their enterprise. How many men have died in chains, how many crypts have concealed nameless cruelties from the sunlight, how many redeemers have sacrificed the dear gift of life that tyrannies might cease, no man can tell; but without that secret soul of progress formed deep below the consciousness of political thought and action history would have been but a monotonous record of military and monachal despotism.

It has been thought strange that a powerful organisation like the Church fell so easily before the reformers and innovators. The secret societies, however, with their enthusiasm for humanity, were greatly responsible for the Church's temporary discomfiture, though they could not hold the advantage gained, since they had no definite new religion to substitute for the old creed. The revolutionaries realising that the only efficient destruction is reconstruction made sundry attempts at civic and secular religion, which all proved too cold and unattractive to compete successfully with the warm humanity of the Church's feasts.

Long before the outbreak of the Revolution, the banners



of secret societies working for the good of humanity bore the words : 'Down with the double despotism of Priests and Kings,' and in every important town in France, as well as in many country districts, were to be found bands of men professing the new faith of brotherhood. At Narbonne, Philalethes, a Swedenborgian, founded a society called 'The Philadelphians,' and in Paris a lodge of 'United Friends,' of which Condorcet and De Gibelin were members. At Avignon a Swedenborgian brotherhood, founded by Perneti, a Benedictine, and Gabrianca, a Polish noble, occupied itself with 'social chemistry.' Ecclesiastical edicts of the eighteenth century witness to the existence and spread of workmen's unions, and fraternal societies, admitting members of both sexes, met in country districts, and discussed the problems of the people. A network of freemasonry had been successfully established over the greater part of France, and in 1775 Bode and Busche introduced Illuminism into the land, and all the lodges of the Grand Orient, two hundred and sixty-six in number, received the doctrine of the Perfektibilisten between that year and March 1789. That they held strong views about fraternity may be gathered from the terms of their members' obligation : 'I, with all the possessions, rank, honours and titles which I hold in political society, am only a man. I enjoy these things only through my fellow men, and through them also I may lose them. . . . I will oppose with all my might the enemies of the human race and of liberty.'

Rousseau, who was probably himself an 'illuminé,' died at Ermenonville, the chief lodge of Illuminism, a lodge that was presided over by the mysterious Comte de Saint-Germain. It is significant to note that Mirabeau, the vanquisher of the Church, was an 'illuminé,' and wrote an essay on Illuminism. He inducted the Bishop of Autun into the society, and also the Duke of Orleans, who was said in his alchemistical experiments in the garrets of the Palais Royal to have destroyed Pascal's skeleton in his crucibles. Sieyès, the first clerical member of the Third Estate, belonged to a secret society, and so did Dom Gerle, the well-known Carthusian who also sat in the Assembly. An enthusiasm for Humanity—'the Supreme Being,' was the flame that burnt in the breast of every member of the great secret service. All the fervour and feeling of which men are capable were needed in France in 1789 to combat the gross indifference to human suffering, the infliction of unbearable existences upon the innocent and weak, the maladministration of public institutions and public charities. It was enough to break the courage of most men, and to crack the heart-strings of the rest, to see such spurning of human life,

such despising and rejecting of that divinest possession. The task of making man respect man seemed insurmountable, but through shedding of blood it was accomplished.

Extracts from official reports\* of the time serve to show that there was good excuse for reforming the domestic administration of both Church and State. In 1772 a fire at the Hôtel-Dieu in Paris revealed the nature of Church charity. One of the wards, the Salle S. Charles, contained four rows of beds, a hundred and one big ones and nine small ones. On January 6, 1786, this room held three hundred and forty sick people, and at a pinch six hundred and fifteen were packed into it. The Royal Commission appointed to investigate into hospital management in that year reported that the dead were mingled with the living, that every kind of illness was lumped together, and that beds 4 ft. 4 in. wide contained four to six invalids, heads and feet alternating, all unable to move or sleep. Other unquotable details are mentioned in the report. At Bicêtre, women were chained in dark subterranean dungeons, whither rats came in hordes and gnawed their feet. In the quiet of the night inhabitants of the district were awaked from peaceful slumbers by a sound of wailing, which was audible for more than a mile. For years those who heard it paid no more attention to it than men do nowadays to the noise of a passing train. They alluded to it as the '*plainte de l'hôpital*,' though it was a device by which hundreds of human beings howling in unison hoped to draw attention to the piteousness of their condition. In the debtors' prisons, disgusting usages prevailed; men and women were imprisoned promiscuously in the same cells, and the straw that was the only furniture of their prison remained for weeks unchanged.

Thus under the old '*régime*' were charity and justice travestied and made into a mockery. Turgot, Beccaria and Condorcet, *not* the clergy, had lifted up their voices in protest against these infamies. D'Holbach, Diderot and Naigeon had been so madened by them as to declare that '*Catholicism was a religion for barbarians.*' Behind the silent walls of asylums, hospitals, and prisons the hideous work of spreading disease, corruption and death went on in the name of Christ and in the name of the King.

It is one of the marvels of that marvellous epoch that in the midst of such abuses the outraged people of France were moderate enough in the first days of the great social upheaval to attack ecclesiastical abuses only, but never the Christian religion, and

---

\* '*Le Mouvement Religieux à Paris*,' Robinet.

it is worth remembering that the French Revolution was initiated by the 'Veni Creator,' as it was concluded by the 'Te Deum.' In the late spring of 1789 the procession of the Estates, after singing the 'Veni Creator,' passed out of the cathedral at Versailles to the church of St. Louis to assist at a Mass of the Holy Ghost, and to listen to a sermon on religion as contributing to the happiness of nations. Thirteen years later, after rivers of priestly blood had flowed and all the sanctuaries had been defiled, another procession passed through the streets of Paris to sing a 'Te Deum' at Notre-Dame, and to assist at a Mass in celebration of the remarriage of a Church and State that had been eight years divorced.

To describe a movement unevoked by any prevailing personality, and unmapped by definite plans of progress, is perhaps less interesting than to describe the influence of a Cromwell or a Luther. The religious conflicts of the Revolution more resemble a sea of contrary waves, beating as it were unmeaningly against each other, than a strong and swelling tide of reform overwhelming France. The voices that sound clear above the tumult are very few. It is vain to listen for the dominant note in the speeches of the orthodox churchmen of the day, for they were politically powerless and futile. Abbé Maury the sceptic, who opposed Mirabeau on the question of Church privileges in the Constituent Assembly, and M. Émery, principal of Saint-Sulpice Seminary, who, though he took no part in politics, was renowned for piety and wisdom, were the two most notable adherents of the Church. In the ranks of the revolutionaries there were several distinguished ecclesiastics. Abbé Fauchet, in bullet-torn cassock, preached a funeral sermon over the dead stormers of the Bastille, and passionately cried: 'Liberty is no longer Cæsar's, it belongs to human nature!' He blessed the colours of the citizen soldiers, and was called by Madame Roland 'that best of revolutionaries'; but though he served as president of police and commune, he eventually went to the scaffold for his faith. Sieyès, the Sulpician, wrote the famous pamphlet 'Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-État,' which had a prodigious circulation in the beginning of the year 1789 and which directed the career of the Third Estate at Versailles. Not only did its author assist to frame the 'Civil Constitution of the Clergy' in 1790, but he helped to draw up the Concordat of 1802. Both Sieyès and Talleyrand lived to hold high secular posts of State, and the latter, as is well known, took an important part in the debates of the Constituent Assembly, and was responsible for breaching the scheme of Church disendowment. But perhaps the noblest, if not the ablest, of the clerics was

Curé Grégoire the Jansenist, who firmly believed in Christianity and in the mission of the Constitutional Church, and who, throughout the Terror, when to be a priest meant death, wore the violet robe and cross which were the insignia of his office both in the Assembly and in the street.

All the reformers, lay and clerical, had principles and ideals in their minds; few had any plans for translating them into fact, and therefore the study of their empirical efforts after justice provokes something like despair. A clause dealing with freedom of conscience and worship was easily and swiftly embodied in the Declaration of Rights, and the men were scarce who realised how hard and slow a task would prove the establishment of such liberty.

The opinion of the country on the Church was represented in the 'cahiers des doléances,' prepared for the States-General in 1789, and speaking strictly there was no religious question in them, for they dealt, not with dogma or rite, but with discipline. The 'cahiers' of the First Estate demanded that regulars should be forced to fulfil their earlier and more strenuous obligation, while the 'cahiers' of the Third Estate denounced the archbishops, bishops, and regulars as 'idle, vicious and wealthy,' but were unanimous in their praise of the parish priest. A letter illustrative of the state of affairs in country districts is that of Abbé Mesmient to Cardinal Ludovisi :

'I do all that I can [speaking of the peasants] to contribute to their well-being, a few of the neighbouring gentry second my efforts, but these efforts are expended in vain; three abbeys, a commandery, and several priories seize all the resources of the poor . . . the useless clergy are but a dead tree that should be cut down—a parasitic, greedy growth, fit only to be lopped.'

During the memorable August night when feudal privileges were abdicated in a blaze of emotion by the aristocrats, the clergy, carried away by the inspiration of the hour, volunteered to sacrifice plurality of benefices, annates, and other privileges to the nation. Not till some days afterwards did they realise the gravity of the step they had taken in making the hitherto unquestioned privileges of the Church a matter debatable in the National Assembly by the people. Without reflection they had opened the door to disendowment, and had tacitly admitted that their position was dependent on the nation's will. Though neither Mirabeau nor Sieyès was present on the great night, they both took a conspicuous part in the subsequent debate on tithes, and Mirabeau was quick to see the advantage given by the clergy and use it in a speech wherein

he proved that tithes were not property, but a contribution from the nation to that branch of the public service which was concerned with the ministers of her altars, a mere 'subsidy by means of which the nation salaried its officers of morality.' The peasants, who had implored to be delivered from the great burden of tithes, had forced this early consideration of the problem on the Assembly. In spite of Arthur Young's observations to the contrary, great abuses were connected with tithe-gathering in the provinces, and the demands of the gatherers were not always limited to the legal tenth; sometimes a sixth, and even a fourth was wrested from the unfortunate and defenceless cultivator. In one of the 'cahiers' the tithes are alluded to as 'ces sangsues accablantes.'

The majority of prelates were not in favour of throwing away 70,000,000 livres. 'What!' exclaimed a priest in the Assembly, 'when you invited us to come and join you, in the 'name of the God of Peace, was it to cut our throats?' Sieyès spoke against confiscation, but was in favour of replacing tithes by some other means of payment. In spite of all protests de Juigné, archbishop of Paris, rose and closed the debate by renouncing in the name of the French clergy all claim to tithes. From this abrogation the logical step to complete disendowment and the conversion of the Church into a salaried function of the State was small. Affairs moved rapidly, and on August 20 a committee was appointed to inquire into methods of ecclesiastical reform. A month later, when someone in the Assembly rose during a debate on taxation and suggested that the Church should be asked to sacrifice her plate, Mirabeau declared 'that treasures accumulated by the piety of ancestors 'would not change their religious destination by issuing forth 'from obscurity into the service of the country.' To everyone's surprise, de Juigné declared that the clergy were ready to abandon all treasure that was not necessary to the ceremonies of the Church. The clerical policy of disarming the Assembly by unexpected generosity, in order to evade a discussion on the Church's property and the titles under which she held about one-fifth of the land of France, did not prove a success. Mirabeau, who did not wish to place the State under obligation to the hierarchy, asserted that the property of the Church was by nature the property of the nation, and therefore that it was not possible for the clergy to make any sacrifice. He fully realised the feebleness in controversy of those whose hitherto undisputed authority had hide-bound them in tradition and formula, and their uncertainty as to the titles under which the Church collected, held, and administered her funds, as well as



their inability to prove the legality of their ancient monopolies. Dupont de Nemours, a deputy, drew up a table of the clergy's debt to the State since 1706, and argued that since the Church enjoyed her property under certain conditions, those, if not fulfilled, caused her to forfeit all claim over it. He proved, for example, that a milliard masses could not be said by sixty thousand priests, and gave other examples of the Church's want of good faith. On October 11 the Bishop of Autun formally proposed that the property of the Church should be henceforth the property of the nation. A violent discussion followed, and lasted till November 2. The press bristled with arguments, and sheaves of pamphlets were sent to every deputy. Mirabeau, by far the most able member of the Assembly, carried the people with him, partly by his magnificent oratory and partly by his clear and easily followed arguments. He appealed to common sense, and argued that the living should not be fettered by the dead: 'Si tous les hommes qui aient vécu avaient eu un tombeau, il aurait bien fallu, pour trouver des terres à cultiver, renverser ces monuments stériles, et remuer les cendres des morts pour nourrir les vivants.'

His main opponent was Abbé Maury, and the two men were supposed by the public of the day to resemble each other :

Deux insignes chefs de parti  
D'intrigue ici tiennent bureau ;  
Chacun à l'autre est assorti :  
Même audace et front de taureau.

L'un pourrait faire le pari  
Qu'ils sont nés de la même peau,  
Car, retournez abé Mauri,  
Vous y retrouverez Mirabeau.

Mirabeau carried the vote of the Assembly in his closing speech, when he reasoned that the clergy accumulated wealth not for themselves as a corporation, but for the benefit of the nation, and proved that the property of the Church was in all points identical with that of the Crown. The terms of the motion ran as follows :

1°. 'Tous les biens ecclésiastiques sont à la disposition de la nation, à la charge de pourvoir d'une manière convenable aux frais du culte, à l'entretien de ses ministres et au soulagement des pauvres, sous la surveillance et d'après les instructions des provinces.'

2°. 'Dans les dispositions à faire pour l'entretien des ministres de la religion, il ne pourra être assuré à la dotation d'aucun curé moins de douze cent livres par année, non compris le logement et les jardins en dépendant.' \*

---

\* Histoire de M. Émery, p. 115.



The minimum annual provision of twelve hundred livres for curés was generous, since under the old 'régime' many country clergy had enjoyed but half or three-quarters of that sum. There can be no question but that the Assembly meant to deal honestly with the revenues which it had taken upon itself to administer. The fact that this administration proved a complete failure does not incriminate the original intention.

The problem of how to deal with monastic foundations arose out of the transference of ecclesiastical properties to State ownership, and in December Deputy Treilhard made his report to the Assembly on the Religious Orders. The eighteenth century cannot be called the age of faith, and investigation into the habits of the professionally religious was sure to be productive of unedifying disclosures. Moreover, since the legal age for pronouncing vows had been raised from sixteen to twenty-one (1728), the monasteries of France had been gradually emptying. A few instances will show the numerical decrease of the inhabitants of religious houses in the country. The community of the Benedictine Abbey of Bennaye was reduced from fifty inmates to four; that of Bec-Helluin, built for eighty inmates, was reduced to nineteen; while the Couvent des Deux Amants contained but the prior and one monk. Discipline was everywhere greatly relaxed, and many houses had acquired a most discreditable reputation. The ecclesiastical prisons of Paris were said to be worse than the Bastille, and it was rumoured that dozens of victims languished in their 'in pace' cells. The decision of the Assembly not to recognise monastic vows as binding on man or woman, 'because they were another term for civic suicide,' revealed that almost every convent contained unwilling, restless inmates. A decree was promulgated throughout France allowing all monks and nuns other than those engaged in nursing the sick or instructing the young, to make a declaration before the appointed civil authority, and on quitting their special habit to receive a pension. In one monastery of two hundred and seventy-four monks all but seventy-nine became citizens; in another, twenty-seven out of eighty-four re-entered the world; in a large convent at Besançon nineteen women out of three hundred and fifty-eight desired to abjure their vows.\*

No exact record of the number of religious in 1789 can be obtained. It has been roughly estimated at 60,000 and is supposed numerically to have balanced the number of secular priests. Equally uncertain is the value of the property of the Church at that date. The ecclesiastical accounts, prepared at the

---

\* Sciout, '*Constitution Civile du Clergé*,' vol. i. p. 292.

beginning of the Revolution for the public records, do not probably give a true version of capital and income. The annual value of the sequestered wealth of the Church has been approximately assessed at 180,000,000 livres, inclusive of tithes, but exclusive of alms and casual charity.

The Assembly encountered strenuous opposition in its endeavour to set in motion the secular administration of ecclesiastical funds. The committee which had been appointed in August 1789 to inquire into methods of Church reform presented its report in April 1790. The report dealt entirely with questions of discipline and with remedies for old and obvious abuses. It was proposed, for instance, that there should be a redistribution of parishes and dioceses, corresponding to the new departmental divisions of France; that a table of priests and chapels necessary to serve the people should be drawn up with some reference to the population of the districts; that priests should be elected, not nominated; that their salaries and residences should be fixed; and that they should be under the supervision of municipal authorities. The committee proved itself pathetically anxious to fall into no heresy, and Camus, the hero of the debate on the report, endeavoured to prove by synodal decrees of the fourth century the exact agreement of the new proposals for Church discipline with the letter of the New Testament. Mgr. Méric, the biographer of M. Émery, speaks of the work of the diligent and timid committee as ‘les ‘délérations haineuses . . . les arguties misérables de la plus ‘mauvaise théologie . . . une violente attaque contre l’Église.’

At the end of May the report was adopted and, with a few corrections, became the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. The King delayed appending his signature to the new measure as much as he dared, and on July 28, when he saw the limit of his resistance approaching, he wrote: ‘Votre Sainteté sent mieux ‘que personne combien il importe de conserver les nœuds qui ‘unissent la France au Saint-Siège. Elle ne mettra pas en ‘doute que l’intérêt le plus puissant de la religion, dans la ‘situation présente des affaires, ne soit de prévenir une division ‘funeste.’ On August 24 the King yielded to the pressure of the Constituent Assembly, and by his signature made the measure law. Meanwhile the Pope, though retarding for many months his official declaration of opinion, privately recommended resistance to all the bishops of France, and instructed them to suffer all things rather than yield to the demands of the Civil Constitution.

Some reformers thought that Mirabeau and Talleyrand had moved too fast in making implacable enemies of all churchmen,

and many men in France agreed with Abbé Maury and his friend, M. Émery, that the confiscation of Church property was criminal spoliation. M. Champion, in his interesting and thoughtful summary of the situation, says :

‘ Les décrets sur les biens ecclésiastiques et sur les ordres religieux avaient profondément froissé une partie de l’Assemblée. On a dit, avec quelque vraisemblance, que le regret des richesses perdues avait causé l’hostilité que rencontra la réforme ecclésiastique. Ce fut sans doute la raison qui échauffa certains membres du clergé ; mais à cette source d’irritation s’en joignirent d’autres, d’un ordre moins vil. L’empire exclusif, que le Catholicisme conservait, paraissait menacé, surtout depuis l’abolition des lois qui excluaient les Protestants de diverses fonctions (Déc. 24, 1789). Le fanatisme, d’accord avec l’intérêt lésé, travailla à sauvegarder ce qui subsistait de l’ancienne tyrannie.’ \*

In order to test the adherents of reform, the Assembly, after much argument, made it compulsory for all clergy to swear to support the new Constitution. Very reluctantly the King was forced into signing this second edict. Caricatures of the King with two faces were sold in the gutters of Paris : one face said to a bishop, ‘ I will destroy the Constitution ’ ; and the other said to a member of the Assembly, ‘ I will uphold the Constitution.’

Two days after Christmas the business of swearing fidelity to the new Act was begun in the Assembly. Curé Grégoire, who later became a constitutional bishop, was the first to take the oath ; and speaking for himself and for the fifty-nine priests who accompanied him, and who included in their ranks Dom Gerle, he said : ‘ Après le plus mûr, le plus sérieux examen, nous déclarons ne rien apercevoir dans la Constitution Civile du ‘ Clergé qui puisse blesser les vérités saintes que nous devons ‘ croire et enseigner.’ † It is interesting to note that Grégoire, unlike others, did not retract this opinion in dying, for, when pressed by a priest to renounce his earlier heresy, he said : ‘ Jeune ‘ homme, ce n’est pas sans examen que j’ai prêté serment, ce ‘ n’est pas sans de sérieuses méditations au pied de la croix que ‘ j’ai accepté l’épiscopat.’ ‡ Talleyrand and Gobel, names sinister in Catholic annals, took the oath on December 23 and January 2 respectively. On January 3 twenty-three curés, members of the Assembly, sealed their adherence to the new decree, and on the 4th, Barnave having moved that all ecclesiastical

\* La Séparation de l’Église et de l’État en 1794, p. 161.

† Le Mouvement Religieux à Paris pendant la Révolution, vol. i. p. 375.

‡ La Séparation de l’Église et de l’État en 1794, p. 161.

members of the Assembly be asked to conform, and in the event of refusal that they be replaced by jurors, an appeal by name to the clerical deputies was made in alphabetical order. M. de Bonnac, bishop of Agen, was the first called. He replied : ' Messieurs, les sacrifices de la fortune me coûtent peu ; mais il en est un que je ne saurais faire, celui de votre estime et de ma foi ; je serais trop sûr de fondre l'une et l'autre, si je prêtais le serment qu'on exige de moi.' \* After two bishops and three priests had refused the oath, and four had taken it, the president caused the nominal appeal to cease, and asked the ecclesiastics collectively whether there were any among them who would consent to be sworn. All except the four mentioned refused, and Catholics speak with intense pride of the courage of their deputies on this occasion. M. Émery called it ' the triumph day of the Church in France,' and wished to perpetuate its memory by an anniversary. Mirabeau, who considered the motion the great tactical mistake it proved itself, moved, however, that the second part be adopted, which it was by a large majority. Thus was persecution inaugurated against the Church, and the principle of liberty denied.

The second and third Sundays of the New Year were the days appointed for the Government agents to exact the oath of fidelity from the parish priests of Paris. It had been decided, in order not to dislocate the services of the Church, that non-jurors should continue to practise until replaced by jurors. The agents visited many deserted churches from which the curés had disappeared ; but at Saint-Sulpice they found twenty-six assenting priests, and at Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois three. The result of this test could not have been encouraging to the authorities, since but forty priests in all conformed.† In the country the visits of the Government emissaries to administer the oath were met by varying results. In the department of Doubs only four out of four hundred and ninety took the oath ; in the diocese of Besançon nine hundred and seven gave in their allegiance to the Constitution ; in the district of Valenciennes four conformed and one hundred and twenty-six refused.‡ Corsica became riotous at the new enactment, as did La Vendée. The Assembly, which had not anticipated serious opposition to its scheme of Church administration, received the provincial reports with deep disappointment. But it having

---

\* Histoire de M. Émery, p. 153.

† Le Mouvement Religieux à Paris pendant la Révolution, vol. i. p. 387.

‡ Sciout, ' Constitution Civile du Clergé,' vol. ii. p. 93.

been decided to pension all non-juring priests, the Government proceeded immediately to set in motion the elections that were to fill the vacancies created by their eviction. Recruits were hastily collected from the ranks of lay brothers, beadle and choristers, and were often ordained after a few weeks' training. Since but five bishops out of one hundred and twenty-one had accepted the Constitution, it was necessary to consecrate others. Talleyrand, bishop of Autun, assisted by Gobel, bishop of Lydda, and Miroudot, bishop of Babylon, proceeded with the consecration of the priests elected to fill up the vacant bishoprics. One of the seminarists of Saint-Sulpice, who attended the ceremony in l'Église de l'Oratoire, notes that Talleyrand followed the Roman Pontifical, omitting only the reading of the Bulls and the oath of fidelity to the Pope. Gobel, who was elected as Metropolitan of Paris, was inducted into his see on Wednesday, March 30; and the new curés, who were nicknamed 'juraciers,' were installed on Passion Sunday, April 3. In the later spring of 1791 arrived the long-delayed decision of the Pope on the Civil Constitution, embodied in two encyclicals. The Papal Internuncio Salamon, who has left interesting memoirs, delivered both encyclicals secretly to the Metropolitans of France. The Brief of April 12 criticised the consecration of the new bishops by Talleyrand as having excluded the oath of loyalty to the Pope, the examination of the elected, and the professions of faith. It therefore declared all such elections and consecrations null. The brief of March 10 was publicly burnt in the Place Royale, and a little later an effigy of Pius VI., 'l'ogre du Tibre,' as it was nicknamed, dressed in full canonicals and holding the two briefs in its hand, its head encircled by a band bearing the word 'feudalism,' and its body by another bearing the word 'civil war,' was the object of a big bonfire. Before burning the effigy, the promoters of the spectacle removed the cross and ring from the figure as being 'symbols worthy of all honour.'

Easter, 1791, was a day of trial for the faithful, for though the King had endorsed and officially approved the State Church, he was prevented by his conscience from really participating in its services. Since his confessor had taken the oath he went privately to a Jesuit for his confession, and received communion from Cardinal Montmorency in the chapel of the Tuileries. Paris was in an uproar when it heard of this breach of the Constitution, and a notice was posted by the clubs to the following effect :

‘La société, sur la dénonciation à elle faite que le premier fonctionnaire public de la nation permet que des prêtres réfractaires se retirent dans sa maison et y exercent publiquement, au scandale



des Français et de la loi, des fonctions publiques qui sont interdites par elle ; qu'il a même reçu aujourd'hui la communion pascale et entendu la messe d'un des prêtres réfractaires, elle dénonce aux représentants de la nation ce premier sujet de la loi, comme réfractaire aux lois constitutionnelles.'

Many juring priests, on learning their condemnation by the Pope, retracted their oath and made their peace with the orthodox clergy. The clubs urged that strong measures should be enforced against refractories, but in spite of their protests the Constituent Assembly throughout its session endeavoured to realise the ideal of tolerance, and solemnly persevered in its attempt to reconcile opposites by establishing a dominant Church while adhering to the spirit of the clause on religious liberty in the Declaration of Rights. It decreed that the freedom of non-jurors should be respected, and that they should have such churches for their use as were not already appropriated by the State. At the same time it encouraged the Constitutional Church to give examples of its efficiency. A band of children who had made their first communion at the hand of Gobel, the new Metropolitan, were paraded through Paris and received by the Assembly as the first-fruits of the State Church. Further to promote and popularise the ideal of tolerance, the Assembly organised a public funeral at the Pantheon in honour of the Apostle of Tolerance—Voltaire. He had been buried at a country abbey thirteen years earlier, after a service had been held over his body in the Masonic Lodge of the Nine Sisters at Paris, and it was thought fitting that he should be re-interred in the Temple of the Nation. Triumphal arches, levelled roads, and interested crowds awaited the cortège. Women touched the hearse with kerchiefs and kept them long afterwards as relics. Arrived on the site of the old Bastille, where Voltaire himself had suffered several periods of detention, the coffin rested for the night in a grove of roses, myrtles and laurels, in the midst of which the old stones of the prison walls were disposed as rocks. The next morning representatives of the sections, clubs, and municipality of Paris came in bands to escort the ashes to their final resting-place.

The efforts, however, of the Constituent Assembly in this matter were doomed to failure ; fanatical passions had been aroused which no government could control. The outcome of the Assembly's ecclesiastical policy had been to consolidate the clergy and the faithful into a determined opposition to reform. The private chapels of hospitals and convents became the meeting-places of conspirators, and the whole orthodox Church was enleagued against all plans of reorganisation. Much bitter



feeling was engendered in the breasts of the departmental officials, and as a consequence France lapsed automatically into the state of sporadic civil war which culminated in La Vendée. Exasperated by this resistance, the Government cancelled the decree adjudicating pensions to non-conformists, and during the last months of the Constituent Assembly's session persecutions, unsanctioned by its decrees, became the common practice. Non-conformists were driven to celebrate their rites in barns and private houses and were not allowed openly to administer any of the sacraments. Fights over the bodies of the dead took place, and often, in spite of the protests of relations, corpses were torn out of coffins to be buried by conformists. According to the sympathies of the district, one party or the other was violently championed; a juror was shot in the pulpit of one church and a non-juror hanged to the chancel lamp of another. To avoid death, priests emigrated in thousands. Grégoire says that by 1792 18,000 had fled, and after that date quite as many more followed them. About 4,000 took refuge in England, 700 of whom were lodged by Government at Winchester. Many delightful stories of the generosity of the English to the penniless priests are told by Grégoire in his 'Memoirs.'

When the summer was over, the Constituent Assembly, while prohibiting its members from seeking election to the new body, transmitted its powers to the Legislative Assembly, together with a number of ecclesiastical Gordian knots, which the new Government, with Alexandrine promptness, proceeded to sever. The Legislative Assembly as a whole was hostile to the Church. The brilliant deputies from the Gironde, as well as the men of the Mountain, were non-Christian, and many of the younger members had been gathered from administrative posts in the departments, where they had learnt to regard the Church as the chief enemy of the Revolution. They knew that feeling against the Civil Constitution was being particularly fomented in country districts by two religious orders, which had not come under the ban of the Constituent Assembly, the missionaries of Saint Laurent, who were peculiarly active in counselling opposition to the new Church, and the Sœurs de la Sagesse, who, though useful as nurses, were said to inculcate seditious teaching against the Government. Many priests, according to an official report from Meaux,\* told women that it was better to strangle their babies at birth than to let them be baptized by a 'juracier.' The Bishop of Langres exhorted the priests in his diocese to hold

\* *Le Mouvement Religieux à Paris pendant la Révolution*, vol. ii. p. 131.

meetings secretly in which they should explain to the faithful the horror in which conformists should be held. Some 'intrus' country clergy begged to be allowed to live in towns and make expeditions to their parishes, since the agriculturists were so hostile to them.

Besides legalising priestly marriage in the constitutional Church, a question much debated in the Constituent Assembly, the new Government passed a very important measure, enforcing the civil registration of births, deaths and marriages, a reform which had been made law in England under the Commonwealth. The sacraments, by this decree, were placed in a subsidiary position, and it was demonstrated to all that the approval of the Church was not necessary to the foundation of families, as it had been in centuries past, when Huguenots had no existence in the eyes of the law. By this measure the phantoms of old indignities and injustices were laid for ever.

In spite of the fact that the Civil Constitution had proved a failure, the Legislative Assembly did not renounce the hope of making it a success. Many people thought this hope futile. André Chenier, who was eager to separate Church and State completely expressed, his views in the 'Moniteur.' Ramond, in the Assembly, proposed that all cults should be subsidised by the State, the plan afterwards adopted by Napoleon, but the Assembly, determined to make one more effort to conciliate the clergy and strengthen the State Church, listened to none of these suggestions. By altering the oath of loyalty to the Civil Constitution into a promise to support 'les rapports civils et les règles extérieures du culte catholique en France,' and by ordaining that bishops and priests were no longer to be called public functionaries, a bid was made for fresh adherents. All the clergy who refused the revised oath were to be charged with revolt, and made liable to punishment. According to 'Les Annales Catholiques,' many non-juring clergy thought it only right that they should plight themselves to nation, law, and king, and saw in it a great difference from the old oath of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, though, as a matter of fact, the verbal alteration made no difference to the intention of the pledge, which was designed to attract the support of Catholics to a schismatic Constitution. Many celebrated congregations, however, accepted it without demur, amongst them those of Saint-Lazare, l'Oratoire, Saint-Sulpice, and La Doctrine Chrétienne, as well as nearly all the unemigrated clergy of the capital. After long meditation, M. Émery advised those who consulted him to take it; he thought it lawful and purely

civil, and moreover he was anxious to save further priests from banishment.

In making non-conformists legally punishable the Legislative Assembly were countenancing a promiscuous persecution which they were unable to regulate. A list of non-jurors was made out in Paris, and through the agency of the Jacobin party they were subjected to every kind of indignity. Convents were entered by force; that of the Dominican nuns was raided, and when the superior of the school of St. Charles refused to admit a juring priest to its chapel roughs were employed to force the door and occupy the convent till the discomfited nuns had fled. Men in cassocks were insulted in the streets, and nuns flogged by the women of the Halles. The comic papers were filled with representations of these indecent adventurings.

It was agreed during the winter that all religious bodies engaged in teaching and nursing should be suppressed; and Sisters of Charity were discussed as if they were vermin to be exterminated. Roland, who became Minister of the Interior in March 1792, had to execute the decision of the Assembly. He was known as a 'prêtraphobe,' and as such his accession to power was celebrated by his Jacobin supporters at Lyons by a scandalous invasion of oratories and convents. The suppression of educational communities included among many others the Sorbonne, which it is not uninteresting to note was dissolved just thirty years after it had condemned 'Émile.' It was found impossible to suppress the nursing orders altogether, but their dangerous activities were curtailed by submitting them to civil direction. Of the opposition and violent reprisals provoked by the execution of these decrees Roland rendered an account in the Legislative Assembly, endeavouring to justify local and illegal persecutions by saying of monks and nuns: 'Tant qu'on laissera une libre carrière à leurs trames perfides, jamais la tranquillité publique ne se rétablira: l'expérience, qui est plus forte que tous les raisonnements, le prouve avec évidence.' . . . He acknowledged that forty-two departments had taken action in ways neither prescribed nor authorised by the Constitution. He approved of a decree passed by the Assembly for the immediate deportation of priests as a 'measure of public safety.'\* By this law non-conformists were penalised on being denounced by twenty citizens of the same 'canton' in one clause, while in another they were made liable to banishment if one or more active citizen of the department could prove that they had excited trouble by some exterior act. The King, in spite of

---

\* May 27, 1792.

Roland's insistence, exercised his privilege of vetoing a measure which it was popularly supposed would rid the country of 50,000 priests, but he could not stem the flowing tide of feeling against the reactionaries.

On June 7 the Fête Dieu processions took place. Juring and non-juring priests paraded in the rain and mud; the juring processions were escorted by State functionaries, though when a downpour came on they could not get shelter, even for the Host, at a convent which they attempted to enter. The previous year the Constituent Assembly had assisted in the procession, and this year the Legislative Assembly suspended its sitting but did not attend officially. On June 20 the people, furious at the way M. Veto, as they called the King, had behaved over the scheme for banishing priests, invaded the Tuileries and crowned him with the red cap of liberty. Not two months later the people, impatient of the last shred of privilege, stormed the Tuileries in a fiercer mood and encountered the brave Swiss guards, while M. Veto himself took refuge in the stenographer's box in the Assembly. The mob soon pushed matters to extremities, and when the Commune of Paris seized the executive power all the vetoed measures were suddenly declared law. Church bells were melted for cannon, and empty convents were turned into factories and workshops. Many priests were imprisoned and several hundred at once banished. By the end of August Tallien, member of the Commune, was able to announce to the Legislative Assembly that organised massacres were about to take place in the prisons. On the evening of the first day of the September massacres, Fouché asserted from the tribune that two hundred priests lay dead at Les Carmes.

The behaviour of the discredited and hunted priests was characterised by dignity and courage. Some met death praying in the garden of their prison; others took refuge in its chapel and their blood spattered the walls of the consecrated place. When all was over, the crowd was admitted to see the slaughter-house.

The Papal Internuncio, Salamon, who was arrested at the time, wrote an account of those September days. Imprisoned in an old granary with eighty others, he lamented the dirt and stench of the place of his detention more than the fact of his incarceration, and prided himself on the fact that his neat lay clothes and powdered hair contrasted favourably with the unwashed and unshaven appearance of the priests among whom he was suddenly thrown. With sixty-two out of the eighty prisoners he was transported from the granary to the Abbaye; the eighteen left behind were under orders to rejoin Salamon and his contingent on the next day, but the delay in their case proved fatal,

since all but one of them were assassinated in their carriages 'en route' to the Abbaye. The dreary convent hall, in which their forerunners were enclosed, contained neither seat nor bed; their misery was mocked by a jeering gaoler who announced to them the massacre of the priests at Les Carmes. His auditors, realising their immediate peril, began to recite the litanies for the dying and the prayers for those in the last agony. As the howling mob approached, Salamon, as if winged by terror, escaped up the wall through the window into a courtyard. There he met a man with hands dyed in blood, to whom he protested his innocence of any crime against the country. Conducted by this chance acquaintance to the court, with shaking knees he watched his recent companions all hacked to death. More determined by this spectacle than ever to save his own life, he waited during the all-night tribunal and, by swearing himself a lawyer and clerk of the Parliament and praising the patriots, he escaped immediate death and in the early morning was thrown into a small prison. Eventually released, he escaped to the Bois de Boulogne, where he lived for months in hiding. Imprisoned again under the Directoire, he again escaped and lived to enjoy many peaceful years. 'Mon Martyre,' as he names his experiences, presents a terribly vivid picture of the Terror.

The National Convention succeeded the Legislative Assembly in October 1792, and, together with the newly elected Commune, inaugurated a definitely anti-Christian campaign. The Convention was too much interested in serious reforms to sympathise with the fate of priests or king. Absorbed in the problems of secular education; with laying the basis of the new civil code; with reforming weights and measures; founding museums; reorganising the army; and reforming the management of hospitals, it remained indifferent as to the disposal of the remnants of feudality. The death of the King took place without creating any disturbance; the people seemed as indifferent to his fate as the Government.

According to Mgr. Méric, a good many of the young priests of Saint-Sulpice remained in Paris, to be of what service they could to the faithful. M. Émery, their superior, was incarcerated in that vestibule of death, the Conciergerie, but he was able to remain in communication with his spiritual sons, who worked as turners, gardeners or labourers, and managed to inform them from his prison which tumbrils contained penitents and how they were to be recognised. Then, at a place agreed, sometimes in front of a house, sometimes at the scaffold, the condemned person recollected himself, made an act of contrition, and received from the priest hidden in the crowd a last absolution. In the intervals of his ghostly labours M. Émery sat quietly in the public gaol, his ears



stopped with wax, reading Thomas of Aquin's 'Summa.' He was quite composed, though he believed that his was the common fate of waiting for the hasty summons before the tribunal, the hurried interrogation, the slow drive over the cobbled streets, the vision of a crowd of many faces, and the quick, merciful blade. But Robespierre knew his value too well to let him die; he said that since M. Émery had so much power in reconciling his flock to death, it were better to keep him in gaol, that lamentation and hysteria might cease.

The Duchess de Noailles-Mouchy wrote to her daughters saying Émery was their good angel; and Marie Antoinette was comforted during the last days of her long imprisonment by thinking that he was silently praying for her in a cell adjacent to her own. On the morning fixed for her execution she was visited by a constitutional priest, whose ministrations she declined, but who was ordered to accompany her to the scaffold. Coincidentally with her death, the dust of elder generations of French kings was scattered to the winds, for the tombs of St. Denys were rifled by the people.

The year 1793, which both the Queen and M. Émery spent in gaol, was marked by growing hostility to priests. Revolutionary tribunals with powers of life and death were nominated in Paris and the provinces. On March 18, 1793, the Convention decreed death in twenty-four hours to all priests already condemned to deportation, and for all non-jurors returning to or remaining in France. As a consequence, priests were driven on to boats at seaport towns and there left, except for the ministrations of the charitable, to die of starvation. Scores perished in the Noyades of Nantes. The nuns of Compiègne went, like the Girondins, singing to the scaffold. Many priests were chained to the galleys, and were not allowed to kneel or pray; some were scourged until they became imbeciles; others were neglected until gangrene and scurvy devoured them.

A famous scene took place in the Assembly when Gobel, his vicars, and several curés declared that they wished to shake off the character that had been conferred on them by superstition. Mad applause greeted Gobel's surrender of cross and ring, and adoption of the red cap of liberty. After the retractations came a display of patriotic offerings. Both into the Convention and the Commune a stream of sacred vessels, sacerdotal ornaments and embroidered vestments flowed. The vestments of 'unutterable Dubois' caparisoned an ass, and his mitre was bound upon its ears. These 'spoils of superstition' were handed over to a specially appointed committee to deal with. Protestants and Jews emulated the Catholics, and all



the actors in this scene drank in a chalice the wine of brotherly love.

As time went on a kind of ruthlessness laid hold of good Republicans. From talking of Lycurgus, and dreaming of the stern days of old, they became in character and action inflexible and without pity. Women went proudly and unshriven to the scaffold. Men emulated Scævola and Cato. Adam Lux called Charlotte Corday greater than Brutus, and Madame Roland sustained herself in 'that pasture of great souls,' the 'Lives' of Plutarch. Abbé Barthélemy's 'Voyage d'Anacharsis' lay on every table, and many men changed their Christian appellations for the classic nomenclature of Greece and Rome. Austerity in dress and furniture became the outer sign of the new ideals. Hair was left unpowdered, satin coats were replaced by fustian wear. Elaborate baroque furniture disappeared from houses to permit the classic couch and hanging lamp to appear. The intellectuals were naturally out of sympathy with Catholicism, since their gaze was fixed on Rome, not Calvary. Mysticism was ruled out of life, which henceforth was to run on clear, definite, virtuous lines. The Convention became more and more audaciously philosophic, and, dominated by the Hébertists, it abolished the Christian era and opened the door to classic experiments. Anacharsis Clootz developed his theories on the divinity of the human race at the bar of the tribune, and the hierophant, Quintus Aucler, proved that the worship of Jesus was a degenerate form of paganism. Romme's proposal of naming the months of the new calendar after ideas, such as Justice and Equality, was seriously considered, but later seasonal names, suggested by Fabre d'Églantine, were adopted. On August 10, at a national feast in Paris, the statue of Nature was honoured by libations. All over the provinces secular cults were honoured, and the communes consecrated temples in every considerable town to Reason. On the motion of David, Marat's remains were transported to the Pantheon, and men invoked the sacred heart of Marat. At Nevers, Fouché said that he had been charged by the Convention 'to substitute for 'superstitious and hypocritical cults, to which people still unhappily cling, that of the Republic and national morality.' He began to laicise the cemeteries by substituting a statue of Sleep for the cross, and by writing up over the gates 'Death is 'an eternal sleep.' He also arranged that a commissary in a red cap should accompany the funerals of good Republicans, bearing an urn with this inscription: 'L'homme juste ne meurt jamais. Il vit dans la mémoire de ses concitoyens.'

The Commune, to use the language of the day, had reached

'le sommet de son capitolé'; but, in spite of its activity, priests still continued furtively to administer the sacraments and secretly to reserve the Host.

After the fall of the Girondins, Hébertists, and Dantonists, Couthon, who played Baptist to Robespierre's Messiah, announced yet another civil religion—that of the Supreme Being. Its scheme purported to embody the Deism of the 'Contrat Social,' and (owing to Robespierre's zeal) for a time it superseded the cult of Reason, though it speedily proved the destruction of its inventor, and the man whom Heine called the bloody hand of Rousseau went to the scaffold in the same blue Werther costume in which he had played pontiff at the inaugural festival of the Supreme Being six weeks before. At his death came the epoch of real separation between Church and State.

Cambon, who had previously \* proposed that each sect should defray its own expenses, moved, † as president of the Finance Committee, 'that the Republic should pay neither salaries nor 'the outgoings of any sect.' Thus, owing to financial exigencies, and, as it were, to accident, the separation of Church and State was accomplished after five years' agitation. Though the Budget of Public Worship was abolished, liberty of creeds was not proclaimed, and consequently persecution lingered on, like an evil habit, which could not be at once broken with.

The world had already seen the fall of monarchies and the impeachment of kings, but it had never heard the decree: 'La 'nation ne salarie aucun culte'—a decree which De Maistre quoted as evidence of the Satanic character of the Revolution, and which, embodied in the Constitution of the year III, seemed sufficient to deliver the Directorate from all religious difficulties. An epoch of comparative tranquillity was heralded by the clause of separation, and though old laws against refractories and emigrants were not annulled, they for the time being remained in abeyance. Less domestic interests claimed the attention of the legislators, and it is said that up till the Fructidorian 'coup 'd'état' ‡ only twenty priests suffered death under the Directorate. § At Easter 1796 the churches were crowded; priests had returned in considerable numbers, piety declared itself with boldness, and the Pope recommended the faithful to submit to the civil power if there were no longer any question of the Civil Constitution. By midsummer it was calculated that 38,000 parishes had resumed their old religion. Fresh complications arose with the new elections to the Directorate and Legisla-

---

\* Nov. 13, 1792.

‡ Sept. 5, 1797.

† Sept. 18, 1794.

§ July 15, 1796.

tive Body in the spring of 1797. Two hundred and sixteen members retired, most of whom stood again; but only eleven of their number were returned, which upset the balance of power, and gave the Constitutionalists a majority in the Assembly of the Ancients and of the Five Hundred. The Directors, who were Conventionals, found themselves face to face with a hostile and, as they feared, a royalist legislative; so they planned a coup d'état to bring themselves back into power. Assured from Italy of the sympathetic support of Bonaparte, they, with the assistance of troops under General Augereau, intimidated both Houses into annulling the recent elections and empowering the Directors to nominate men to the vacancies so created. The assumption of dictatorship by such men as Larévellière-Lepeaux, Rewbell, and Barras, was the prelude to unlimited persecution. In order to destroy what they considered the hideous dangers to the State of royalism and clericalism, they resorted to the summary methods of the Terror; and the treatment of the displaced deputies foreshadowed the kind of justice that was to be meted out to priests—that of the 'guillotine sèche.' Fifty-three deputies were condemned to transportation for being associated in royalist conspiracies. The majority escaped, but six members of the Ancients, five of the Five Hundred, and six other men were taken from the Temple and driven for thirteen days across France, exposed like wild beasts to the curiosity of the people, in four iron cages to Rochefort. Thence they were shipped on a seven weeks' voyage to Cayenne, and there deposited to encamp by the banks of the Conamana, where the observance of Quintidi and Décadi was enforced on them.

Before Sir Edward Pellew and other English sea captains had made it unsafe to transport priests to over-sea prisons, several horrible journeys had been made, of which records are left. On one journey seven priests died of suffocation, and when after a fifty-four days' voyage port was sighted, the ships were left anchored off the shore for days in the tropic sun while the crew went holiday-making on shore. On land they were tortured by insects, badly fed, and a prey to fever, and their lives by the banks of an unhealthy river were more terrible than those of their predecessors in the Conciergerie. Inspired by the Directors, the 'Moniteur' made out their place of detention as an earthly paradise.\* 'C'est dans les lieux les plus sains et les plus fertiles, que les déportés ont été placés. Ils habitent près la rivière Conamana.'

The Directorate was most thorough in its attempt to sup-

---

\* Dec. 14, 1798.

press Catholic practices ; it made the observance of Décadi and Quintidi compulsory, and in two years authorised over 8,000 arrests for deportation, but a relatively small number of these sentences were put into execution. It forced men to work on Sundays, and tried to prohibit the sale of fish on Fridays. Convinced that only that is thoroughly destroyed which is replaced, they encouraged Theophilanthropy. The Minister of the Interior distributed a 'Manuel des Théophilanthropes' in the departments, and made State grants to the society. The Theophilanthropists were an enlightened body, excluding no religion, and only meeting to promote morality. Readings and homilies on tolerance, truth, filial piety, and probity in commerce were held by them, and in the centre of their temple stood an altar on which fruit and flowers were laid according to season, while maxims of virtue decorated their walls. Their cult had been founded by an English Deist, David Williams, in 1766, and in their ranks in France were numbered Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, M. J. Chénier, the painter David, and other notable people. Up till the eighteenth Fructidor they had existed, as it were, in theory ; but after that date they existed in active practice. Noble in idea and sentiment, their worship and ceremonial soon degenerated with use into a ribald travesty of itself. The report of an official shows to what baseness secular religion could descend.

' Au temple de la Paix (2) X<sup>me</sup> arrondissement, pendant la célébration des mariages, il y régnait un bruit confus qui rendait inutile toute lecture ou discours adressés au peuple. L'orchestre surtout contribuait au désordre par un choix d'aires propres à faire rire. Un noir se maria avec une blanche. On exécuta l'air d'Azémia.

L'ivoire avec l'ébène  
Fait de jolis bijoux.

. . . . .

Aussitôt le temple rétentit des cris de " Bis " et de " Bravo " comme une salle de comédie. Une vieille femme épousa un homme plus jeune qu'elle ; la musique joua cet air du " Prisonnier."

Vieille femme, jeune mari,  
Feront toujours mauvais ménage.

Les bruyantes acclamations redoublèrent, ainsi que la confusion des nouveaux époux.\*

' Fêtes Décadaires ' were instituted, and the Commune of Paris arranged that churches already restored to Catholicism should

\* Haumont au Ministre de l'intérieur, 11 Ther. an VIII. F. I. C. Series 25.

be at the disposal of the State for the whole morning on the D cadi, and that on these occasions all emblems of the Christian faith were to be veiled. It was decided that fifteen churches should be rebaptized as 'temples d cadaires.' Saint-Roch, for example, became the Temple du G nie, because it held the tomb of Corneille; Saint-Eustache, because it was near Les Halles, was the Temple de l'Agriculture; Saint-Sulpice, which became the Temple de la Victoire, was, owing to its dedication, the scene of the famous banquet on the evening of Brumaire.

With Brumaire came a great uplifting of hearts. All laws of deportation were repealed, and it was permitted to open churches on other feasts than the D cadi. Though the Republican Kalendar was still the legal kalendar, the Gregorian came once more into use, and the observance of D cadi became gradually restricted to the official world. Numbers of shops dared to close on Sundays. Some closed both on D cadi and Sunday to please all customers.

Six churches in Paris, including Notre-Dame and Saint-Sulpice, were served by Constitutionals, and the rest by non-conformists. The scene of the massacres, l' glise des Carmes, was much frequented, and so was Saint-Roch, where Madame R camier collected the alms. Clergy slowly resumed their distinguishing habit, and superiors like M.  mery began to reassemble their seminarists. It was calculated that there were about 15,000,000 professing Catholics in France, 17,000,000 Free-thinkers, and 3,000,000 Protestants, Jews, and Theophilanthropists, all of whom were at last free to believe what they pleased. Everything seemed to be tending towards a full realisation of liberty of worship and liberty of conscience, and what Robespierre called 'the alliance between sceptre and censor' seemed for ever done away. For two years men thought that the day of freedom had in truth dawned. Catholicism, since it was separated from the State, would grow and rule by spiritual, not political power. Protestantism was allowed to flourish and spread its spirit of self-reliance and truth. Jews were recognised as citizens, and black men as voters. Men seemed to be entering at length the promised land of liberty, equality, and love.

The Concordat dispelled such illusions. The Catholic Church, in spite of its despoilment, had still a great advantage over other religions, for when all other forms of society were in process of solution it remained rigid and unchanged in composition, and though its elements were scattered over the face of the earth they were ready to fly back like steel filings to the magnet at the commanding word. Napoleon determined to make her



advantage his own; but though he wished her to retain her venerable character in the eyes of the world, he intended himself to be the master mind which directed her policy. The world knows how in this matter he, in overestimating the power which the Organic Articles would confer upon the State, made what he afterwards was heard to call the mistake of his administration. Anxious to make no false step in the great negotiation, he proceeded as a preliminary measure to make himself acquainted with the history of the relationship of the Gallican Church to Rome. He caused the works of Bossuet, that great upholder of French liberties, to be translated from the Latin, and had himself carefully instructed in their purport and tendency; then, after much deliberation, the new Pact was drawn up. Many difficulties had to be overcome, since the old Civil Constitution of 1790, with the democratic element eliminated, was the basis of the new Concordat. The Pope was to be made to acknowledge the validity of the Constitutional orders; he was to promise sanction to future nominations to bishoprics, and to redistribution of dioceses and parishes; he was to confirm the Catholic Church in France, not as the only State religion, but as one of the several subsidised creeds; and he was to sanction the Church disendowment of 1791. It required all Napoleon's ingenuity and firmness to push the matter through. Again and again it appeared as if negotiations would be broken off, but after endless discussion and wrangling Consalvi and Joseph Bonaparte signed the Concordat on July 15, 1801. In conformity with his centralised theory of government, Napoleon arranged that all bishops were to be nominated by the First Consul, and not elected as had been the scheme in the Civil Constitution; and that all were personally to swear allegiance to the State in the person of the First Consul. It had been arranged that on the redistribution of dioceses all bishops should resign their sees, and Napoleon insisted on nominating at least ten members of the new episcopate from among Constitutional priests. In spite of the signature of the Concordat, one difficulty remained to be overcome—that of persuading the Pope and his advisers to acknowledge Constitutional orders. It was not till near Easter 1802, when Napoleon's patience was almost exhausted, that a 'via media' was discovered which saved the honour of both parties. The Constitutionals refused to retract in public, and the Pope could not make terms with them unless they did. It was arranged, therefore, that if they would abjure their errors privately before two witnesses they would be regarded as within the true fold once again. Bernier undertook to see to this matter, and though he only had one day in



which to accomplish the work he certified that all the Constitutionals had retracted. D'Haussonville denies the alleged retraction, and avers that the certificate was drawn up so that the peace might be concluded, and that it was a mere form in which no party, not even the Roman Legate, was deceived. All Catholics did not admire Papal tactics, and a rhyme was bandied about in Italy and France that revealed popular opinion :

Pio [VI.], per conservar la fede,  
Perde la sede.

Pio [VII.], per conservar la sede,  
Perde la fede.

The Concordat left the civil power master of the functionary clergy, for they were salaried, and bound to conform to any edicts deemed necessary for the greater tranquillity of the State. The famous 'Organic Articles' determined that the Holy Father should not send an address to the faithful without its being countersigned by Government ; that no council or diocesan synod could be held without Government sanction ; that bishops should not be allowed to leave their dioceses without the consent of the First Consul ; that seminarists should be taught the declaration of 1682 ; and that the secular clergy should be kept in good order.

The attitude of the Church to Bonaparte can only be called abject. He was honoured in the most fulsome way by the clergy, and received such homage in entering a church that he felt as if he were in his own palace. His famous Catechism was approved at Rome, and ordered to be used in all dioceses. The Papal Legate, in his circular to the clergy, instituted a 'fête de Napoléon' for August 15 ; for had the great ruler not imitated Cyrus and Darius in restoring the house of God ? The priests at one church porch received him, singing 'Ecce mitto angelum meum, qui præparabit viam meam.' A review of the second edition of Chateaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme,' which was dedicated to the restorer of the Church, appeared by consular command on Easter morning.

As the 'Te Deum' that closed the Revolution reverberated through the aisles of Notre-Dame, thoughts of the many valiant men who, since the singing of the 'Veni Creator' at Versailles, had died to destroy what Napoleon seemed about to rebuild, surged through the minds of the onlookers.

Grégoire summed up the situation in a few contemptuous words :

'Tous les motifs de soumission, toutes les preuves que vous alléguiez en faveur du Concordat sont précisément celles dont nous

nous servîmes pour établir qu'il fallait accepter la Constitution civile. . . . Vous avez mis l'Europe en feu, attisé la guerre extérieure et intérieure, causé des massacres, des persécutions, pour faire dix ans plus tard ce que nous fîmes dix ans plus tôt.' \*

Thirteen years had passed, and it seemed to contemporaries as though religious legislation had revolved in a vicious circle, only to end where it began. Men marvelled that all the persecution, pillage, and debate of those unutterable years had effected so small a change in ideas and so unnoticeable an effect in national habits. Now, through the telescope of a century, it is possible to see that the experimental enactments of those days did embody the earnest of progress and reformation. Though the early revolutionaries suffered blame from the philosophers for their timidity, and from the clerics for their boldness, no one praises them for the moderation with which they approached questions of religious reform. The abolition of tithes was a measure forced on them by the people ; out of the debate on this measure grew the scheme for disendowment ; and since the property of the Church was to be administered by the State, out of disendowment grew the Civil Constitution of the Clergy and the subsidiary question of the suppression of the religious orders. Disendowment, in the first instance, was not intended to be the 'criminal spoliation' which clerical writers have called it ; rather was it the only avenue of administrative reform open to the Assembly. Though it was a step precipitated and, unfortunately, palliated by financial exigencies, it was not caused by them, and if the Civil Constitution had proved a working success and all the charities and proposed pensions had been administered by the Government, the profits of the State would have been small, which seems to prove that the promoters of the scheme were not entirely actuated, as has been too often suggested, by motives of impiety and greed. When the clergy and the faithful had been consolidated by the application of the Civil Constitution into an obdurate opposition, persecution, spoliation, and crime of all kinds embittered the estrangement of Catholics and revolutionaries, and brought about, after five years of internecine strife, the abolition of the Budget of Public Worship. From the moment that the nation decided to subsidise no creed, Catholicism was theoretically free to disseminate itself once more throughout the land, and, except for the terrible Fructidorian persecution of 1797, was able slowly and quietly to resume its sway over the towns and villages of France. Churches were cleared of rubble ; altars were reconsecrated ; the hanging

---

\* Champion, 'La Séparation de l'Église et de l'État en 1794,' p. 166.

lamp was re-kindled in ten thousand chancels, and the Holy Sacrifice was offered openly and without fear. Though aspiration had lured France toward the future, custom had enchained her to the past, and the time of her complete emancipation was distantly postponed by Napoleon's pact with the Pope. The Liberals who attended the Feast of the Concordat feared that they were assisting at the rehabilitation of the antique evils of intolerance and tyranny. To their descendants, who have lived to see that the empire of the Church over France was by the Revolution mortally enfeebled, it must remain an open question whether the great gains of religious liberty and tolerance have ever yet been won.

## ART. III.—NOVELS WITH A PHILOSOPHY.

1. *Kipps: The Story of a Simple Soul.* By H. G. WELLS. London: Macmillan & Co. 1905.
2. *The Divine Fire.* By MAY SINCLAIR. London: Constable & Co. 1904.
3. *The Difficult Way.* By MABEL DEARMER. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1905.
4. *The Garden of Allah.* By ROBERT HICHENS. London: Methuen & Co. 1904.

MORE than once, in this Review at least, an opinion has been expressed that the novel, as a literary form, is falling somewhat from its pride of place; that its best period closed, say, before Stevenson's appearance; and that the finest work of the prose imagination shows a drawing towards the compact, less redundant, expression to be found in drama. Yet it must be owned that the novel, if indeed it be dying, dies hard; and that the drama, if indeed it be destined to renaissance, comes feebly and slowly to the birth. Merely considering literature as a source of amusement, we note that, in point of fact, romances are as popular as ever, whether their heroes handle rapier or revolver, whether they dominate palace intrigues in France under the Valois, or in some imaginary principality lying about the Balkans. But on the stage where is their equivalent, melodrama? Submerged under a sea of musical comedy, driven out by a mob of entertainments in which anything matters but the words. Even farce is disappearing, unless it comes as part of a spectacle; yet Mr. Jacobs loses none of his vogue—and long may he continue to make us laugh. But those of the public who look, as we have said, to literature simply to be made to laugh, to be excited over a story, depend more and more on the novel; or, to be accurate, they depend less and less on the play.

As for the others, the intellectual party, who not long ago were promised so much from the drama of ideas, they, poor people, have little but disappointment to look back on. They were to get plays which would make them think, would bring them vividly face to face with the central emotions of modern life; and they went with great expectations of the 'purging by pity and by fear' which Aristotle—and Mr. Walkley—had taught them to desiderate. It was not simple amusing comedy they were looking for. Mr. Pinero, to do him justice, was already giving them that in the happy days when Mrs. John

Wood's company was playing 'The Magistrate' and kindred productions. It was not simply moving situations they wanted. Mr. H. A. Jones, if one did not look too critically, was already achieving those; for instance, in the scene of 'The Middleman,' where Cyrus Blenkarn burns his last sticks of furniture to keep the furnace going for his final experiment. What they hoped for, and what they were promised, was something on a higher intellectual plane, something to stay with you, to modify your mind—as unquestionably Ibsen had modified the minds of his countrymen and their kin through Scandinavia. That was the programme; and Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, and the rest were very serious about their mission and their message. But unhappily it soon became apparent, and increasingly apparent, that there was only one matter which these gentlemen cared to think about, or make other people think about—the interesting but by no means paramount concern of sexual relations and their social bearings. If you wished to be harrowed with a tale of lapses, matrimonial, pre-matrimonial, or extra-matrimonial, and their allotted punishment, the dramatists were ready; the rest was silence. It appeared that none of the other issues of life were suitable for stage presentation. This, we repeat, was disappointing for those who had expected from the regenerated stage representations of life so arranged as to suggest, if not a philosophy, at least a novel range of reflections, and who had reflected, to the point of weariness, upon the various situations arising out of breaches of the Seventh Commandment.

So it has gone on. Recent years have seen one comedy of first-rate literary merit, full of a far-reaching irony, achieve a considerable success—as successes go. But there has been only one 'Admirable Crichton'; and meanwhile Mr. G. B. Shaw has been for all these years, in play after play, tossing about ideas as deftly, as freely, and often almost as aimlessly, as a conjurer juggles with balls; and the stage and the public have barely noticed his existence. Nowadays, indeed, he begins actually to be produced at London theatres; and, from any point of view but the orthodox theatrical one, he is famous. But if his talent, so ingenious, so witty, so observant, and, with all its freakishness, so sane, had thrown itself into novel-writing, who doubts that Mr. Shaw would have been accepted long ago not only by a small number but by a very large public; for the public shows no repugnance to ideas so long as they are produced in print. Indeed, it might be argued that the characteristic type of the novel in these days is that which makes its appeal to readers not so much by the story it tells as by the range of ideas which it presents and illustrates.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has strong claims to be regarded as the typically successful novelist of this generation ; and Mrs. Ward, someone said, sees men and women as ideas walking. True niece of her illustrious uncle, she provides each of her heroes and heroines with a complete and logically interdependent system of ideas ; and the drama in her best novel, 'Helbeck of Bannisdale,' is the collision between two such complete and logically interdependent systems. This is not to deny that Helbeck and Lucilla are human beings. But if one calls up Tom Jones and his Sophia, Becky Sharp and Rawdon Crawley, Clara Middleton and Sir Willoughby, and as many more figures as one chooses from the great assembly created by the earlier novelists (even by men interested in character rather than in action), it will seem clear that their creators value them primarily as human beings ; whereas Mrs. Ward—and in some measure George Eliot before her—is concerned chiefly with the influence of certain intellectual convictions on the lives of certain human beings. Being only human herself, when it comes to dealing with opinions she does not withhold her adherence from this or that belief ; she preaches and she teaches, explicitly rather than implicitly, a philosophy, a system of thought detachable from the particular relation in which she presents it. And this, we contend, is increasingly the way of the modern novelist, though that way has many variations. To illustrate our view we have chosen from the books of this present year two stories that have absolutely nothing in common but merit ; linking with each a novel of an earlier crop by its natural affinities, in the one case of subject, in the other of ideas.

The first of our cases is peculiar. It is highly probable that nine readers out of ten will ignore the philosophy which underlies Mr. Wells's admirable novel ; and to be quite candid, that philosophy is not explicit, is not even adequately suggested in 'Kipps.' Yet anybody who has read Mr. Wells for the last three or four years, and considered his work as a whole, will readily concede, in the first place, that Mr. Wells has a philosophy, and in the second that he is in black earnest about it. 'Man-kind in the Making' was a desperately serious study of the problem which Mr. Wells presented characteristically by picturing mankind as human beings massed in one great room into which a gigantic spout discharged automatically eight babies per second. The question was, how to deal with the babies and the supply of babies. It is no part of our purpose to criticise his constructive philosophy—which aimed at creating a sort of Platonic State governed by a committee of men of science—further than to remark that, of all nightmares which



Mr. Wells's prolific fancy has brought forth, this is by far the most terrifying. But consider in the light of that series of grave economic and political essays his extravaganza, 'The Food of the Gods'; and its allegoric intention becomes apparent. 'The Food of the Gods' is a chemical preparation invented casually by a man of science which so supplements the waste in tissue that it renders growth continuous instead of jerky, and by consequence increases tenfold or thereabouts the developement of every living thing treated with it. In the first instance rats and other vermin get hold of it and become a scourge; but the human beings produced under this treatment are more than a match for gigantic rats. They grow so portentously that society endeavours to prohibit the manufacture of the famous food; and the end is war—a war of a few Gullivers against the Lilliputians. Here you have in a figure Mr. Wells's view that if only men of science had a free hand they could alter the race of man and the face of the globe out of all recognition. Give to your committee of savants, first of all, a control of marriage, so as to ensure a physically and mentally sound offspring, then a control of education, so that the fruit of these selected unions may be properly brought up; and you will very soon have a breed of physical and intellectual giants. But, for the moment, the men of science have no control; nature and society pull along together not very equally yoked, hampering rather than helping each other. And what is the result? The result is—Kipps. Mr. Kipps is produced for our inspection, firstly, to amuse and interest us, but certainly also in order that we may all of us know what the present system does in the way of turning out citizens; that we may realise what it means to be bred up in that state of life which naturally prompts a young man to become a draper's apprentice.

For, in truth, we are made to feel acutely that Mr. Kipps is a worm, and no man; that he is socially, physically, intellectually, contemptible; and it needed an artist of no common order to convey at the same time that morally Kipps is more than respectable—to command for him actual liking and sympathy. The practical suggestion is just this—that birth, education, and the whole fabric of our world have conspired to unfit Kipps for any but the meanest uses; but that there lie in him possibilities which, rationally developed in a sane social order, would have made him—well, a very good-hearted and courageous little gentleman. Yet Mr. Wells is too studious of his art to stress his moral. Careful not to harrow our feelings unduly, he prefers to insinuate ideas under the cloak of drollery; and, above all, he is too fond of Mr. Kipps to deal ungently

with him. We are left to think out for ourselves the gloomier reflections which flow as corollaries from the natural history of this amiable little counter-jumper.

The natural history is contained in the early part of the story, which describes Kipps's education and early career before chance removed him from his normal sphere and set his qualities and endowments in a new light; and here Mr. Wells is absolutely relentless. Let us thank Providence that he felt no hankering after realism; for a story of Kipps's life as it would have been lived out, barring the sport of fortune which tossed him to the pinnacle of twelve hundred a year, would be of all imaginable books the most depressing. Mr. Wells is content simply to shadow in the possibility with a few trenchant phrases; he finds a humaner and pleasanter way of commenting on Mr. Kipps's education by showing how the training which made him readily and without more than common reluctance take the mould of a draper's assistant had also perfectly unfitted him for freedom.

Kipps was an orphan, and illegitimate, moreover; his mother left him to the care of an uncle and aunt, who kept a small shop in a southern seaside town. The illegitimacy did not greatly matter, as his uncle and aunt, after the fashion of their class in England, 'kept themselves to themselves,' and did not willingly associate with their neighbours. Nevertheless Kipps in early boyhood and in school holidays made a momentous friendship with the boy next door—Sid Pornick—and also with Ann, Sid's sister. Mr. Wells describes with a fine gusto the days of playing pirates along the foreshore somewhere by Dungeness—days which were all the more delightful by contrast to school; for Kipps, since he was too well come of to be sent to a Board school, went to an academy for young gentlemen—and it is quite evident that in Mr. Wells's ideal commonwealth no such private adventurers in pedagogy as the head of this institution will be allowed. That brief section is written in vitriol. As to the results—only incidentally does Mr. Wells indicate that Kipps, retiring from his intellectual training-ground to begin the practical business of life, could not read penny novelettes with the same facility as his comrade Sid Pornick. That was at the age of fourteen. In that same lucid interspace between school and apprenticeship he 'made his first tentative essays at the mysterious shrine of love.' A race with Ann Pornick, the sight of her flushed face and tossed hair, began it; Sid's penny novelettes and Sid's own declared passion for the rector's daughter—a distant goddess—inflamed the desire to 'ave a girl just to talk to and all that'; and the emotions culminated in a walk with Ann and the endeavour to

break a sixpence. It was Ann who accomplished the breaking of the coin in time to hand it—as a peace offering after some coolness—to Kipps setting out on the 'bus for Folkestone and Mr. Shalford's Drapery Bazaar.

Kipps, when 'inexorable fate,' in Mr. Wells's words, propelled him towards 'the distributing branch of the social service' was 'by the nature of his training, indistinct in his speech, confused in his mind and retreating in his manners.' 'Had he been so 'unfortunate as to be born a German,' Mr. Wells hints, 'he might have been educated in an elaborate and costly special school to fit him for his end;' but in a country of robust individualism, he was left to be trained in a practical manner by the man who, having himself succeeded as a draper, should best be fitted to make others succeed—in this case Mr. Shalford. Vitriol again supplies the fluid for the description of this new stage in the training of 'an Imperial Englishman.' The flesh and blood of the picture has to be left out here, but we may quote a passage where the dramatic method is abandoned—and where at least the destructive part of Mr. Wells's social philosophy becomes tolerably explicit:

'The indentures that bound Kipps to Mr. Shalford were antique and complex; they insisted on the latter gentleman's parental privileges, they forbade Kipps to dice and game, they made him over, body and soul, to Mr. Shalford for seven long years, the crucial years of his life. In return there were vague stipulations about teaching the whole art and mystery of the trade to him, but as there was no penalty attached to negligence, Mr. Shalford, being a sound practical business man, considered this a mere rhetorical flourish, and set himself assiduously to get as much out of Kipps and to put as little into him as he could in the seven years of their intercourse. What he put into Kipps was chiefly bread and margarine, infusions of chicory and teadust, colonial meat by contract at threepence a pound, potatoes by the sack, and watered beer. If, however, Kipps chose to buy any supplementary material for growth, Mr. Shalford had the generosity to place his kitchen resources at his disposal free—if the fire chanced to be going. He was also allowed to share a bedroom with eight other young men, and to sleep in a bed which, except in very severe weather, could be made, with the help of his overcoat and private underlinen, not to mention newspapers, quite sufficiently warm for any reasonable soul. In addition, Kipps was taught the list of fines, and how to tie up parcels, to know where goods were kept in Mr. Shalford's systematised shop, to hold his hands extended upon the counter, and to repeat such phrases as, "What can I have the pleasure—" "No trouble, I 'ssure you" and the like; to block, fold and measure materials of all sorts, to lift his hat from his head when he passed Mr. Shalford abroad, and to practise a servile obedience to a large

number of people. But he was not, of course, taught the "cost" mark of the goods he sold, nor anything of the method of buying such goods. Nor was his attention directed to the unfamiliar social habits and fashions to which his trade ministered. The use of half the goods he saw sold, and was presently to assist in selling, he did not understand; materials for hangings, cretonnes, chintzes and the like; serviettes and all the bright hard white-wear of a well-ordered house; pleasant dress-materials, linings, stiffenings; they were to him from first to last no more than things heavy and difficult to handle in bulk, that one folded up, unfolded, cut into lengths, and saw dwindle and pass away into that mysterious happy world in which the customer dwells. Kipps hurried from piling linen tablecloths, that were collectively as heavy as lead, to eat off oil-cloth in a gas-lit dining-room underground, and he dreamt of combing endless blankets beneath his overcoat, spare undershirt, and three newspapers. So he had at least the chance of learning the beginnings of philosophy.'

Two sentences may be extracted from the detailed description of the servitude in which Kipps found himself. His work began at 6.30 A.M., and

Rarely much later than nine a supper of bread and cheese and watered beer awaited him downstairs, and that consumed, the rest of the day was entirely at his disposal for reading, recreation, and the improvement of his mind. . . . The front door was locked at half-past ten, and the gas in the dormitory extinguished at eleven.'

As promotion occurred, Kipps became so much less of a slave that he had apprentices under him and might cuff them. But it is to be feared that, in Mr. Wells's judgment, even Carshot and Buggins, the chief shopwalkers, were not absolutely free men. The 'deeper aspects of the question' are presented to Kipps by a refractory apprentice:

"When you get too old to work they chuck you away," said Minton. "Lor! you find old drapers everywhere—tramps, beggars, dock-labourers, bus-conductors—Quod. Anywhere but in a crib."

'Don't they get shops of their own?'

"Lord! 'Ow are they to get shops of their own? They 'aven't any capital! How's a draper's shopman to save up five hundred pounds even? I tell you it can't be done. You got to stick to cribs until it's over. I tell you we're in a blessed drainpipe and we've got to crawl along it till we die."

All the misery of the business is presented by Mr. Wells only in the beginning, while Kipps was still raw:

'Dimly he perceived the thing that had happened to him, how the great stupid machine of retail trade had caught his life into its wheels, a vast irresistible force which he had neither strength of

will nor knowledge to escape. This was to be his life until his days should end. No adventures, no glory, no change, no freedom.'

When he went home for his first holidays (Mr. Shalford allowed ten days in the year) Sid and Ann had vanished—they also caught. He had a brief moment of despair, but no revolt; and then—here Mr. Wells shows his genius—suffering ceased. Kipps settled down into his position. One section—the last section of the preliminary part of the book—is devoted to the distractions of his adolescence, the love affairs of the draper's shop—anæmic paltry flirtations; engagements which, as Mr. Wells explains, are 'essentially more refined, less coarsely practical, and altogether less binding than the engagements of the vulgar rich,' puerile, silly, ineffectual 'paddling where it is decreed that men 'must sink or swim.' Perhaps on the whole it is only an exceptionally careless reader who will not realise that Mr. Wells is intimating some dissatisfaction with the existing order. Such a life as Kipps is living is no life for a man. Even Mr. Kipps himself realises the narrowness of his cage, and, by reason of the spark, unsubdued yet unsuspected, that is in him he cranes over the edge till he topples over out of his allotted place. The day comes when he falls in love in other wise than in any of his six engagements.

Here is the history. Some vague desire for self-improvement took him to a wood-carving class on the Thursday evenings (Mr. Shalford had been impelled to fall in with an early closing movement), and at the carving class Miss Helen Walsingham presided. She was beautiful, and her conversation upon general subjects with friends of hers who frequented the room filled Kipps with an abysmal sense of his own inferiority. For a series of evenings he adored, living from one Thursday to the next; and Miss Walsingham was conscious of his adoration as a droll and not unpleasant fact. Then the classes ended; and with their ending comes the transition to humorous extravaganza. On the first vacant Thursday, Kipps, moodily pondering suicide, collides with a bicyclist, who, in making compensation by lavish hospitality, announced himself as an unacted dramatist. Kipps in his genial company gets drunk, spends the night out, and next morning is dismissed by Mr. Shalford. A few pages suggest grimly though vaguely the process of 'crib-hunting.' But worse than the uncertainty of employment is the prospect of exile from Folkestone and the carving class. Then upon Kipps in his blackest despair Mr. Chitterlow, the dramatist, descended with an advertisement inquiring for Arthur Kipps. Five days later Mr. Kipps was in the possession of a fortune; and, after a reasonable interval, engaged to Miss Helen Walsingham.



Here is where the analogy with Miss Sinclair's book comes in. 'The Divine Fire' records also the history of a young man who loves out of his class, but Miss Sinclair can hardly be accused of a philosophy. Her task has been to reconcile readers to a hero without aitches. Savage Keith Rickman is a poet—a poet indubitable, triumphant, accepted straight off by those who know; more than that, physically a fine specimen of young manhood, and under no embarrassment in his relations with the ladies who share his boarding house, or even with Miss Poppy Grace, of a celebrated music-hall. But, confronted with a lady who inherits money, culture, and everything else in a concatenation accordingly, he becomes, like Mr. Kipps, 'retreating in his manners'—like Mr. Kipps, terribly embarrassed with a tea-cup; and in moments of emotion he is liable to drop an aspirate—worse still, to know that he has dropped it. Miss Sinclair does not challenge the accepted code; she gives their full and appalling significance to these trifles literally light as air—these breathings more or less. To make up for Mr. Rickman's omissions she endows him with a quixotism that would be almost preposterous were he not a poet, and she is careful to delay his final triumph till the English tongue has no longer any pitfalls for him. At the same time she is careful to guard her heroine Lucilla from the reproach of any unheroic insistence on social qualifications; influences are constantly at work which display Mr. Rickman in a false light. But, essentially, Miss Sinclair conforms. Rickman, with good looks, education, and the assured success of a genius which imposes itself by sheer mastery, is nevertheless all but impossible as a mate for the finely bred lady, because of social inexperience and a trick of speech that society has chosen out for a special stigma. Mr. Wells, on the other hand, is (by implication) a challenger of convention. Kipps in his shopman period is a person with whom Helen can shake hands across the counter—to show her largeness of mind. Kipps with twelve hundred a year is a person whom Helen's relations regard as a suitable match for her. With twelve thousand, or thirty thousand, or a hundred thousand a year—the precise figure does not matter—he would be regarded as a suitable match for a lady of Miss Lucilla Harden's standing. Miss Sinclair would doubtless declare that no amount of money would induce Lucilla to overlook deficient aitches. But Miss Sinclair is obliged to provide her aitchless hero with what is as rare even as the possession of a million or two, and in certain societies carries as much distinction, the supreme literary gift. She, as we have said, is conformist, and practically accepts the principles that certain purely formal defects in education should constitute, between a man who is liable to



them and a woman who is not, a gulf which only some portentous accident can bridge over; whereas Mr. Wells is evidently of opinion that the whole framework of society is absurdly adjusted, as anybody can see from the case of Mr. Kipps. Kipps is a person artificially made 'vulgar,' with a mind that has acquired nothing but vulgar ideas because none but vulgar ideas were ever put into it; yet possessing in his own nature springs of generosity and chivalry, and high aspirations after honour. The beautiful Helen is a person cultivated up to the limit of her capacity; conscious that nothing but the lack of larger financial means debars her from a distinguished social success; and therefore willing to accept Mr. Kipps and his income as a means to the way of life that she desires, confiding in her own ability to make even of Kipps something not wholly discreditable.

Intellectually, Kipps is dominated by his surroundings; all the guidance in his mind teaches him that in marrying Helen he is on the way to undreamed promotion. If he is saved, he has to thank his instincts; for from the moment of his engagement Helen has no charm for him. But instinct has a tough battle, and without the vigorous help of Ann Pornick it would certainly not have won. Even so, after Kipps and Ann have eloped from the very scene of his detested splendour—or rather from the kitchen below the dining-room which was the arena of his social ordeal—the influence of Helen and her circle still makes itself felt; Kipps continues to try to impose upon Ann the standards of behaviour which they laboured to instil into him. Nature does not triumph over vulgarity till Helen's brother has made away with Kipps's fortune and left him and Ann free and happy in a rational existence. In the earlier days of their union it seems as though the whole social order conspired against them—more especially in the persons of house agents and architects against whom Mr. Wells frames a venomous indictment. The Kippses cannot manage to live as they want to live; they must live as is expected of people with twelve hundred a year. Ann, the wholly untutored, contends for common sense; but Kipps still has hankerings after the proper thing, and there is a scene of true pathos where Ann is left crying beside the uneaten buttered toast, because Kipps has banged the door in disgust on learning that she had denied herself to the visit of the local dean and his wife.

It would be grossly unfair to call Mr. Wells's very delightful and humorous story a tractate on education; but, nevertheless, there is hardly a page of it which does not bear evidence of the author's central concern. Mr. Wells does not mean to imply that money is a bad thing; but surely he does imply that

it is a bad thing to train a young man so that he cannot use the opportunities which a command of money offers. He does not assert that shopkeeping is a degrading occupation—on the contrary he grows lyrical over the charms of owning a draper's shop; but he does emphasise the degrading effect of service in a shop conducted like Mr. Shalford's, and he certainly does not regard Mr. Shalford as an exception. And at the back of it all, nowhere expressed but everywhere implied, is an angry, even a bitter, assertion that the foundation of any rational social order ought to be self-respect, while the foundation of the social order under which 'imperial Englishmen' like Mr. Kipps exist, is servile veneration for something which they cannot be.

It is a far cry from Mr. Wells and 'Kipps' to Mrs. Dearmer and 'The Difficult Way'—farther still to Mr. Hichens and 'The Garden of Allah.' Yet there is just this in common to the three books. Each ends, as a novel should end, on a sense of stable equilibrium; something is settled, for good and all, in a life or lives. Kipps at the last end discovers himself, and that is the end of education. To that point also Mrs. Dearmer and Mr. Hichens have to bring their chief characters—and the chief figure of each book is a woman. Let us first sketch Mrs. Dearmer's.

It begins, where so many novels leave off, with a marriage. Nan, the art student, marries the Reverend John Pilgrim and goes to share his poverty in a South London cure of souls. But Nan has no concern with the souls. Frankly pagan, she regards love as the whole of existence, and her single object is to squander happiness on her husband—to pamper him with love, in the moments when he is free from work, which she regards as irrelevant and alien. In other ways, too, she is bent to pamper him; he has no sense of what things cost, and though bills accumulate, he guesses nothing, and she determines to monopolise this trouble. So the seed of tragedy is sown, springing out of kind intentions. Pilgrim forbids his wife to try to earn money, holding that, if she wishes to work, her energies should go to the parish; and she cannot explain to him her need of money without betraying what she chooses to keep from him. She prefers to attempt earning without his knowledge, and so concealment begins. Her first essay is at selling her verses, but this fails; then, when creditors grow importunate, she has the inspiration of offering to sit as a model to Roger Wentworth, her comrade of art-student days—and, though she does not dream of it, her lover.

Thus between the two lie growing reticences. John Pilgrim is only half convinced by his wise old friend and hers, 'Father Peter,' that it is better not to force religion on Nan, but to trust

her love to work out its own salvation ; while Nan on her side has her secrets ; and the link between them reduces itself almost to bare passion. John Pilgrim is more and more conscious that his wife forces him to a choice between her and the whole tenour of his life ; that she does indeed make his happiness and his misery ; and the sense of his abasement is keen when he discovers, lighting by chance on a letter from some editor respecting the verses she has tried to sell, that she deceives him. For that once Father Peter can console him by explaining that Nan's object has been to earn money not for luxuries but for his food, and a flaming scene follows when there seems a new beginning, a new marriage, for husband and wife. Yet even in that moment a light word bears in upon John Pilgrim how precarious is his happiness ; how he holds Nan and her warm beauty ' precariously, ' and by the connivance, as it were, of death ' (a memorable phrase surely that Mrs. Dearmer has created). And even in that moment, Nan, eager to unbosom herself to the utmost, sees her husband's face wan, and withholds from him the truth of her sitting to Roger, lest he should refuse to allow these earnings to continue. There is nothing in the book more pathetic than the suggestion of the girl's misguided self-martyrdom ; her unutterable longing for the peace of full understanding, her impulse to give up the whole game, and then—the sound of her husband's coughing fit that checks her on the very brink of explanation.

The tragedy bursts full, of course. When the time comes, and some busy lady in the parish writes the lamentable result of her observations, John Pilgrim forgets that he has already misjudged his wife and only remembers that she has already deceived him. Secret now as herself, he tracks her to Roger Wentworth's door ; and Nan returns radiant from the last but one of her sittings, her hands full of primroses and wallflowers, to find a very madman before her ; for disease has conspired with jealousy to work its will on the man. That night Nan spends in the passage, beating till she is worn out at the locked door of her husband's room, and in the endless hours her soul goes down into torment. Her husband has ceased to love her. ' What ' was physical pain to this ? Softness—ease.' Yet here in this purging by fiery torment was the beginning of triumph. Mrs. Dearmer's philosophy is a glorification of the uses of pain. She would say, we fancy, that her Nan had always shrunk from pain—pain to herself, the pain which she most dreaded, the pain of fear for her husband's health ; yet had always conceived of herself as shrinking from giving pain to her husband. Now her discipline is by scourging until the very faculty to feel is

exhausted ; until her nerves can flinch no more, and until she can at last get beyond the circle of her own self. Here is how Mrs. Dearmer puts it, as she tells of Nan lying in the very dust and pressing her flesh against the locked door :

‘ And even in this paroxysm the new spirit grew in her heart. While the poor wild body cried and raved, the child died, and the other Nan—the woman—grew apace ; the woman strong in power, in wisdom, in all-seeing, all-guiding, self-sacrificing love—the woman thinking nothing of loneliness or pain, weeping only for another’s pain, another’s loneliness. Thus are we fashioned. We weep for ourselves, and in the process we forget ourselves and laugh.’

The manner of Nan’s awakening need not be told here, for it would occasion much explaining. But it was in the studio of Roger Wentworth that she at last ‘ woke up.’ And that means (she explained to the artist, of whose passion for herself she had abruptly been made aware) :

‘ That means that I cannot think about my husband’s love for me at all. I can only think about my love for him. . . . Whether he knows it or not, he wants me. I can do for him what no one else in this wide world can do. And now I am going home to do it.’

It is difficult not to quote the passage which tells of Nan’s home-coming to the sick man with whom in these few hours Father Peter had already been at work. Yet in justice to a chapter which attempts—and in our opinion achieves—a pitch of lyrical emotion almost impossible in prose, it is better to give the story of what followed on that wordless reconciling—after Nan had realised that now at last she could laugh at fear :

‘ Birds twittered in the garden : children shouted in the South London road. In the kitchen Jane Hammond cleaned and set to rights, while Beatrice bustled about under her direction. Father Peter had closed the door quietly and had gone on his way. Upstairs, in a still chamber, there was peace—peace thrilling with expectancy as though the advent of some deeper life were close at hand. Now and then Nan moved gently to give the sick man drink, to put on coal, to do the little simple things necessary in a sick-room. His eyes followed her from place to place. So the hours passed. The doctor came and went. Miss Hammond knocked at the door, but did not demand admittance ; she merely inquired for Pilgrim’s health and then returned to her work.

‘ But these things only moved upon the surface as waves move on a swift stream ; the real life flowed below, calm and very deep—the life of peace. Gradually the day faded. John had slept and wakened, but sleeping and waking made very little difference to him now. The torn threads of his life had been knit together and

made complete. He had passed through hell to the freshness of sweet air and quiet stars. He hardly thought of his illness—of what the doctor had told him the day before. It had become a remote thing, belonging to a time when he had felt his hold on life slip—life which was, in his eyes, not a doing or a thinking, but a being. When his sight had failed him, there was nothing left. Now he had regained it, Heaven once more lay at his finger-tips, but doubly Heaven—the same yet not the same.'

He had reached the vision of all-embracing, all-surpassing beauty, written of by Plato and St. Augustine, to which men may be 'led on and upward by human love.' In the contemplation of it he fell asleep—a sleep gliding into death. Nan, at her watch beside him, slept also, her head resting on his pillow, and from a dream that was not simply a dream—from some intimation of a 'strange access of vitality,' some change in her husband and in herself, she wakes to a sudden reality of glazed staring eyes and dropped jaw. There in the room alone with her dead, she wrestles half madly at first with 'all the terrors of 'her life'—moaning, crying, and distraught, yet gradually reaching towards silence, peace, and in the end security—a sense that this which seemed the end was indeed only a beginning.

So in a chapter which may challenge high comparisons for its truth and its intensity, the book reaches its culmination, but not its close. Mrs. Dearmer has set out to tell not so much the story of a marriage as the story of a faith—a faith acquired through the love that makes marriage; and it is a necessary part of her purpose to show faith justified. And so she gives us glimpses of Nan Pilgrim living on still in the same house, waiting at first as if in instinctive expectation for life to bring work to her; then filled with the certitude of it, the promise of a child. Yet even there Mrs. Dearmer does not leave her. She shows her, some few years later, happy and busy in the old house, with her small boy trotting in and out, and a big room downstairs made each evening into a nursery for little ragged children. And so at last we reach the final chapter, the last step of Nan's probation on her 'difficult way.' She sits by a sick-bed, her child's sick-bed, with hardly a promise of hope. Of her own feelings she has no thought; 'so great an adept in suffering,' says Mrs. Dearmer, again in a notable phrase, 'had she become.' We see her through the eyes of Father Peter, who comes, wondering how it will fare with his friend if this also be taken from her; whether in this also she can acquiesce. And in answer Mrs. Dearmer shows her acquiescent yet not broken, praying as it were not for herself and her son only, but for the powers of higher life—before the change comes, the child awakes with the



fever departed, and his mother can at last assuage herself with tears, thanking God for all the fulness and the glory of her life.

That is an outline of the story. But here again it has to be said in fairness that we do injustice to the book by expounding it as a system of philosophy. 'The Difficult Way' is a really good novel, apart from the idea which it embodies. It deals with a subject of common human interest, the marriage of two people whose natures are so unlike that trouble is bound to result. And, if it be urged, as it may be with some reason, that we are not shown the process by which so unlikely a couple came to be drawn together, answer can always be made that life shows to any of us cases where a mysterious attraction between this man and that woman will declare itself, wholly regardless of any very explicable link; and that such attraction, not springing out of proximity, community of interests, or the other ordinary causes which help on the appeal of sex, is apt to be the most masterful of all. The important point, however, is that Mrs. Dearmer contrives most unmistakeably to represent her two people as in love; their atmosphere is charged with it, and that is the first duty of a novelist in a love story, but by no means always the best executed. Further than this, the secondary characters in the book are well chosen and alive—with one exception. Roger Wentworth is a mere shadow. But the collision of incongruities in Nan Pilgrim's life is very well rendered; her husband's parish ladies have the stamp of reality, and if it is not always the most agreeable stamp, Miss Gillespie's simple and loyal soul may be held compensation for the horrors of Miss Gripper and her associates. The best comedy in the book, however—comedy really delicate, thoughtful, and observant—is afforded by the relations between the wise old Father Peter and Nan's clever, frivolous and kindly friend Selina, who out of an art-student has blossomed into the director of a bonnet shop. Selina alone would be sufficient to redeem the book from any charge of gloom.

But, in truth, if the book was gloomy in its essence, it would be a failure: for the philosophy which it was written to illustrate—which at all events is shown as arising out of the story—is meant to brace and exhilarate. Narrative and comment are so interwoven that we cannot accept one without the other; and if Mrs. Dearmer fails to convince that joy can be plucked out of the very heart of sorrow, and that such joys are the best worth having, it will be because she has failed to make the story of Nan Pilgrim's life living and real. All this is heresy, according to many pontifical utterances about art for art's sake. Yet in truth the reason why the novel keeps its predominance is just



because novelists have wisely disregarded that doctrine. The loose form in which they work permits, as nothing else does, a reconciling of the dramatic and the didactic : and since in the last resort nothing interests like ideas, there will always be a welcome for the novel with a philosophy, provided its philosophy be sincere, and the exposition of it, the teaching by example, loyal to the facts of life. And of such a novel we have not often met a finer example than this story which Mrs. Dearmer has written in praise of pain.

Incidentally, we may observe that she, including, like Miss Sinclair, several poems whose authorship she assigns to her principal character, is wiser than Miss Sinclair in conveying the idea that they are the work of an unsuccessful poet. For if we compare what we have of Nan Pilgrim's verses with the specimens by which we are entitled to estimate the genius of Mr. Savage Keith Rickman, the comparison is certainly not to Nan's disadvantage, and it is a great deal easier to believe that Nan failed to earn money by her talent—although poetry less good has often brought its author very considerable reputation—than that Rickman was recognised as an immortal for such work as is set down to him. But this is a difficulty inherent in Miss Sinclair's undertaking, and let us say that she has given a very credible picture of what a poet might be like in private life. The verses with her were a work of obligation, since one cannot well write a book about a poet without feeling called upon at least to illustrate his quality. (Musset did, of course, but then Musset was never conscientious.) In Mrs. Dearmer's book they are supererogatory, yet probably no reader will count them superfluous ; and the prose, even when it is most lyrical in feeling, keeps the distinctive quality and rhythm of prose, which is more than commonly commendable in a writer who uses verse also.

As we have diverged so far from our purpose in this review, it may be well to profit by the chance to expostulate with Mr. Hichens on a point of detail, before dealing with the philosophy which it is our main business to indicate in his beautiful book 'The Garden of Allah.' In its opening chapters we were teased incessantly by a particular affectation of style—later, perhaps, the sense grew jaded to it. But it is in evidence on the very first page when we are shown the 'fair and plump Italian waiter' smoking 'a thin dark cigar.' Since we are using English, why not write 'fair, plump,' which is the natural usage ? or, if 'fair *and* plump' why not 'thin *and* dark' ? It is not that Mr. Hichens shrinks from repeating the trick in a single sentence. 'Nervous *and* badly dressed recruits' take 'their last staring

'*and* pathetic look at France.' 'Hard *and* relentless mountains' look 'as if they were made of iron carved into horrible *and* 'jagged shapes.' No competent workman will deny the usefulness of this variation on ordinary usage. Mr. Hichens, for instance, employs it admirably when, describing the passage through an Algerian mountain path into view of the sun-smitten Sahara, he writes :

'The entrance into this land of flame and colour, through its narrow and terrific portal, stirred her almost beyond her present strength.'

That is all the more reason why we should protest against his continual abuse of the device which mars our pleasure in a sustained masterpiece of description. Here is an example of the trick, spoiling a sentence which strikes to the very quick of a northerner's sensations in African landscape :

'At last even the palms were gone, and the Barbary fig displayed no longer among the crumbling boulders its tortured strength, *and* the pale *and* fantastic evolutions of its unnatural foliage.'

Mr. Hichens has learnt enormously from the great writers of contemporary France : he might add this lesson, that no Frenchman ever labours to write as if he were thinking in English.

However, let us get back to our philosophy. The story of the book outlines itself with astonishing simplicity. Domini Enfielden, left alone in the world at thirty-two with large command of money, with health, strength, beauty and a virgin nature, feels herself pushed by a kind of instinct towards the unknown, towards a freer, more spacious way of life. And so, making her way to Algeria, she is caught almost instantly—as happens to some Europeans—by the fascination of Africa, the sense of the elemental simplicity, the tropical vigour of its life. As she pushes on her journey, dazed almost as if in a dream, to her goal, Beni-Mora, a frontier town of the desert, she meets in a railway carriage the man who is her fate. In the weeks that follow, she, living at the same hotel with him, encountering him at every turn in the narrow limits of that little world, feels herself interested, perplexed, baffled by his behaviour. All that she knows of him is that he hates the sight of prayer, and that he is strangely uneasy in the presence of women. She is warned against him by people who have only an instinct to guide them ; yet she encourages the growing intimacy, without realising what it means to her, till at last, brusquely, he tells her that he must go. Then, left alone in that garden with its view out over the desert, which had been for her the very soul of

Beni-Mora, she knows suddenly that the soul has gone out of the garden : until Androvsky, returning as brusquely as he had gone, tells her that he loves her. They are married—among evil omens—in Beni-Mora, and under a tempest-laden sky they set out for that journey through the desert which Domini had so much desired. Passion, late deferred in both their lives, has a tropical blossoming ; yet Domini feels a certain lack in her felicity because the prayerful gratitude that fills her, a Catholic, has no answer in Androvsky. And, the closer their intimacy, the nearer she draws to something in him from which she is fenced off—a secret trouble that is denied to her. A chance meeting in the desert, and the strange circumstances of her husband's behaviour to his guest, make the perplexity more sinister : and Domini, herself so full of content, knows more and more that Androvsky, even in his passion for her, is miserable. The thought dwells with her, growing in intensity, until it seems as if all she had were nothing in comparison with what was withheld, and by the right of her love she demands of him—his sorrow. They have gone out into the desert to be all the world to one another ; and if in one thing there is severance, it is almost as if they were strangers in all. Androvsky has no defence against her demand. At last—but a summary cannot indicate all the fierce reluctances, the agonised shying away like a frightened beast—he tells his secret. He is a monk—a Trappist—escaped from his monastery. He has fled—he tells her quite plainly—not because he disbelieved, but because the appeal of the untried world to his late awakened eagerness for a man's life was too strong ; he has shrunk from the sight of prayer, only because it reminded him that he could not pray. And the woman's first word when his confession is ended goes straight to the heart of trouble. 'Now you can pray.' But that first word spoken, when she goes from him, anger rises up : it is as though she had been the victim of a rape : she is ready to curse not man only, but God who had deceived her with a sense of holy sanction. Yet gradually—and here Mr. Hichens has the same observation as Mrs. Dearmer—when the thought of another's sufferings presents itself, the pain to her own self is mastered. She is willing to accept the suffering and the indignity inflicted on herself as the one means by which peace could be given to the man whom she loves. And in that spirit she takes on herself the ordering of his life—passing in her own heart the sentence which alone can bring to him the finality of peace—the sentence of their separation and his return to the monastery. The man obeys, and perhaps the finest piece of psychology in the book is the account of his submission : at first dumb and automatic in

the numbness of reaction after the effort of confession : then touched with a fierce resentment and almost revolt : then sinking into a mere apathy of despair, till at last she raises his spirit by an appeal to him for help. Then, finally, he rises to something of her level : he comes to understand :

‘He felt then that, though he had loved her, he had not known how to love her, how to love anyone. She had taught him how. The lesson sank into his heart like a sword and like balm. It was as if he were slain and healed with the same stroke.’

In the same sense Nan Pilgrim, looking back from a point on her ‘difficult way,’ tells Selina that her fault had been not loving enough :

‘It was a poor sort of love—a love that seemed like madness—a love that was full of doubt—that was full of pain—a love that lived upon itself. It is odd, isn’t it, Selina ? but it was only when I saw John lying dead before me that I knew what real love meant.’

These commentators on life are at one, it will appear. They agree that between two human beings an understanding can be reached so perfect that nothing, neither death ‘nor even life ‘that stronger enemy’ (as Mrs. Dearmer writes), can affect or impair it, and that this is the true end of love. They agree also that such union can only be achieved by casting off self. Domini forgets her sense of shame when she thinks of what she can do for Androvsky ; Androvsky rises out of his despair by a resolve to give Domini nothing more to bear for him ; Nan discovers what her own love should be when she ceases to think about her husband’s love for her. But of the two writers Mrs. Dearmer is by far the more interested in her philosophy and in a sense the more philosophic. Mr. Hichens, in his study of Androvsky, the escaped monk, accomplishes a piece of morbid psychology which at certain points is almost revolting in its minuteness—or at least revolting in so much as we are forced to look at it through a woman’s eyes. The scene where Domini watches him fascinated by a Moorish dancer is the most salient instance, and it certainly raises questions of taste, though we are by no means prepared to condemn it. But at all events Androvsky is exceptional, abnormal by force of circumstances : and he is so horribly entangled that perhaps only a rescue is possible for him. His story is the story of a rescue ; Nan Pilgrim’s is that of a soul working out its own salvation. In the one case we have to do with the results of a white lie ; tragedy has to throw its splendour over a mere misunderstanding between husband and wife, complicated by no Iago ; and the scene has to be set in a dingy squalid street of London. In the other book a woman

is brought face to face with a situation which no experience ever contemplates ; and the strangeness of her disaster is emphasised and heightened by the remote and unfamiliar magnificences of a scene where man can leave no imprint. The desert, and not Domini Enfielden or Boris Androvsky, is Mr. Hichens's true subject : and he has laboured—if we understand him rightly—to convey the impression of it by making it the background of a sinister story which should catch a glint of the sun's fierceness, burning into barrenness even the tropical life which it breeds. Were it to our purpose it could easily be shown how Mr. Hichens makes this background almost contributory to the action, a force rather than a mere influence : and few books could lend themselves to quotation better than this, which challenges boldly a comparison with *Pierre Loti*. One passage at least must be given by way of illustration of the haughty Domini's first vision of the desert from Count Anteoni's garden.

‘Immediately beneath them, in the narrow shadow of the wall, was a path of earth and stones which turned off at the right at the end of the garden into the oasis. Beyond lay the vast river bed, a chaos of hot boulders bounded by ragged low earth cliffs, interspersed here and there with small pools of gleaming water. These cliffs were yellow. From their edge stretched the desert, as Eternity stretches from the edge of Time. Only to the left was the immeasurable expanse intruded upon by a long spur of mountains, which ran out boldly for some distance and then stopped abruptly, conquered and abashed by the imperious flats. Beneath the mountains were low, tent-like, cinnamon-coloured undulations, which reminded Domini of those made by a shaken-out sheet, one smaller than the other till they melted into the level. The summits of the most distant mountains, which leaned away as if in fear of the desert, were dark and mistily purple. Their flanks were iron-grey at this hour, flecked in the hollows with the faint mauve and pink which became carnation colour when the sun set.

‘Domini scarcely looked at them. Till now she had always thought that she loved mountains. The desert suddenly made them insignificant, almost mean to her. She turned her eyes towards the flat spaces. It was in them that majesty lay, mystery, power, and all deep and significant things. In the midst of the river bed, and quite near, rose a round and squat white tower with a small cupola. Beyond it, on the little cliff, was a tangle of palms, where a tiny oasis sheltered a few native huts. At an immense distance, here and there, other oases showed, as dark stains show on the sea where there are hidden rocks ; and still farther away, on all hands, the desert seemed to curve up slightly like a shallow wine-hued cup to the misty blue horizon line, which resembled a faintly seen and mysterious tropical sea, so distant that its sultry murmur was lost in the embrace of the intervening silence.



‘An Arab passed on the path below the wall. He did not see them. A white dog with curling lips ran beside him. The Arab was singing to himself in a low, inward voice. He went on, and turned towards the oasis, still singing as he walked slowly.

‘“Do you know what he is singing?” the Count asked.

‘Domini shook her head. She was straining her ears to hear the melody as long as possible.

‘“It is a desert song of the freed negroes of Touggourt—‘No one but God and I knows what is in my heart.’”’

But our concern is here not with the book itself, but rather with one more aspect of its philosophy—the thought which is conveyed through the song of the freed slaves—‘No one but ‘God and I knows what is in my heart.’

Domini Enfielden, convinced that not what we do, or what we think, but what we are, matters eternally, goes out of a crowded life in Europe to discover herself, and in the desert, which Arab poetry calls ‘The Garden of Allah,’ she at last comes to a knowledge of what is in her own heart. Nor is it she only who finds that knowledge. Androvsky, with his face set for the monastery, tells her that he goes to suffering, knowing its necessity, but clear in his mind that he is not called upon to surrender the past: because in and through his life with her, leading up to the final renunciation, he has learnt what he would never have known had his days been lapped throughout in the peace and toil of the cloister. Domini in her unspoken comment, ‘It was written—written by God,’ speaks perhaps rather the theology of the desert than of the Church to which she belongs. That is for theologians to comment on. Our point here is to indicate that Mr. Hichens in his treatment of an abnormal case draws the same conclusion as Mrs. Dearmer in her telling of a story commonplace enough in its facts—that there is no experience for which man or woman may not in the end find cause to be thankful, provided it is experience not of stagnation but of life. Pain also no less than joy is a form of intense living.



## ART. IV.—FANNY BURNEY, HER DIARY AND HER DAYS.

1. *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*, as edited by her niece CHARLOTTE BARRETT, with preface and notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. In six volumes. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1904-5.
2. *The Early Diary of Frances Burney*. Edited by ANNIE RAINE ELLIS. In two volumes. London: George Bell & Sons. 1889.
3. *English Men of Letters: Fanny Burney*. By AUSTIN DOBSON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1903.
4. *The Burford Papers*, being Letters of Samuel Crisp to his Sister at Burford and other studies of a century, 1745-1845, by WILLIAM HOLDEN HUTTON, B.D. London: Archibald Constable, Ltd. 1904.
5. *Juniper Hall*, by CONSTANCE HILL. London: John Lane. 1905.

A CONJUNCTION of circumstances has made Fanny Burney famous. A woman of an unimpressive personality and of no great intellectual power, she hardly ever said a word or wrote a sentence which in itself contained a thought worth remembering. But the absence of conspicuous gifts was more than counterbalanced by a singular union of delicate qualities; for she united an inborn and modest sagacity to a vivacity of manner, and a gaiety of heart, and a sense of humour which in youth, and in the privacy of the fireside, became what one calls fun. A little description which she gives in her 'Early Diary' of one of her outbursts of high spirits, when she was

The following are the leading events and dates of Fanny Burney's life. Her baptismal name was Frances, but from her earliest years she was called Fanny, and sometimes, as by Johnson, Fannikin.

|                                                        |                                      |
|--------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1752. June 13. Born at King's Lynn.                    | 1796. 'Camilla' published.           |
| 1777. 'Evelina' published.                             | 1802. Goes to France.                |
| 1782. 'Cecilia' published.                             | 1810. Returns to England.            |
| 1783. 'Daddy' Crisp dies.                              | 1814. 'Wanderer' published.          |
| 1784. Johnson dies.                                    | 1814. Returns to France.             |
| 1786. Appointed dresser to the Queen.                  | 1814. April 12, death of Dr. Burney. |
| 1791. Leaves Court.                                    | 1815. March 20-June 28, Brussels.    |
| 1793. July 23, marriage.                               | 1815. Returns to England.            |
| 1795. March 21, 'Edwy and Elgiva' acted at Drury Lane. | 1818. General d'Arblay dies.         |
|                                                        | 1840. January 6, died in London.     |

at Chessington among some rather conceited and stupid people, enables us to see her to the life :

‘ I have almost, though very undesignedly, occasioned a grand fracas in the house by a ridiculous conceit which I sported for the amusement of Miss Simmons and Kitty. We had been laughing at some of poor Mrs. Moor’s queer phrases, and then I mentioned some of Kitty’s own. Her cousin joined in laughing violently, and as I proceeded from one absurd thing to another, I took Miss Simmons herself to task upon some speeches she had made ; and in conclusion I told them I intended to write a “ Treatise upon Politeness ” for their edification. All this was taken as it was said, in sport, and we had much laughing in consequence of my scheme, which I accompanied by a thousand flighty speeches and capricios, for you know what my spirits are at Liberty Hall, Chesington.’ \*

But her high spirits were kept in check by a sensitiveness which sometimes resulted in shyness, and by a sweet and loving temper, which, combined with intense susceptibility and instinctive intelligence, gave her so much charm that everyone who knew her liked her. Hers was a character the attraction of which it is difficult to realise without knowing in life, for print does not convey the mobility of feature and the glance and light of the eye. Fanny Burney in this respect resembles George Selwyn, who to his contemporaries was the most humorous and amusing of men, but whose stories now often seem poor, and whose reputation for wit one always thinks must have been overrated. But men like Johnson and Burke, not to speak of women like Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Thrale, would never have had so enthusiastic an affection for any girl as they had for Fanny Burney unless she possessed a personal charm which we, her descendants, cannot possibly appreciate. If, however, this tradition of individual charm were all that remained of Fanny Burney, she would now be little more than a name, but she was fortunate to have been born with some unique intellectual characteristics. She was gifted with an extraordinarily quick perception of the more superficial aspects of character, and she was endowed with an abnormal desire and capacity to record her mental impressions. She was only sixteen when she began what is known as her ‘ Early Diary,’ and one of the first passages which she wrote in the summer-house at King’s Lynn was this :

‘ I always spend the evening, sometimes all the afternoon, in this sweet cabin—except sometimes, when unusually thoughtful, I prefer the garden. . . . I cannot express the pleasure I have in writing

---

\* Early Diary, i. 313.

down my thoughts, at the very moment—my opinion of people when I first see them, and how I alter or how I confirm myself in it, and I am much deceived in my *foresight* if I shall not have very great delight in reading this living proof of my manner of passing my time, my sentiments, my thoughts of people I know, and a thousand other things in future.’ \*

This inborn love of the observation of character was in process of constant cultivation from the time she could write a word, and both it and the desire to record what she calls her ‘opinion’—a result not of analytical judgment but of abnormal perception, ‘an instinct throned in reason’s place’—were so keen that she found material in the slightest circumstances of daily domestic and social existence, which possessed the least human interest, so that she was enabled to compile a lively chronicle of exceeding value to the student of English society. She wrote from childhood to extreme old age a diary and some letters, which give a picture of her friends and acquaintances and of her social environment, and of the personal characteristics of those whom she met from day to day, and from week to week. She also wrote five novels, now of value and interest chiefly because they are supplementary to her own records, and unquestionably present in the form of stories a collection of typical characters. Fanny Burney is the heroine of each. She is both Evelina and Cecilia, and Evelina and Cecilia are Fanny Burney in a series of imaginary situations, saying and writing what Fanny Burney would say and write under the like circumstances. ‘She found in the abilities of Mrs. Delville ‘sources inexhaustible of entertainment.’ For Mrs. Delville read Mrs. Thrale or Mrs. Montagu, and fiction at once becomes fact. Most of the characters whom her heroines meet in the course of so much of their lives as she presents to us are people with those outward characteristics, more or less emphasised, whom Fanny Burney has seen or spoken to or been told of. Mr. Briggs, the miser in ‘Cecilia,’ is as much a true character—it has been said that he was drawn from Nollekens the sculptor—as ‘Mr. ‘Turbulent’ in the ‘Diary,’ otherwise the Reverend Charles de Guiffardière, the Queen’s French reader, who seems to have tried to carry on a ridiculous flirtation by a mixture of rodomontade and sentiment. In fact, the mere sight of a man or woman in society without an actual personal knowledge was sufficient foundation on which Fanny Burney’s lively imagination could construct a character, probably, with her acute perception, more or less true to life.

---

\* Early Diary, i. 13.

The first two of her novels, 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' brought her fame with her contemporaries, 'Evelina' to some extent with her successors. It was published (1777) at the very moment when a story which was throughout true to life, however slight in plot, responded to a popular and as yet unsatisfied desire which arose out of a complex state of public feeling, and to which all kinds of names have been given according to the particular way in which it manifested itself; sometimes it is romanticism, sometimes revivalism. 'Evelina' as a story is extremely slight, and has been surpassed over and over again, but it had the supreme merit of being realistic and readable, domestic and decent, and it is the first of a distinct class of fiction to which the stories of Jane Austen and Susan Ferrier were the immediate successors. Gossip is but the aggregate of the fragmentary odds and ends of personal and local life, and in 'Evelina' and in 'Cecilia' Fanny Burney weaved into a narrative the bits of gossip and the individual impressions which, by themselves, if vivaciously told of real people, would have entertained; formed into stories, connected by even a slight thread of mild personal adventure, they delighted. England in the eighteenth century was characterised by common sense; while the growing middle class was sick of formalism, it was equally unappreciative of Rousseau's state of nature; some sentimental novels, whose writers without ability were faintly formal and timidly realistic, were all that filled the place vacated and the void left by Richardson and Fielding. Then at this fortunate moment Fanny Burney published a story which was marked throughout by truth, in which the characters were lifelike and typical, so that every reader knew one or more as soon as he opened the book, which was written in a simple style without stiffness or affectation, and which, to use a modern phrase, could be left on every drawing-room table.

Fanny Burney instantly became famous. Critics were few in those days, and the verdict of one or two journals, as the 'Monthly' and the 'Critical Review,' was sufficient to influence the intelligent and not numerous body of readers who formed the novel-reading public. The same public was greatly affected by the personal opinion of a few leading men and women. Johnson's decision, for example, was final:

"Has Mrs. Montagu," he said to her, "read 'Evelina'?"

"No, sir, not yet, but I shall undoubtedly, for I feel the greatest eagerness to read it."

"I am very sorry, madam," replied he, "that you have not read it already, because you cannot speak of it with a full conviction of

its merit ; which, I believe, when you have read it, you will find great pleasure in acknowledging.”\*

After this judgement one who wished to be considered as intellectual could only praise both the novel and the novelist, and so Mrs. Montagu speedily added to the chorus which Burke led. Besides, Fanny Burney was, through her father's large circle of friends, one of the very body which formed the arbiters of literary merit among the middle class. ‘Evelina,’ as soon as it was known she had written it, gave her so assured a position in it, and made her so much one of this *coterie*, that any book which she subsequently published was certain of success, however far it might fall below the standard of her first and most spontaneous work.

‘Cecilia’ (1782), as a story, was more ambitious than ‘Evelina.’ It was at once longer and duller. Happily for her reputation, Fanny Burney adopted the form of letters for the presentation of the story of ‘Evelina,’ and she was thus able to transfer to it all the qualities which make her *Diary* so agreeable, for it should not be forgotten that this *Diary* is partially correspondence. The ‘Early *Diary*’ was supposed to be addressed to ‘A certain Miss Nobody,’ for to ‘Nobody’ ‘can I be wholly unreserved—to Nobody can I reveal every thought, every wish of my heart, with the most unlimited confidence, the most unremitting sincerity.’

The later *Diary* was sent to her sister Susan, and to Daddy Crisp, who in his turn passed it on to his sister, Mrs. Gast, to amuse her dull days at Burford, but always in writing it Fanny Burney has in mind an imaginary correspondent, and from the beginning to the end of her life, from the moment she put her pen to her paper, she always felt that she was in communion with an absolutely sympathetic friend whether she was writing or not to an actual person, and in her imagination the receiver of her confidences thought, felt and acted like herself. She was sixty-seven when she wrote the touching and vivid, yet perfectly simple, ‘Narrative of the illness and death of General d’Arblay.’ She recalls the history of her ‘beloved husband’s last illness. Ever present as it is to me, it will be ‘a relief to set it down.’† She sets it down, feeling as though she were, as she writes, receiving the soothing condolence of the reader. Habit by that time had made such imaginary communication a necessity, a habit which in the first instance was based on a natural reserve of disposition which hesitated to give confidence to friends in person, though it was, every

\* *Diary*, Vol. vi. 124.

† *Diary*, ed. A. Dobson, vi. 355.



moment, keenly seeking for sympathy. But a writer with this temperament who also possessed the keenest power of observation, and considerable capacity of epistolary expression, could not fail to write a diary certain to be, though she knew it not, of permanent value, or a story in the form in which 'Evelina' was composed, sure of almost equal fame.

But 'Cecilia' is in the orthodox form, and consequently loses the personal note and the charming simplicity of 'Evelina'; it is too long and is overlaid with Johnsonian moralisings which have nothing of his penetrating sagacity, and are mere common-places wrapt in sententious sentences. Fanny Burney's personal love and admiration for the sage unfortunately caused her to try to adopt his literary style, with the result that she very largely spoiled not only 'Cecilia,' and ruined her subsequent books, as well as the Memoir of her Father, by trying with a child's strength to draw the bow of Ulysses. Fortunately, when she took up her pen to write a piece of her Diary, or a letter, she was always wholly herself and entirely natural. In 'Cecilia' also the dialogue is generally dull and unreal, so that the book lives less from its merits as a work of fiction, though, curiously enough, interest in the heroine is kept throughout mildly moving, than from the fact that it continues with greater elaboration the picture of eighteenth-century society which was begun in her first book.

In spite, therefore, of her celebrity in her own and later times, Fanny Burney cannot be considered as a famous woman of letters, and it was certainly bold to include one who is primarily a diarist in a series which should be confined to men and women of true literary pre-eminence. We doubt if any other writer of to-day than Mr. Austin Dobson, with his wide knowledge of eighteenth-century life and literature, and his pleasant style, so suited to the tale of Fanny Burney's life, could have produced so readable and interesting a biography: interesting, one must admit, quite as much from its account of Fanny Burney's noteworthy contemporaries and friends as from the story of her own career. The biography of Fanny Burney is for this reason more important and attractive than that of the same author's 'Richardson.' Each of these books seems to throw doubt on the propriety of the increase of the series known as 'English Men of Letters,' by books other than those which should carry on the series chronologically, by the inclusion of pre-eminent men of letters who have died since the publication of the original series—as Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold, who belong to the same standard as the select gathering edited by Mr. John Morley. Mr. Dobson's freedom



from official work has also enabled him to edit the new edition of the later Diary of Madame d'Arblay, and it is unnecessary to say that the work could not have been better done. In the preface to the last volume Mr. Dobson defends himself or his publishers against the adverse criticism that the 'Early Diary' should have been included in a new edition. Mr. Dobson's defence is that the 'Early Diary' was published so lately as 1889 and was properly edited, indexed, and annotated. Although this cannot be denied, we think that this opportunity should have been taken to issue the two Diaries in a single edition, since one is, in fact, the continuation and a part of the other. But after all this is a minor matter, and we entirely agree with Mr. Dobson when we come to his notes, that notes to a book of this kind, as we said when reviewing the new edition of 'Walpole's Letters,' should not be too full, and that to give information about every obscure person who is mentioned in the Diary is unnecessary. We can sincerely congratulate Mr. Dobson on work which will keep his name in remembrance as long as anyone reads books on the eighteenth century.

To return, however, to Mr. Dobson's heroine. As we have already said, Fanny Burney gained her fame as a novelist among her contemporaries very much from the particular moment at which her first two novels were published, and she was able to retain it in a succeeding century partly because she was introduced to a new generation by the virulent attack of Croker in the 'Quarterly Review' of 1842 on her 'Diary and Letters,' and by the admirable and enduring essay of Lord Macaulay in this Review.

For ten years after the publication of 'Cecilia' Fanny Burney published nothing, and with that book, when she was only thirty, her life as a popular writer of fiction came to an end. During the five years, 1786-91, which succeeded this unfruitful period, when she was a lady-in-waiting, or, strictly speaking, Dresser to the Queen, the author of the most popular of contemporary books was a second-class Court official, in fact a lady's-maid and nothing more. Two years after she gave up her appointment she had fallen in love with that charming exile Monsieur d'Arblay, and from the date of her marriage in 1793 she was primarily occupied with her duties as a housewife and a mother in cottage homes in Surrey. It was during the first period of her married life that she published 'Camilla' (1796) by subscription, a story which had a splendid *succès d'estime* financially, but which her friends and admirers paid for and could not read. 'The Wanderer' (1814) was equally successful as a monetary speculation, but a greater fiasco from a literary

point of view. Clearly it is only as a depicter of contemporary life that Fanny Burney is entitled to posthumous fame, and as such she will continue to rank with Walpole and a long way above Mrs. Delany and George Selwyn. It is mainly as a painter of eighteenth-century life that it is worth while now to regard her; as a writer of fiction she has been criticised and estimated till her individual position and her place in relation to the growth of the English novel are so clear that nothing more is left to be said.

Without Fanny Burney's two Diaries and her Letters, supplemented by the studies of men and women in her novels, we should know much less of three phases of English eighteenth-century life—of the educated London middle class, which one may subdivide into the higher literary, artistic and dramatic group, and the more purely social group; of Court life; and of the abnormal and ephemeral social phenomenon which was produced by the flight of the French émigrés to England in consequence of the Revolution.

Fanny Burney was born one of the true middle class when the best part of that section of English society both in London and in the large provincial towns was endeavouring to become cultivated, and was breaking out of the narrow social and intellectual bounds within which it had hitherto been content to live. The character of her father, his versatility and love of music, and his energy and his sociability, stimulated her natural intelligence, while the whole Burney family was marked alike by 'sweetness and light.' Fanny Burney was thus a typical middle-class girl of the new order, and she was always seeking in her Diary and novels to emphasise the delight of wit, intelligence and refinement. 'The delicacy of her mind,' she writes when describing the position of Cecilia on the death of her old friend Mrs. Charlton, 'and the refinement of her ideas' 'had now rendered her fastidious, and she would have looked 'out for elegancies and talents to which Mrs. Charlton had no 'pretensions, but those who live in the country have little power 'of selection; confined to a small circle, they must be content 'with what it offers.'\* In this last commonplace remark we see the influence of Johnson; but Fanny Burney did not practise what she preached: her ideal was to find friends who had delicacy of mind and refinement of ideas. She possessed each herself, and each was in a more or less degree characteristic of the new woman of the day, and each quality, among some, was exaggerated into prudery and affectation and hidden con-

---

\* Cecilia, bk. iii. ch. ix.

tempt for plain common sense, which was sometimes unfortunately wanting in those who prided themselves on their wit and learning. But Fanny Burney never ran to extremes, she was blessed with such quickness of perception that she could not become either a blue-stocking or a tonish lady. Both by character and education she was thoroughly able to understand and to depict phases in this developement of this part of English society. The seeking after light is exemplified by the contemptuous pleasure with which she depicts stupidity and boorishness; the well-to-do Branghton family, from the shop in Snow Hill, with their vulgarity and intellectual provincialism, their limited stock of ideas, their class prejudices, and their want of taste, are to her vividly typical of the most disagreeable section of city mercantile society. And, when she makes old Briggs exclaim to Cecilia, 'Books! What do you want with books? 'do no good; all lost time; words get no cash,' she is holding up to ridicule a whole class of men who are yet by no means extinct. The satisfaction with which she narrates examples of polite humour and superficial cleverness is equally evident all through her books.

Again the tone of the middle class of the eighteenth century is obvious alike in her appreciation of mere accomplishments, and in her absurd delineations of the aristocracy and those who were allied to it. She feels that peers and peeresses belong to a rank above hers, she is instantly in awe of them, and yet she has for them the jealousy of the professional and trading classes. From her ignorance of them she makes the amiable Lord Orville a perfectly colourless peer, while Sir Clement Willoughby and Sir Robert Floyer are conventional aristocratic rakes. For the bad opinion which was held of the nobility, they had only themselves to thank. The Duke of Queensberry was positively proud of his vices, and when Dr. Burney lived at Lynn, he was one of those who assembled round the third Lord Orford's table at Haughton, at the head of which always sat a person named Patty; everyone 'addressed her 'by the same free appellation.' Fanny Burney was so quick and observant that she caught in an instant everything which Dr. Burney said, and while Lord Orford would thus sit to her as a rake, Fulk Greville, who was always trying to be uncommon, and who called everything that was conventional 'fogrum,' was equally the typical man of the 'ton.' Mr. Delville, who is presented as an aristocrat, says to his son of an Eton and Oxford friend: 'We know he is not a man of rank, and 'whatever he may be he cannot become a man of family, and 'consequently for Mortimer Delville he is no companion,' is

depicted with such exaggeration in his pride and pomposity that he becomes a burlesque of reality. But the very exaggeration arises because the writer regards the aristocracy as a class distinct from and higher than her own, whom she supposes to speak and act differently, and to have manners and feelings as grandiose as their equipages. Yet at the same time she is jealous of them, so that while she envies she holds them up to contempt. She writes of the aristocracy as men and women of the middle classes talked of them, and we can see quite clearly the social relations then existing between two great sections of the English people, their approaching proximity, the gradual breaking of long existing social barriers, respect and contempt, timidity and envy, doubt and ambition on the one side, condescension and politeness, arbitrariness and a perception of a new power on the other. Yet this middle-class young woman, with her intellectual ambition and suburban prejudices, became a Court lady, and filled a place which was one of those which should have been occupied by a daughter of an impecunious peer. No wonder that she was never tired of writing of the kindness and condescension of George III. and his Queen. These celestial potentates, whom the middle class still regarded with awe, were always speaking and acting like men and women from Leicester Fields and St. Martin's Street, but their resemblance to common mortals always seemed to Fanny Burney the result of some superhuman qualities. When one notes how month after month she could continue to write of George III. as if he were of different mind and matter from other men, one can feel how difficult was the task of Charles Fox and the Reform party, for the King was largely supported in his political action not by a popular belief in his sagacity, but by a blind and unreasoned idea in the necessary virtue and wisdom of the occupant of the throne. Single passages scarcely convey this feeling adequately to a reader, but it is perceptible in Fanny Burney's relation of her visit to Buckingham Palace, after she had given up her place at Court, on the King's birthday in 1792. She begins by a kind of mild invocation: 'June 4. The birthday of our truly 'good King.' Then she goes on:

'As His Majesty had himself given me, when I saw him after the Queen's birthday, an implied reproach for not presenting myself at the palace that day, I determined not to incur a similar censure on this, especially as I hold my admission on such a national festival, a real happiness, as well as honour, when it is to see themselves.'

The diarist next describes her dress and the manner of approaching the palace, and how she was received by Princess Elizabeth

and then is ushered into the state drawing-room, where she finds the Queen, 'her head attired for the drawing-room superbly, 'but the Court dress, as usual, remaining to be put on at St. James.' The Queen was as pleasant and friendly as ever; she 'smiled upon me most graciously,' says the gratified visitor, and then the King entered. 'I motioned to retreat, but calling out "What, Miss Burney!" the King came up to me, and 'inquired how I did: and began talking to me so pleasantly, 'so gaily, so kindly, even, that I had the satisfaction of remaining, and of gathering courage to offer my good wishes and warm 'fervent prayers for this day. He deigned to hear me very 'benignly, or made believe he did, for I did not make my 'harangue very audibly, but he must be sure of its purport.' The King, like a good-natured elderly gentleman, told his trembling visitor that she had grown 'quite fat,' and measured her arm with his spread thumb and forefinger, and, says Fanny, 'the whole of his manner showed his perfect approbation of 'the step I had taken, of presenting myself in the Royal presence 'on this auspicious day.'\* The suggestion of a retreat when the Sovereign enters, the gathered courage, the warm fervent prayers, the idea that he deigned to hear his subject benignly, the happy certainty of his perfect approbation, all indicate the feelings of an inferior being before one who could do no wrong, and they were described not by a timid country girl, but by an intelligent lady who had served for several years in the royal household, who had been behind the scenes in the palace, and who at home was the friend of Burke and Windham, and was accustomed not only to hear frank political conversation, but to take part in it. In fact, in the very month in which she paid her respects to the King on his birthday, she tells us how 'Mrs. Crewe, my father, and myself spent the evening together 'a little in talking politics,' and Mrs. Crewe, be it remembered, was a friend of Fox and the reigning toast of the Whig party, 'Mrs. Crewe and Buff and Blue' always evoking enthusiasm. If Fanny Burney had this feeling we need not wonder that Lord North was so long Prime Minister.

Fanny Burney, though living in a literary society, regarding culture and literary attainments as the best things in the world, was neither a blue-stocking nor a Grub Street hack, and she was as different from Mrs. Montagu with her ostentatious functions, her learning and wit, her parties and her grand air, as from Lady Sarah Lennox, full of her horses and her hunting, and the last love affair in high life, or the captivating and accomplished

---

\* Diary, ed. A. Dobson, vol. v. p. 86.



Lady Di Beauclerk. She pictures for us quite another kind of society than that in which these and other vivacious ladies figured, and which many people have fallen into the habit of regarding as representative of the temper of the age. One of this section of society, Lady Diana herself, occasionally flits across the pages of the Diary, as when Burke describes the unhappiness of her life, as he points out her house. But, though they are living at the same time and in the same town, those who belonged to the fashionable group are unacquainted with that portion of a purely middle-class society which was fond of letters, enjoyed wit without coarseness, and laughed at the affectation of the *précieuse* as much as at the country woman's want of manners. Nevertheless, Fanny Burney reflects, too, the influence of Mrs. Montagu and her society, whose learning, wit, and wealth, united to a perfectly apostolic desire to spread the worship of culture, made her a power greater than in these days it is easy to realise. 'I should,' Fanny Burney said when Mrs. Thrale asked her if she wished to see this celebrated lady, 'be the most 'insensible of all animals not to like to see our sex's glory.' But while Fanny Burney could appreciate the value of Mrs. Montagu's intentions and her undoubted ability, she was too shrewd not to perceive her shortcomings, for she goes on to remark : 'A woman of such celebrity in the literary world would 'be the last I should covet to converse with, though one of 'the first I should wish to listen to.' Yet the modest little girl who in her first interview, when 'Evelina' was mentioned, 'began a vehement nose-blowing for the benefit of handkerchiefing my face,' and when she was finally disclosed as the authoress of 'Evelina' to the lady whom Mr. Crisp called not good-naturedly 'a professed female wit, authoress and Mæcenas 'into the bargain,' took, she says, to her heels and ran out of the room with the utmost trepidation, was destined to do far more to spread culture than the lady who at the moment gave herself the airs of a literary queen, who was ostentatious in company, and the moment she saw a stranger tried to impress him with her powers.

Fanny Burney was the most typical, as she was the most remarkable, of this modest but important and influential and unostentatious but not large body; but she had many companions. Her sister Susan (Mrs. Phillips), Mr. and Mrs. Lock of Norbury Park, Lady Hesketh—the cousin and friend of Cowper, Mr. Crisp, Fanny Burney's affectionate and sagacious adviser, each of these, not to mention others, forms one of a group representing a growing class. They did not gamble, and they were not sportsmen or sportswomen; they liked art and they especially



appreciated Reynolds, and they went to the opera<sup>f</sup> if they were Londoners, not because it was fashionable, but because they enjoyed music. They lived comfortably, but without show, and they were lovers of literature without being either pedants or blue-stockings. They had much more appreciation of simple country pleasures and rural landscape than either the aristocracy who owned castles or the squires who hunted foxes, and if they wanted a change they preferred Bath to any other place. Of this city they were the mainstay, for it gave them some of the best pleasures of London with some of the most attractive parts of rural life.

All these different phases, ideas, and feelings Fanny Burney accurately portrayed. It is the combination of this power of reflection with her own distinction as a type, and the fact that she was a charming and loveable creature, that has made Fanny Burney, what we may fairly call her, a literary immortal.

The 'Evelina' period of Fanny Burney's life, as it may be termed, is that which will always most attract us; then she delighted in mere existence, her natural gaiety of heart had full play, and her happiness touches those she describes as it were with a pleasant and softening light. Johnson is not sour and dogmatic, to Fanny Burney he was ever kind and clear-sighted. Her own playfulness affected him. When Mrs. Thrale tells him the first time that Fanny Burney dines at Streatham with him in 1778, where he was then almost a permanent guest, that she supposes he is too proud to eat a mutton pie, 'Yes,' he says almost archly, 'I am too proud now to eat of it, sitting by Miss 'Burney makes me very proud to day.' His reputation for disagreeable sayings may make the young novelist uncomfortable, so he sets her at her ease. 'I say strange things, but I 'mean no harm,' he tells her, revealing in half a dozen words a feature of his character which the preservation of all his dogmatic and disagreeable sayings has helped to hide from us. Sometimes he showed a curious mixture of tenderness for his young protégée, and prejudiced criticism of others, which he was evidently trying to repress lest he should puzzle and disturb the young writer. We can see these conflicting traits in one of Fanny Burney's descriptions :

'While we were yet reading this "Rambler," Dr. Johnson came in; we told him what we were about.

"Ah, madam!" cried he, "Goldsmith was not scrupulous; but he would have been a great man had he known the real value of his own internal resources."

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "is fond of his 'Vicar of Wakefield;' and so am I—don't you like it, sir?"

“No, madam, it is very faulty; there is nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature. It is a mere fanciful performance.”

“He then seated himself upon a sofa, and calling to me, said: “Come—Evelina—come and sit by me.”

“I obeyed; and he took me almost in his arms—that is, one of his arms, for one would go three times, at least, round me, and, half laughing, half serious, he charged me to “be a good girl!”

“But, my dear,” continued he with a very droll look, “what makes you so fond of the Scotch? I don’t like you for that; I hate these Scotch, and so must you. I wish Branghton had sent the dog to jail! That Scotch dog Macartney.”

“Why, sir,” said Mrs. Thrale, “don’t you remember he says he would, but that he should get nothing by it?”

“Why, ay, true,” cried the Doctor, see-sawing very solemnly, “that, indeed, is some palliation for his forbearance. But I must not have you so fond of the Scotch, my little Burney; make your hero what you will but a Scotchman. Besides, you write Scotch—you say ‘the one,’ my dear, that’s not English. Never use that phrase again.”

“Perhaps,” said Mrs. Thrale, “it may be used in Macartney’s letter, and then it will be a propriety.”

“No, madam, no!” cried he; “you can’t make a beauty of it; it is in the third volume; put it in Macartney’s letter, and welcome! that or anything else that is nonsense.”

“Why, surely,” cried I, “the poor man is used ill enough by the Branghtons.”

“But Branghton,” said he, “only hates him because of his wretchedness—poor fellow! But, my dear love, how should he ever have eaten a good dinner before he came to England?”

“And then he laughed violently at young Branghton’s idea.

“Well,” said Mrs. Thrale, “I always liked Macartney; he is a very pretty character, and I took to him, as the folks say.”

“Why, madam,” answered he, “I like Macartney myself. Yes, poor fellow, I liked the man, but I love not the nation.”

“And then he proceeded, in a dry manner, to make at once sarcastic reflections on the Scotch, and flattering speeches to me, for Macartney’s firing at the national insults of young Branghton; his stubborn resolution in not owning, even to his bosom friend, his wretchedness of poverty; and his fighting to the last for the honour of his nation, when he resisted all other provocations, he said, were all extremely well marked.”

“We stayed with him till just dinner time, and then we were obliged to run away and dress; but Dr. Johnson called out to me as I went:

“Miss Burney, I must settle that affair of the Scotch with you at our leisure.”\* \* \*

Fanny Burney’s portrait of Johnson is invaluable, because

\* *Diary*, ed. A. Dobson, i. 77.

without it we should not have known his character thoroughly. She saw him no doubt at his best. Mr. Thrale's house was one in which he felt at his ease. 'You can go to no better house,' he told her confidentially; 'they are all good nature; nothing 'makes them angry.' Here in a word he was happy, and here his sagacity and epigrams amused without hurting. But from the first moment of their intimacy to his death he was always to Fanny Burney the same; he won her heart just as much as she did his, and their thoughts were of each other almost on his death-bed. When Dr. Burney visited him a few days before his death, just as the Doctor was leaving the room he brightened up, something of his arch look returned, and he said, 'I think I 'shall throw the ball at Fanny yet!' Though she tried, Fanny never saw him again; she went to Bolt Court and waited long in the parlour, 'preferring being alone in the cold to any company 'with a fire,' but Johnson was too ill to see her, and she went disconsolately away. But, after all, it is best to dwell on the earlier and charming friendship between these two dissimilar spirits, and thanks to it and to Fanny Burney's quick and sympathetic touch, Dr. Johnson is preserved to us in his most agreeable character, the whole tone of which needs no description, for we see it in those playful and final words, 'I shall throw the 'ball at Fanny yet!'

Samuel, or 'Daddy,' Crisp, as he was called by all the Burney family, was twenty years older than Dr. Burney, who, when in his younger days musical companion to Fulk Greville, had made Crisp's acquaintance in 1743 at his patron's place, Welbury House, in Wiltshire. He then lost sight of him; for Crisp seems to have gone abroad to Italy, but reappeared among the Burneys after their return to London. Though he was a friend of that great lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, Duchess of Portland, Samuel Crisp was an eighteenth-century middle-class dilettante, as Horace Walpole was an aristocratic dilettante. He was, in fact, as one may say, a new species, one of the first of the leisured middle-class amateurs who are now numerous. Mr. Thrale, the wealthy brewer, the man of business, with his admirable library and his collection of portraits by Reynolds, was a somewhat similar character, though with obvious differences, who, like the Crisps, was a new growth, and who was in the succeeding century to increase and multiply. Crisp came of well-to-do parents, his mother being a descendant of a respectable Gloucestershire family. In early life he was a fashionable young man, and had a 'small though unencumbered fortune,' but he seems to have spent rather too much money on pictures, sculpture and bric-à-brac, with which his villa at Hampton,

where he went to live about 1755, was filled. Presently he retired to an out-of-the-way place, Chessington Hall in Surrey, which stood on high ground; and was approached by nothing more than a track from Epsom across the fields. It belonged to an old friend of Crisp's, one Christopher Hamilton, with whom he had what Madame d'Arblay calls 'some picnic plan,' in modern phraseology he was a paying guest.

Here for nearly thirty years he lived in retirement, taking care of his health, for he suffered a good deal; 'my gout is so far removed that I stamp about as much as I can, but am too stiff in my joints to use as much walking as I did before,' and in vain dosing himself, as the fashion was, with all sorts of quack medicines. 'I am just going to try a steel,' he tells his sister, 'a medicine of which Dr. Lewis gives a most wonderfully favourable recommendation in his book, viz. filings of iron steeped in Rhenish or old Hock; now I think as I have old Hock by me, I cannot put it to a better use.' When one reads this, one is not surprised that people in the eighteenth century did not live out their full threescore years and ten.

Crisp once wrote a play, 'Virginia,' which had but little merit and only a short run at Drury Lane, in 1754; its slight success, however, was a keen disappointment to its author, who had probably set his heart on making up for a somewhat aimless life by a notable achievement as a dramatist. But he was too sensible a man to take his failure to heart to the extent which has often been asserted, though doubtless it accentuated for the moment the want of interest in a merely social life. Health and economy were sufficient reasons for this retirement—which was henceforth only broken by a visit to London in the spring—to a country house with a host whom he liked, whence he could watch the world and its work, and where he could have his friends as visitors if he wished; and visitors he often had: his sister, Mrs. Gast from Burford, sometimes even the Thrale contingent: 'The whole family of the Thrales last Wednesday, viz. Mr. Thrale, Mrs. Thrale, Miss, alias Queeny, and the great Dr. Johnson, came over in form to make me a visit—their civilities and invitations were beyond expression.' The Burney family came constantly; indeed when Fanny Burney was not staying at Chessington she was corresponding with Crisp, and as he was one of those who were allowed to read her Diary, he knew every detail of her daily life. It is a very charming picture, this of the quick and sympathetic girl and the sensible and amused old man who united common sense with a cultivated mind, and an affectionate disposition with a sound judgement. He was just such a man as would take hold

of Fanny Burney's affection, for he was absolutely unassuming, and he gave her the best advice, not with an air of superior wisdom, but simply as an older companion. Dr. Burney was so busy with his music lessons, his literary work and his parties, that he had little time to give to his children. Samuel Crisp was exactly the reverse. His life was one long space of leisure, he was a sound scholar, an appreciative critic and lover of music and the fine arts, and while he could value the learning and capacity of Mrs. Montagu and her coterie and her rivals, no one could more easily detect the weaknesses of these able women, who were always taking themselves too seriously. One link between Crisp and Fanny Burney was that each had the sense of humour, and thus the two never took themselves too seriously. When '*Evelina*' was published Fanny played a regular game with her Daddy, gave him the book to read, asked him who could be the author, and though anxious enough for a favourable verdict, was more intent on her mystification than on her book. When Crisp was told by her father that his Fannikin was the author of the novel which everyone was reading, he took the game with a mixture of serious good humour which was exactly suitable to the occasion :

'About an hour after, as I was passing through the hall, I met my Daddy (Crisp). His face was all animation and archness ; he doubled his fist at me, and would have stopped me, but I ran past him into the parlour.

'Before supper, however, I again met him, and he would not suffer me to escape ; he caught both my hands, and looked as if he would have looked me through, and then exclaimed : "Why, you little hussy—you young devil!—an't you ashamed to look me in the face, you *Evelina*, you ! Why, what a dance have you led me about it ! Young friend, indeed ! Oh, you little hussy, what tricks have you served me !"

'I was obliged to allow of his running on with these gentle appellations, for I know not how long, ere he could sufficiently compose himself, after his great surprise, to ask or hear any particulars ; and then, he broke out every three instants with exclamations of astonishment at how I had found time to write so much unsuspected, and how and where I had picked up such various materials ; and not a few times did he, with me, as he had with my father, exclaim : "Wonderful !"

'He has, since, made me read him all my letters upon this subject. He said Lowndes would have made an estate had he given me 1,000*l.* for it, and that he ought not to have given less ! "You have nothing to do now," continued he, "but to take your pen in hand, for your fame and reputation are made, and any bookseller will snap at what you write."



'I then told him that I could not but really and unaffectedly regret that the affair was spread to Mrs. Williams and her friends.

"Pho," said he, "if those who are proper judges think it right that it should be known, why should you trouble yourself about it? You have not spread it, there can be no imputation of vanity fall to your share, and it cannot come out more to your honour than through such a channel as Mrs. Thrale." \* \*

Crisp's sense of humour and his sense of business appear as plainly as possible in this little picture—as indeed they do in all his letters—and it enables us to realise the nature of a man whose character has been well summarised in the epitaph by Dr. Burney, still to be seen in Chessington Church, which although, as was the Georgian taste, somewhat florid, is most truthful :

'Reader, this cold and humble spot contains  
The much lamented, much revered remains  
Of one whose wisdom, learning, taste and sense,  
Good-humour'd art and wide benevolence  
Cheer'd and enlighten'd all this hamlet round  
Wherever genius, worth, or want was found.  
To few it is that bounteous Heav'n imparts  
Such depth of knowledge, and such taste in arts,  
Such penetration and enchanting powers  
Of brightening social and convivial hours.'

. . . . .

But while this excellent person is remembered primarily as a friend of Fanny Burney and of her circle, he also remains as an excellent type of what we may call the intellectual middle-class man of the eighteenth century, cultivated and clear-headed, without the stiffness of the old days, appreciative not only of the arts, but of country life in a way quite unknown a quarter of a century earlier, and which more fashionable people, such as Walpole and Selwyn, could not understand, essentially exemplifying the change which was coming over the best portions of middle-class society in those days. There were others like him all over England; they could be seen in Liverpool and in Norwich, where business, art, and letters were pleasantly mingled among a select few, but it is not everyone of the section whose portrait has been drawn for us by Fanny Burney.

Nor is Dr. Burney a figure to be overlooked. He is quite modern. We feel that when he is riding round Norfolk on his quiet cob *Peggy* reading Italian, as he goes from one house to another as a teacher of music, there is something mediæval about him. But in London he belongs rather to the century

---

\* Diary, ed. A. Dobson, vol. i. p. 52.



which is drawing near than to that in which he lived; he is so restless, so perpetually at work, teaching and writing, talking and entertaining. His parties were delightful; the noticeable features of them were the musical evenings which first began in Poland Street after his return from Lynn, and were continued throughout his life. Excellent music and excellent conversation were evenly mixed, and if the evening showed any signs of dullness the family regarded it as a failure. Often they were enlivened by the appearance of what Fanny Burney calls 'the 'pride of the evening,' some notable person, an ambassador, a Russian prince, or a prima donna. But always there was presented to the little character-monger a whole galaxy of portraits. Cosmopolitan in his acquaintance, too busy to have many friends, Burney knew and was known to nearly every man and woman of note in town.

"He is now," wrote Crisp to his sister Mrs. Gast, "at the top of the *Ton*. He is continually invited to all the great tables and parties, to meet the Wits and Grantees, without the least reference to music; and among the people, that neither employ him, nor care a straw for his skill in an art, which they never think about; he has now half a guinea a lesson from all his scholars, the old ones as well as the new, and four guineas entrance; and has this year more scholars and business than ever he had in his life—there's for you!" \* \*

With such a father it was impossible that Fanny Burney should not have constantly presented to her notice men and women apt for portraiture, and it is partly to the singularly suitable surroundings among which Fanny Burney lived till 1784 that her fame is due.

Not a little unnecessary pity has, from the hard practical point of view, been expended on Fanny Burney for the five years which she passed at Court. Irresponsible official employment must produce many irksome moments, it lessens individual freedom, and is constantly galling to many natures. Scarcely by anyone with a spark of ambition or who realises and values the possibilities of life can it be borne patiently. Mrs. Schwellenberg, the old German who was Fanny Burney's superior, was, admits the woman of the world, no doubt tiresome, ridiculous

\* Burford Papers, p. 63. It is to be regretted that the twenty-four Crisp letters which are published in this book were not issued separately with the agreeable prefatory note which accompanies them, instead of being mixed up with a number of ephemeral reprints and reviews on such subjects as Wellington as a letter-writer, which, however readable, are not original material throwing light on social ways and on some interesting personalities of the time.

and overbearing, but her faults tended rather to laughter than tears. But to Fanny Burney, with a susceptible temperament, she personified official bonds, suppression of individuality, perpetual decorum, and worst of all absence of what was most craved for, personal sympathy. Fanny Burney has portrayed her almost as a tyrant; for in imagination Mrs. Schwellenberg became the ever-present representative of all that oppressed her in the life of the Court, just as in the Letters and Diary a correspondent is for the moment transformed into an ideal being with the same feelings as herself. In modern phrase we should say that Mrs. Schwellenberg got on Fanny Burney's nerves, which is an unkind way a person has of stating that there are delicate, and to the speaker incomprehensible temperaments unable to bear with equanimity things which do not touch the quick of a harder nature. We lightly quote the lines

‘Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.’

without for a moment realising their truth or the applicability of them and of their converse to the facts of modern life, to the realities of temperament. Fanny Burney is a striking illustration of this truth. At Court she was mentally a prisoner with a spirit beating against the bars; in her cottage in Surrey living on a mere pittance she had perfect freedom, ‘And in my soul ‘am free,’ she could constantly exclaim. Certainly when we study her life it should teach toleration, which is so often wanting, of one nature for another. The boundless veldt or the immeasurable Canadian forests may seem typical of freedom to one personality, they may be absolute prisons to the temperament which rejoices in the refinements of an older civilisation, and which finds in a lodging in London or Paris the freedom which is denied to it beyond the seas. To ninety-nine out of a hundred Fanny Burney's life would not appear hard or disagreeable. The Queen was the kindest and most thoughtful of mistresses, and the portrait which our little diarist has left of her is of an amiable, intelligent, and tactful woman, constantly thoughtful of others, without pride, and happiest in the seclusion of her home. The King was always friendly, when he appears on the scene, and often most unkingly; he would come into the tea-room when Mrs. Schwellenberg was presiding over the ladies and gentlemen of the suite, and perhaps a guest or two, and rally an equerry on his fancied ill-health, and appeal to Fanny Burney for her opinion. “What think you, Miss Burney, is it not all mere fancy, or is anything the matter with him?” “Indeed, sir, I don't know,” was all the answer

'I could make, and he went from me to repeat it to the major.' Unfortunately an unkind fate had decided that a gentleman who would have filled admirably the position of a country land-owner should be King of England, and posterity cannot forgive the faults and the shortcomings which he displayed in that position, however kindly and virtuous he may have been in private life. The princesses were agreeable and modest, and every one of the entourage was friendly—sometimes it is true in his or her own peculiar fashion, for around the royal family there was a curious mixture of English gentlemen and ladies and foreigners very un-English in their ideas and habits. They were always, except Mrs. Schwellenberg, courteous, and after their manner companionable, sometimes to the extent of boring.

Fanny Burney was better off than the equerry-in-waiting, who had to be with the King in winter and summer at six o'clock; but her day began when she rose at this hour; about seven she was summoned to attend the morning toilette of the Queen, who had to be dressed to accompany the King to prayers, at which Fanny Burney was sometimes present. At nine came breakfast in her own room—'I make that meal the most pleasant of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an 'hour for it.' She was now free till half-past eleven or twelve, according to the ceremonies of the day, and in this period of comparative leisure she could take a walk or arrange her dresses, a very important matter in Court circles. Approximately at noon came another summons 'to the irksome and quick returning labours of the toilette'—to the curling and crimping of the royal hair. This was the chief toilette of the day—a quarter 'before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for 'the day,' during the powdering she generally read the newspapers. This function over, a short space of time sufficient for a little disjointed reading followed, and then came another and final attendance to complete the finishing touches of the Queen's dressing. 'She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and 'see no more of her till bed time. It is usually three o'clock 'when I am thus set at liberty. And I have then two hours 'quite at my own disposal, but in the natural course of things 'not a moment after.' At five came generally a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Schwellenberg, who could only speak broken English, had indigestion, played with her pet frogs, and lost her temper when she fancied everyone was making fun of her. In that lady's room coffee was served 'till the terracing is over; this is about 'eight o'clock. Our *tête-à-tête* then finishes, we come down 'again to the eating room, where the equeries and perhaps a guest or two join the ladies at tea.' At nine was the concert,

at which Fanny Burney sometimes was present, and the day draws near its close when between eleven and twelve the last summons comes, and in twenty minutes Fanny Burney can go to bed. Such was her day, sometimes varied, it is true, but as she says herself the 'original stream' is always more or less the same. For five years this stream flowed between Windsor, Kew, and London, though at rare intervals a break occurred. In the summer of 1786 the King and Queen paid a visit to Lord Harcourt at Nuneham, where the footmen treated Fanny Burney as a lady's-maid, and where she felt herself slighted by the hostess. The party visited Oxford, where they were all tired to death because they could not sit down in the presence of royalty, and had to get their luncheon by stealth, since it was *hors d'usage* to eat in the presence of the royal family. The latter had a cold luncheon at three o'clock at Christ Church. The ladies and gentlemen of the suite were in despair, they had breakfasted early, and had no chance of dining before six or seven o'clock.

'A whisper was soon buzzed through the semi-circle,' which was at one end of the room, 'of the deplorable state of our appetite and apprehensions, and presently it reached the ears of some of the worthy doctors. Immediately a new whisper was circulated, which made its progress with great vivacity, to offer us whatever we would wish, and to beg us to name what we chose. Tea, coffee, and chocolate were whispered back.

'The method of producing, and the means of swallowing them, were much more difficult to settle than the choice of what was acceptable. Major Price and Colonel Fairly, however, seeing a very large table close to the wainscot behind us, desired our refreshments might be privately conveyed there, behind the semi-circle, and that while all the group backed very near it, one at a time might feed, screened by all the rest from observation.

'I suppose I need not inform you, my dear Susan, that to eat in presence of any of the royal family is as much *hors d'usage* as to be seated.

'This plan had speedy success, and the very good doctors soon, by sly degrees and with watchful caution, covered the whole table with tea, coffee, chocolate, cakes, and bread and butter.

'The further plan, however, of one at a time feasting and the rest fasting and standing sentinels, was not equally approved; there was too much eagerness to seize the present moment, and too much fear of a sudden retreat, to give patience for so slow a proceeding. We could do no more, therefore, than stand in a double row, with one to screen one throughout the troop; and, in this manner, we were all very plentifully and very pleasantly served.'\*

---

\* Diary, ed. A. Dobson, ii. 468.

In 1788 Fanny Burney had another change of scene, for the King was ordered by his doctors to drink the waters at Cheltenham. It gave an opportunity for a kind of life in which the unassuming monarch delighted. He rose earlier than ever, and rambled all over the country, and walked as well on the Parade, and effectually tired out his attendants. The house, now called Boys Hill House, was suited to the requirements of a small country gentleman. Fanny Burney had a mere cupboard of a room and a little parlour, the Queen one not much better, and the whole party lived a life of severe and monotonous simplicity. Still Fanny Burney found the change of scene pleasant, and it was probably the happiest part of her Court life, since it was brightened by a small *affaire de cœur* with Colonel Digby, who had recently lost his wife and played the disconsolate lover very well—a little too well indeed, for his engagement to Miss Gunning, a maid of honour, unquestionably chagrined Fanny Burney. But these few weeks and next year a short stay at Weymouth, where the mornings were spent on the sands, and the evenings it might be at the theatre, were mere temporary breaks in the general monotony of Court life. It was amusing enough to recall that at Weymouth, when the King bathed from a machine another filled with fiddlers followed it, and played ‘God Save the King’ as he splashed about in the waves; but these momentary flashes of amusement could not compensate for the irksomeness of ordinary life.

For her services Fanny Burney was paid a comfortable if a moderate salary. But her temperament was quite unsuited to this kind of life, and her previous manner of existence had accentuated the unsuitability of her nature. Johnson’s ‘Little Burney,’ the pet of the first men of the day, the girl praised by Burke, made much of by Dr. Burney’s large circle of friends—in a sense a spoilt child—could not possibly have been happy with a mistress who disliked novels and novel-writers, and who had little knowledge of literature. One who had enjoyed modest but boundless social freedom must constantly have been galled beyond endurance when she could not without the permission of the Queen have a friend to a meal in her own room.

Fanny Burney never described anything better than her dilemma when Madame de la Roche, a woman of letters and a novelist, whom she had met at the rooms of Madame de la Fite, a French lady who was reader to the royal family, is brought to her in her apartments. They talk of ‘Cecilia,’ Madame de la Roche tells the story of her life, they embrace with enthusiasm. At length the time for Fanny Burney’s dinner comes:

‘The clock had struck four some time, and Madame la Fite said



she feared they kept me from dinner. I knew it must soon be ready, and therefore made but a slight negative.

‘She then, with an anxious look at her watch, said she feared she was already too late for her own little dinner.

‘I was shocked at a hint I had no power to notice, and heard it in silence—silence unrepressing! for she presently added, “You dine alone, don’t you?”

“Y—e—s, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is not well enough to come downstairs to dinner.”

“And can you dine, *ma chère Mademoiselle*—can you dine at that great table alone?”

“I must! the table is not mine.”

“Yes, in Mrs. Schwellenberg’s absence it is.”

“It has never been made over to me, and I take no power that is not given to me.”

“But if the Queen, my dearest Ma’am—the Queen, if she knew such a person as Madame la Roche was here.”

‘She stopped, and I was quite disconcerted. An attack so explicit, and in presence of Madame la Roche, was beyond all my expectations. She then went to the window, and exclaimed: “It rains! *Que ferons-nous?* My poor littel dinner! it will be all spoilt! *La pauvre Madame la Roche! une telle femme!*”

‘I was now really distressed, and wished much to invite them both to stay; but I was totally helpless, and could only look, as I felt, in the utmost embarrassment.

‘The rain continued. Madame la Roche could understand but imperfectly what passed, and waited its results with an air of smiling patience. I endeavoured to talk of other things; but Madame la Fite was restless in returning to this charge. She had several times given me very open hints of her desire to dine at Mrs. Schwellenberg’s table; but I had hitherto appeared not to comprehend them; she was now determined to come home to the point; and the more I saw her determination, the less liable I became to being overpowered by it.

‘At length John came to announce dinner.

‘Madame la Fite looked at me in a most expressive manner, as she rose and walked towards the window, exclaiming that the rain would not cease; and Madame la Roche cast upon me a most tender smile, while she lamented that some accident must have prevented her carriage from coming for her.

‘I felt excessively ashamed, and could only beg them not to be in haste, faithfully assuring them I was by no means disposed for eating.

‘Poor Madame la Fite now lost all command of herself, and desiring to speak to me in my own room, said, pretty explicitly, that certainly I might keep anybody to dinner, at so great a table, and all alone, if I wished it.

‘I was obliged to be equally frank. I acknowledged that I had reason to believe I might have had that power, from the custom of my predecessor, Mrs. Haggerdorn, upon my first succeeding to her;



but that I was then too uncertain of any of my privileges to assume a single one of them unauthorised by the Queen ; and I added that I had made it the rule of my conduct, from the moment of my entering into my present office, to run no risk of private blame, by any action that had not her previous consent or knowledge.

‘She was not at all satisfied, and significantly said :

“ ‘But you have sometimes Miss Planta ? ’ ”

“ ‘Not I ; Mrs. Schwellenberg invites her.’ ”

“ ‘And M. de Luc, too—he may dine with you ! ’ ”

“ ‘He also comes to Mrs. Schwellenberg. Mrs. Delany alone, and her niece come to me ; and they have had the sanction of the Queen’s own desire.’ ”

“ ‘*Mais, enfin, ma chère* Miss Burney, when it rains, and when it is so late, and when it is for such a woman as Madame la Roche ! ’ ”

‘So hard pressed, I was quite shocked to resist her ; but I assured her that when my own sisters, Phillips and Francis, came to Windsor purposely to see me, they had never dined at the lodge but by the express invitation of Mrs. Schwellenberg ; and that when my father himself was here, I had not ventured to ask him.’ \*

All this is to us very amusing and most vividly describes the character of the Court life of George III. and the Queen in the eighteenth century. But the story had to be told to the Queen ; the affair was trying to Fanny Burney’s sensitive nature, and these circumstances, repeated in varying ways, became unbearable. The aggregate of trivialities, the absence of her friends, and the repression of her natural forms of expression, mental and emotional, were intolerable. Once when she had passed a rare day out at Mrs. Ord’s, where she had a chat with Reynolds, a little talk with Mrs. Montagu, who was ‘behind no one in kind speeches,’ a long conversation with Walpole, who was in ‘high spirits, ‘ingenious, entertaining, quaint, and original,’ she ends her descriptions with the suggestive and pitiful exclamation, ‘but ‘all was so short, so short, I was forced to return home so soon ! ’

But if Fanny Burney had not passed these years at Windsor, at Kew, and at St. James’s Palace, her Diary would have lost some of its most amusing and interesting passages, and we should never have had portraits of the sovereign and his family, or a lasting picture of their home life, one in singular contrast to that of many of the chiefs of the English aristocracy, especially in the West End of London. Stupid as was the Court life of George III., its homely and moral tone tended to raise the character of English society, and gave the King an influence over the minds of large numbers of his people who were not gamblers, or drunkards, or profligates, which formed for

\* Diary, ed. A. Dobson, vol. p. ii. 29.

him a valuable political asset. Every citizen of London or Liverpool could appreciate a kind of existence which was akin to that of any prosperous but not very well educated and rather narrow-minded professional man. The prejudices, the limitations, the small kindly actions, the good intentions of the King, wholly overborne by incapacity of judgement and narrowness of outlook, are all evident from Fanny Burney's narrative, as well as the resulting dangers of personal rule.

When in 1791 Fanny Burney resumed her old life, and regained the freedom for which she had for five years sighed, though she could write as vivaciously as ever, her gaiety of temperament was diminished. She was no longer the childlike 'little character-monger,' the girl made happy by unexpected success. She was now a contented and equal-minded woman with considerable experience of different classes of society, and with a love of writing was mingled some ambition and some desire of pecuniary reward. She emerged from the chill life of the Court of George III. into the same sunny and cultured society which she had left, but the leading personalities of it were changed, and now we meet, as is natural, with high-born personages not unwilling to keep up an acquaintance—distant it may be—with one who had been a favourite at Court. Fanny Burney still retained her capacity for making friends. But Johnson and 'Daddy' Crisp were gone, Reynolds died in 1792, Garrick was long ago departed, Mrs. Delany, the brightest and most sympathetic of old ladies, was dead, and Mrs. Thrale was married to Piozzi the musician. Everyone had changed: even the beautiful and learned Sophy Streatfield, who knew Greek and could shed tears at will, which gave a melancholy charm to her fine features, had ceased to be lovely and tearful, and was now melancholy and 'sadly faded,' while Fanny Burney herself was on the verge of that singular period of her life which was to include a ten years' stay in Paris.

After a time passed with good-natured Mrs. Ord, in whom one perceives a likeness to Cecilia's kindly but rather dull chaperon Mrs. Charlton, in the West of England, and a visit to Arthur Young in Suffolk, she fixed her head-quarters at Chelsea College, where Dr. Burney was living, and here she 'scribbled incessantly,' and worked at a tragedy, met agreeable friends at dinner at home, went out to breakfast, and often accompanied Windham to the trial of Warren Hastings. She delighted in visits to Mrs. Phillips at Mickleham, and it was the contiguity of her sister's house and of Norbury Park to Juniper Hall which, in the beginning of 1793, introduced Fanny Burney into the French society of which this place, a substantial but small

country house of red brick, standing on the roadside—it had once been an inn—between Mickleham and Burford Bridge, and a little cottage not far off at West Humble, occupied by Madame de Broglie, were the centres and the temporary homes. Mrs. Phillips had written long and graphic letters describing the exiles to Fanny Burney, whose interest and sympathy were thus aroused before she knew them personally. She found a society as simple as that which she had seen around the private life of George III. and his Queen, but she met with a cultured simplicity, not the unlovely plainness of Kew and of St. James's Palace. Literature was the solace and the delight of these unfortunate but cheerful exiles; it was the tact and the literary tastes as well as the happy disposition of M. d'Arblay with which Fanny Burney fell in love. We need not be surprised, for he was the ideal man for whom all her life she had been seeking. 'One of the most delightful characters I have ever met,' was her verdict soon after her first meeting, and at that time there were few women whose opinion on a man or a woman was sounder than hers. Not long afterwards her description grows more enthusiastic:

'M. d'Arblay is one of the most singularly interesting characters that can ever have been formed. He has a sincerity, a frankness, an ingenuous openness of nature, that I had been unjust enough to think couldn't belong to a Frenchman. With all this, which is his military portion, he is passionately fond of literature, well versed both in Italian and German, and a very elegant poet. He has just undertaken to become my French master for pronunciation and he gives me long daily lessons in reading'—

a course which naturally could have but one end. But M. d'Arblay was only one of a very agreeable group, for the society which made Juniper Hall its home numbered several eminent and remarkable men: the brilliant and accomplished Count Louis Narbonne-Lara, the three months' War Minister of Louis XVI. in 1791, an eager, intelligent, yet moderate reformer, for whom, like many of his order and temper, liberal as he was, events in France had moved too fast. The Duc de Montmorency, Baron de Lameth, the Marquis de Jaucourt, the Marquise de Châtre and her son were among the number; Talleyrand too came often, and later Madame de Staël became the recognised head of the colony. It was an intellectual group, and it did not try to drown its sorrows in gaiety, as did another and even more aristocratic set of *émigrés*—Madame de Boufflers, '*la Reine des aristocrates réfugiés en Angleterre*,' as George Selwyn described her in one of his French phrases; the Duchesse de Biron, Madame de Roncherolles, M. de Calonne, once Controller-

General, and others who frequented Twickenham, and fluctuated in fine weather between Grenier's hotel and the Duke of Queensberry's villa, or 'The Castle at Richmond,' \* and whose quarrels angered George Selwyn, while their unfortunate condition made him sad. The exiles of Juniper Hall † were a more able and quieter group, not less unfortunate, and not without their small disagreements and rivalries, their disputes about political conduct in the terrible crisis through which their country was still passing, but bearing their poverty and their unexampled misfortunes with cheerful fortitude, endeavouring with rare determination to make the best of their exile. From the peaceful Surrey country they watched the dissolution of the old order in France, scarcely able to grasp the significance of the momentous movements, political and social, which were occurring in their own land, in the inception of which some of them had borne a part. Yet, in spite of their cares and anxieties, they succeeded in transferring something of the vivid intellectual atmosphere of the salons of St. Joseph and of the Rue St. Dominique, not ineffectually, to their English retreat; for they talked and read and argued together, sometimes at Juniper Hall, sometimes at Norbury Park, or at the Phillips's cottage, tramping to and fro along the Surrey lanes, or riding in an old-fashioned cabriolet. One morning Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, M. Sichard and M. d'Arblay came to the pleasant little dwelling, and there—just as years before La Harpe had declaimed a tragedy, and Marmontel had read one of his Moral Tales in the salon of Julie de Lespinasse—Madame de Staël read Voltaire's 'Tancréd,' till, in Fanny Burney's quaint phrase, 'she blinded 'us all round.' Another evening Fanny Burney went to dinner and 'stayed till midnight at *Junipère*, and I would,' she says, 'I could recollect but a twentieth part of the excellent things 'that were said. Madame de Staël read us the opening of her 'work "*Sur le Bonheur*," it seems to me admirable. Monsieur 'de Talleyrand avowed he had met with nothing better thought 'or more ably expressed, it contains the most touching allusions

---

\* 'We all dine to-day at the Castle. Mme. la Comtesse Balbi chooses to give a dinner *there* to all her friends, the Mesdames Boufflers, the Comte de Boisselin, &c. The Duke, Mie Mie and I are invited' (George Selwyn, 'His Letters and his Life,' ed. E. S. Roscoe and Helen Clergue).

† Miss Hill's work, 'Juniper Hall,' gives some pleasant descriptions of this house and neighbourhood; portions of Madame d'Arblay's Letters and Diaries, and other material, are ingeniously woven into a readable book, in which a part is on the subject of the French exiles in England.

'to their country's calamities.' Literature was, in fact, the chief basis of union between this group of refugees and their English friends. The intercourse which had existed in Paris between cultivated Englishmen and French men and women, such as the intimacy between Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand, between Hume and Lord Shelburne and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, was in fact continued at Norbury Park and Juniper Hall. It was an unexampled and dramatic transformation from the cosmopolitan salon in the Rue St. Dominique to the quiet picture-room, as it was called, at Norbury Park, and the pretty parlour at Mickleham; from the princely hotels and the brilliant salons of St. Germain to the secluded gardens and rustic lanes of Surrey. When in 1766 Rousseau, condemned by the Parliament of Paris, was a homeless fugitive, and 'Emile' and the 'Contrat Social' were ordered by the Council of Geneva to be burnt by the common hangman, it was Hume who took him to England, welcomed him, helped him, and housed him. It was Arthur Young who, in 1793, received the Duc de Liancourt at Bradfield, and found a house for the liberal and broad-minded nobleman who, in spite of high civic virtues, had barely escaped with his life, and assisted him to the utmost of his power.\* The second welcome was the natural sequence to the first, each was part of a continuous international friendship between important, though small, sections of the two peoples. To the claims of literature was added a true sympathy on the part of Englishmen for men in adversity, and on the other marked admiration of the political freedom and constitution of their temporary country: an admiration which, though often expressed,† no one had ever supposed would be gratified by personal experience. But without the common feeling engendered by common literary tastes, increased by a common admiration on each side of the Channel for the literary and philosophical masterpieces of each country which was so striking a characteristic of the best French and English society in the middle of the eighteenth century, we should never have seen the unique comradeship which continued for some time in Surrey, and which, for Fanny Burney, had such momentous results. It was in fact not a mere isolated event, but the last phase of this notable intercourse, which finally ceased when the exiles returned to their own country or found fresh homes in Switzerland or

\* See Edinburgh Review, April 1903. 'A Liberal French Noble of the Revolution.'

† 'Il n'y a que la gloire de Voltaire qui pourrait me consoler de n'être pas née Anglaise,' Mademoiselle de Lespinasse says in the midst of a eulogy on English politics.



Germany. The long Napoleonic wars, the complete change in the Court life of France, the patriotic animosity of the political leaders in either country, ultimately extinguished a pleasant phenomenon in the relations of the two countries, which in a manner and for a time drew fresh life from the Revolution, and which was not without its influence on the intellectual development of France and England.

Everyone knows that, in spite of her father's passive disapproval, Fanny Burney was married to M. d'Arblay at Mickleham Church on July 31, 1793, that for some time they lived in a humble cottage at Bookham, where General d'Arblay worked vigorously in his garden. It was true love in a cottage, for their income of 125*l.* consisted chiefly of Fanny Burney's allowance from the Queen. But the publication of '*Camilla*' brought in a round sum of money, which was spent on the building of a cottage on the confines of Norbury Park. *Camilla Cottage*, as it was well called, was a plain and rather box-like little building of two stories, with two low gable or 'saddle-back' roofs, and a quaint kind of bow on the main front—not very substantially built, for, wrote Madame d'Arblay, 'it is only 'of lath and plaster.'

The rest of Fanny Burney's life, though less peaceful than that of her earlier days, is less important to her successors. She had ceased to be the portrait-painter of English society, and became simply an eminent woman passing through many personal trials—exile, and family losses.

Forty years in a century is the full span of existence of many, yet for forty years of the nineteenth century Madame d'Arblay was alive. First came two years in England, next four years in France, again four years in England, then a return to France and the eventful Hundred Days in Belgium, then the final landing on her native shores, and lastly a residence of a quarter of a century in England.

These changes themselves compose a life of singular variety, and in a few letters and meagre notes for a diary we can follow it almost to its end. But it was one little suited to the delicate spirit of Fanny Burney, who loved the peace of English rural life, who had been bred up in an intellectual yet a homely society in London, of which her father's house and Mr. Thrale's villa at Streatham had at first been the centres. 'Our retreat, 'our books, our scribbling, our garden, our unique mode of life,' all these, which Fanny Burney loved at *Camilla Cottage*, were not to be enjoyed in these later years. And when the time came for a final and more tranquil existence at home, Madame d'Arblay was alone, as it were a shadow from another world.

She always had friends, and her buoyant temperament kept her ever a cheerful companion. To Mrs. Thrale had succeeded Mrs. Delany, and to Mrs. Delany Mrs. Lock, and Samuel Rogers had become the successor of Johnson. Mrs. Thrale, or Mrs. Piozzi, after a lapse of friendship, reappeared, it is true, but she died twenty years before her once young friend, to the end vivacious and vigorous. In this last space of time it is only as an old lady that we can picture Fanny Burney, perusing her father's masses of memoranda, notes and letters, recalling to herself in the task of preparing her memoirs the friends who were long ago departed, herself still known to the well-informed, but almost as much a memorial of the past as the statues in Westminster Abbey. 'Was introduced by Rogers to the celebrated authoress of "*Evelina*" and "*Cecilia*"—an elderly lady with no remains of personal beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, a pleasing expression of countenance, and apparently quick feelings.' Such is Scott's description of her in 1826, fourteen years before her death, her mind still keenly active, for she told him that she especially had wished to see two persons, himself and George Canning. But she was then no more a part of the age and society of the moment than one of Gainsborough's or Reynolds's portraits of her contemporaries; she was no longer Fanny Burney, the 'little character-monger' of the pleasant times of Johnson and Garrick, or the sympathetic friend of the French exiles, but an elderly lady whom people looked at almost with a sense of awe as a kind of living antiquarian relic. No! Fanny Burney, the memorable diarist and the novelist of the eighteenth century, died with it, for she never really lived after she first set foot on the packet at Dover; for us she did not survive Walpole or Selwyn or Mrs. Delany, and each belongs to the same epoch.

Madame d'Arblay lies by the side of her husband and son in the quiet and sunny burial-ground of Walcot Church; now disused and somewhat forlorn, it is surrounded entirely by the houses of Bath. The plain slab which marks her grave is but a decaying and undecipherable stone, yet she has a fitting resting place, in its proximity to the city of Bath, which, above all other places in England, is a permanent monument of the eighteenth century, teeming with personal memories of nearly every man and woman of it who is worth remembrance. And, though Madame d'Arblay lived long into the succeeding century, she is only associated, as a woman of letters, with the eighteenth century. She is typical of some of its intellectual and social characteristics, of some of the ideals of her day, and of some old prejudices and new hopes, while her early married

life can never fail to remind later generations of that singular and unique social phenomenon so honourable to the kindly hospitality of the British people, the stay in England of the French refugees, men and women who, like M. d'Arblay, were the most amiable and unfortunate of their race. For, however much we may, by a bookish companionship, gradually grow to love Fanny Burney as did Johnson, Mrs. Thrale and any number of other friends, for her humour, her fun, her unvarying cheerfulness, her sense and her sensibility, the mere charming personality cannot in these days survive the wear of the centuries, unless, as in the case of Fanny Burney, it is in itself typical of its age, and is of one who has left some permanent work, in this instance imperishable portraits of the people of her time.

## ART. V.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY AND ITS CATALOGUE.

*The Catalogue of the British Museum Library.*

THE foundation of the British Museum library, when compared with that of several of the principal libraries in Europe, is the creation of a recent date. It is even surpassed in age by the two university libraries of our country. The Bodleian Library celebrated its tercentenary in 1902. The University Library of Cambridge slumbered peacefully, almost in total neglect, for many years, but acquired an abiding vitality when George I., in an unusual fit of generosity, bestowed upon it in 1714 the collections of Bishop Moore. The British Museum was born in 1753, when Parliament passed an Act 'for the purchase of the museum or collection of Sir Hans Sloane and of the Harleian collection of manuscripts.' The national Treasury was devoid of funds, and the purchase-money of 20,000*l.*—a small proportion of its value—asked for by the Sloane trustees had to be raised by lottery. Raised it was, but with the usual accompaniments of waste and licence.

Sloane started his scientific collections in Madeira and the West Indies, and in 1702 he obtained, by bequest, the museum of William Courten, the descendant of the Flemish family of that name, which for a time enjoyed great prosperity in England. Courten dwelt in early life at Montpellier, a city long frequented by our countrymen, and there he made the acquaintance of Sloane. Afterwards he settled in Essex Court, Middle Temple, dying in rooms crowded with curios, March 1702.

Throughout Sloane's life his emissaries were buying for him in many lands. When his treasures were secured for the nation they were deposited in Montague House, Bloomsbury, and the building was thrown open for the use and enjoyment of the public on Monday, January 15, 1759. A short account of a visit paid in that year by Miss Girle, afterwards Mrs. Lybbe Powys, is given in her diary, which was printed in 1899. Six rooms contained the whole of Sloane's books. Four volumes only were shown to the curious as possessing a great value.

For long years after its opening the accommodation for readers was very limited, and the supply of books went but a very little way towards satisfying the desire of the student. Dr. Johnson preferred to read in the King's library at Buckingham House; there is indeed no trace in his life that he ever entered the rooms at Bloomsbury for the purposes of study. Boswell, indulging in his accustomed vein of complacent satisfaction,

broke out in 1780 with the reflection that 'in London I suppose 'we may find every book that can be found anywhere'; but the truth was far removed from this patriotic outburst of exultation. The editor of the *Letters to Temple* supplied in a foot-note an amusing corrective to this high-flown expression of Boswell. 'Alas! three-quarters of a century since this was written, the 'search for Mr. Temple's publications at the British Museum 'has proved vain.' Nearly fifty more years have passed, and one work only is entered in the catalogue under the name of Temple. It was but a year before Boswell's remark that Gibbon, in a more truthful vein, had protested against the disgraceful condition of London in regard to literature. 'The greatest 'city in the world,' he exclaimed, 'is still destitute of a public 'library; and the writer who has undertaken to treat any large 'historical subject is reduced to the necessity of purchasing for 'his private use a numerous and valuable collection of the 'books which must form the basis of his work.'

Gray, whose tastes were more widespread in literature than those of Johnson or Gibbon, often during his visits in London repaired from his lodgings in Jermyn Street or in Southampton Row to the collections at Montague House. He has left for our amusement a description of the company which he met there; and he thought so much of his phrases that he repeated them, with but slight alteration, to his correspondents. 'I this 'day,' he writes, 'passed through the jaws of a great leviathan 'that lay in my way into the belly of Dr. Templeman, Super- 'intendent of the reading room, who congratulated himself on 'the sight of so much good company. We were: a man who 'writes for Lord Royston; a man who writes for Dr. Burton 'of York; a third who writes for the Emperor of Germany, or 'Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; Dr. 'Stukeley, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could 'write for; and I, who only read to know if there is anything 'worth printing, and that not without some difficulty.' Mrs. Macaulay, the republican dame whom Johnson loved to demolish in argument and Wilkes delighted to ridicule with wit, frequently sought among the printed volumes and the manuscripts for materials for that history of England which has long since passed into the limbo of forgetfulness. One of the manuscripts which she had consulted was found in 1764 to be short of four leaves, and this political lady was accused of the mutilation. Much correspondence on the subject was published in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' for 1794 and 1795, but there was no record of her exclusion from the library, and the mutilation could not be definitely established against her.



Charles Lamb, when desirous of finding congenial occupation for his spare hours, after his retirement from the drudgery of the India House, hit upon the happy plan of making extracts from the stores of old English dramatic poets in the British Museum for insertion in the gossiping volumes of William Hone. He sat for hours in the 'princely apartments' of Montague House, where he had 'the range of a nobleman's library, with 'the librarian to your friend. Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the gentleman who has the chief direction 'of the reading rooms here.' That note of generous concern for the student has survived to the present day. Satisfy the superior staff and the attendants of the Museum of your genuine desire for information, and no effort on their part will be wanting to aid you in your researches. When Lamb adds the sentence that 'you have scarce to ask for a volume before it is laid before 'you,' he describes what the official of the present day is unable to accomplish. Books ever on the increase have required the construction of further apartments more and more removed from the great dome of the central reading-room, and the greater distance that the attendant has to travel does not allow him to perform such a feat of celerity. The most willing effort on his behalf cannot keep time or space within the bounds of Charles Lamb's day.

Miss Girle was not the only visitor to dwell on the comparative insufficiency of the books of the British Museum. An intelligent traveller from Germany, who visited England in 1765 and sent home to his inquiring countrymen a narrative of what attracted his observation, put on record his opinion that the printed books were the weakest part of the collection. Very imperfect, it must be confessed, seem to have been the attempts made for many years to remedy this defect. A spirit of lethargy apparently fastened on the officials who were responsible for the management of the library during the first sixty years of its life. They did not even exercise to the full the powers they enjoyed under the provisions of the Copyright Act. Perhaps they experienced in carrying out the provisions of the Act the same irritation among the publishers that Panizzi felt in the days of his responsibility, and unlike him their sense of public duty did not override their feelings of disinclination. Nor was Parliament profuse in its grants to the Museum during this period; a few thousands only were doled out at intervals, and these were bestowed with great reluctance. Most of the purchases that were made before 1815 were paid for out of the convenient bequest of 7,000*l.* by Arthur Edwards, first-major of the second troop of Horse Guards, who died in 1743. He left it, subject

to a life-interest, towards building a house in which the Cottonian Library might safely be kept; but the bequest did not lapse until subsequent dispositions rendered the expenditure in that way unnecessary, and as this fund, with accumulations, was expended in purchases of books and antiquities, it made up in some measure for the stinginess of Parliament. Great energy has been shown during the last forty years in repairing the neglect of the custodians in past ages, but even now the lacunæ in English literature, from 1760 onwards, are both numerous and important. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that were the books and pamphlets criticised in the columns of the 'Monthly Review,' and mentioned in the quarto volumes of the 'Bibliotheca Britannica' of the laborious and starved Robert Watt, to be searched for under the names of the authors in the Museum Library Catalogue, at least a third would be found wanting.

Private liberality made up, in some measure, for the stinginess of the State. The collections were no sooner thrown open to the world than a generous and learned Jew, Solomon Da Costa, gave his library of Hebrew books 'to this magnanimous nation' in return for the numberless blessings which had been showered upon him since his arrival in England in 1704; and this act of generosity on his part, be it remembered, was only five years after the Jewish Naturalisation Bill had been repealed as a concession to the clamour of the populace. In 1762 the King purchased for 300*l.* the vast collection of Civil War Tracts, about 30,000 articles bound in 2,000 volumes, which George Thomason, a London bookseller under the Commonwealth, had brought together. Anyone who has seen, even for a moment, a bound volume of these dumpy quarto tracts will never lose the recollection of their elaborate title-pages, with the lengthy citations in many cases from the Scriptures, and with the date of purchase written thereon by the accurate and unwearied collector. A lengthy article on them appeared in the third volume of 'Bibliographica,' and it is pleasant to read in the last report of the National collections that a *catalogue raisonné* of this marvellous section of English literature is being pressed to completion. It is stated officially that 8,489 titles are already printed.

In 1766 the library of the industrious Thomas Birch came to the British Museum by bequest, and at his death in 1779 Garrick left to it that collection of plays which Charles Lamb enjoyed to the full. Birch, it may be remarked, was the opposite of Oliver Goldsmith, for although 'brisk as a bee in conversation, 'the pen in his hand acted as a torpedo and benumbed all his 'faculties.' Partly by gift in 1790, and partly by bequest in

1799, there came to Great Russell Street the books of Sir William Musgrave, whose name has recently been revived in the minds of English pedigree-hunters through the publication in the issues of the Harleian Society of the biographical Memoranda which the laborious reading of a lifetime had enabled him to amass. In the last-mentioned year Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, the oddest of book-buyers at an epoch of oddities who collected, bequeathed to the nation a library of about 4,500 volumes, without a rival for rareness and for the beauty of their bindings. The law library of Francis Hargrave was purchased in 1838, and the books of Charles Burney, a collection especially rich in the editions of the Greek tragedians, was secured in 1818.

These additions, valuable as they were, were dwarfed soon after the accession of George IV. by the transfer to the Museum of the King's library from Buckingham Palace. The conditions under which it ceased to be the private property of the monarch and became vested in the nation at large may best be left unmentioned. The nucleus of the collection was bought from Joseph Smith, the British Consul at Venice, in 1765; but with successive years the library was largely augmented by the purchases abroad, as well as in this country, which were made by George III. on the advice of his illegitimate relation, Sir Francis Barnard. The Italian library of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who had spent five years in ransacking the stores of Italian *cognoscenti*, was given in 1825; and two years later there was added the botanical library, about 16,000 volumes, of Sir Joseph Banks, a library familiar to scientific students throughout the world by the classified catalogue which the skill of Jonas Dryander constructed.

A very happy life was that of Mr. Thomas Grenville, the most popular member of that family of commanding influence. He lived to a good old age, softened by the attentions of his friends, and a lucrative sinecure which he enjoyed for many years enabled him to gratify his desire for valuable books. When approaching his death, he remembered the fount from which he had drawn a large part of his resources, and with the remark that, as the books came from the nation they ought to go to the nation, he left all his library to the British Museum. Until a few years since these gifts were catalogued separately in the volumes which Payne and Foss had compiled; but the titles are now included in the general catalogue, with the distinctive prefix, unique among these gifts of private persons, of G. Mr. Grenville's books are not, however, available for the reader, unless the work asked for should not be contained in the general collection, or the especial copy which Mr. Grenville

bequeathed should happen to possess a variation from the rest of the edition. When the volumes were brought to the Museum they were counted, and the total was 20,239. They were all in admirable condition, the beauty of the bindings being especially noticeable, and it was stated that Mr. Grenville had expended upon them no less than 54,000*l*.

Down to this date the library of the British Museum was rather an aggregation of gifts from private persons than a collection that had been formed of purchases by the State; and as many of the donors were possessed of similar tastes, or felt the necessity of buying the works of the popular author of the day, a considerable number of duplicates encumber the shelves. A second copy of a work in some demand is often convenient, and moving stories have been told of the satisfaction of two enthusiasts, coming from remote parts of England on the same day to consult the same book, at finding that the possession of duplicates enabled each of them to have a copy at his desk. An isolated case of this kind may happen once in a century. But it is difficult to justify on any ground the continued possession of five copies of Brook Taylor's '*Contemplatio Philosophica*,' or of seven copies of the '*Vindication of the appendix to the poems called Rowley's*,' by Thomas Tyrwhitt.

One more collection, that of Mr. Henry Spencer Ashbee, remains to be mentioned. He was an Englishman who could speak and write in French with the accent and the skill of the Parisian, and the books which he loved most were the creations of our neighbours across the Channel. The bibliography of Tunisia which he compiled was a not unpleasing subject for French tastes; and his articles on many illustrious book-collectors, born on British soil but acclimatised to foreign countries, of whom Quintin Craufurd was a type, were readily admitted to the *annuaire* of the *Société des Amis des Livres* or to the columns of '*L'Intermédiaire*,' the French attractive counterpart of our own delightful '*Notes and Queries*.' His '*Iconography of Don Quixote*' ranks among the most valuable of the illustrated monographs of the Bibliographical Society, and the three volumes which he printed for private circulation under the *nom de guerre* of Pisanus Fraxi, though dealing with unsavoury subjects, are often in demand, especially among lovers of old romances. It is a curious circumstance, not devoid of humour, that these three volumes, which this benefactor of the British Museum took years to compile, are not to be found under his name in the catalogue of the library. The authorities at the Museum take upon themselves the task of guarding the reader from impure literature, and books of that class are rigidly excluded from the

volumes of the catalogue. It would perhaps be better were they entered with some especial mark to show their character. Under the present system the student does not know whether these works are in the library or not, and the superintendent who is charged with the duty of granting or refusing the use of this class of literature must often have his time wasted by a request, which he cannot answer at the moment, for a volume not to be found within the library. Mr. Ashbee's bequest to the nation, it may be added, filled many a gap in the collection of modern French literature.

Nearly thirty years elapsed after the foundation of the library before a printed catalogue of its contents was published. It came out in 1787 in two folio volumes, and its chief compiler was the Rev. Samuel Ayscough, one of the most industrious cataloguers and indexers that the British Museum has produced. Another space of thirty years passed away, and a more extended catalogue was found necessary. This was in seven octavo volumes, and it was issued between the years 1813 and 1819 under the editorial care of Sir Henry Ellis and the Rev. H. H. Baber. Its appearance will not be forgotten by those readers whose tickets date from about 1870, for the older books in the library, which were entered in its pages under the concluding letters of the alphabet, had not at that time been incorporated in the new manuscript catalogue. The original octavo pages had been pasted on to the leaves of more than 100 folio volumes. Erasure succeeded erasure and interlineation followed upon interlineation. Its appearance was not attractive to the eye, and to consult it required a strong determination, but without a reference to its columns it could not be ascertained whether or not a particular volume was on the shelves of the library.

A great awakening came with the advent of Panizzi, who was brought into the British Museum by the influence of Lord Brougham on April 27, 1831. This Italian refugee from petty tyranny, this foreigner, as vulgar opponents dubbed him, was instinct with energy, and it was not long before he endeavoured to impress upon the various sections of the Museum the ideas which were seething in his mind. But the English nation, although all ranks of society have, especially since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, felt the benefits arising from an infusion of foreign blood, does not love the alien, and the noise of battle that long rolled over the administration of the reading room was made louder by the fact that Panizzi was the native of another land. Half the English men of letters were at one time or other against him and his plans. Sir Harris Nicolas, the ablest of antiquaries, but a querulous critic, produced some



violent 'Animadversions on the Library and Catalogues of the 'British Museum.' Bolton Corney's great learning was cast into the scale against him, with a brochure of 'Bibliographic 'projects, specimen of a proposed Catalogue of the Royal Library 'preserved in the British Museum;' and Payne Collier threw into the arena 'Twenty-five titles of common place books made 'in the course of an hour,' whereupon Mr. Winter Jones retorted that 'on the average each title had two faults.' Carlyle had a grievance of his own which he urged with persistency.

The keen intellect and dialectical skill of Panizzi proved more than a match for his assailants, without and within the Museum. He maintained his supremacy at Great Russell Street for long years, and died amid the regrets of all the bookmen in the country of his adoption.

Nevertheless Panizzi had his failures as well as his triumphs, and his chief trouble arose over the new printed catalogue of the books. In 1839 he gathered around him the principal officials of the library, and with their co-operation drew up the famous ninety-one rules, under which the compilation of the new catalogue was to be undertaken. They were sanctioned by the trustees on July 13, 1839, and printed on July 15, 1841. Some fifty years later, *i.e.* in 1900, they were codified into thirty-nine, and were somewhat simplified; but in substance they are still intact, nor is it likely that rules framed by such competent hands will undergo material alteration in the future. A printed explanation of them by Mr. F. E. Blackstone passed into a second edition in 1889, and in the same year was translated into French. These rules of Panizzi have in the main stood the test of time, but the first volume of the printed catalogue, consisting of letter A, which was constructed under their guidance and issued in 1841, had no successor. The task was begun without due thought for the future, and the other letters of the alphabet were found, when letter A was passed through the press, not to be ready for the compositor. Much confusion ensued, and the delay threatened to be so protracted that the whole matter was dropped. By 1848 the new catalogue had not progressed, even in manuscript, beyond letter D. Panizzi, out-Heroding Herod, ventured in 1847 to make the dogmatic assertion that it would not be ripe for printing before 1860 and that it 'would require thirty-five years to pass the catalogue 'through the press, and when completed in 1895 it would represent the state of the library in 1854 or 1860 as to all the letters 'of the alphabet.'

With this fiasco a new arrangement was required, and the preparation of a manuscript catalogue was at once set in hand.

John Wilson Croker, always acute when freed from prejudices, and a good friend to the Museum, was one of the two minds that independently conceived the idea of 'keeping up the catalogue 'on movable slips pasted on the leaf and thus admitting of displacement.' It was officially known as the old transcribed catalogue, each written entry being transcribed on thin paper and pasted into a large folio volume. Cary, the translator of Dante, had worked at it, and with its progress are associated the names of Edward Edwards and Shedden Ralston. This was the system in force for not less than forty years, during which period the entries in the old catalogue, all of them being rewritten on separate slips, and the entries required for the current accessions were incorporated in a long series of manuscript volumes, which by 1880 numbered nearly 3,000. They were placed on the uppermost tier of shelves running from end to end of the large room, and, had volumes of that character been in use at the present date, would have crossed and recrossed the room several times over. How great has been the condensation obtained by the introduction of a printed catalogue can be realised by the fact that the works of a popular author who died in 1883 filled twelve pages of the manuscript catalogue, and are contracted into two in its printed successor. It is obvious that the housing of a catalogue of the old sort in the reading room would at this date have severely taxed the resources of those responsible for its management.

In 1881 the trustees resolved upon the production of a printed catalogue, and the officials at the Treasury were persuaded to provide the requisite funds. Nearly twenty years were spent on the labour, and in the autumn of 1900 the last volume of the old manuscript catalogue was discarded for its printed substitute. It was estimated by that time that the printed volumes contained close on 4,500,000 entries. The new system meets with universal approval, the condensation in space and the relief to the eye in consulting a printed catalogue proving a great boon to the hurried student. Three sets of the catalogue are always kept in hand for the necessary purposes of expansion and revision, twenty volumes or so of those in the reading room being displaced almost daily for those of the same lettering which have been brought up to date in the innermost recesses of the building. The volumes of the catalogue are ever on the increase, and so are the students who use them. Their pages are consulted more frequently than those of any other volumes in the whole world, and at some definite times, say a Saturday afternoon in a winter month, the impatient reader must often wait his turn before getting the particular volume that he requires.

An enumeration taken on a day in July 1905 showed that the folio volumes of the set of catalogues then in the room had reached the total of 930. Each volume contains what is estimated to be a sufficiency of blank space for the insertion of new entries from the fortnightly lists of accessions; but the productions of the prolific authors of the present age baffle the calculations of the shrewdest bibliographer. No wonder, then, that during 1904 no fewer than 41,060 title slips were removed and reinserted in each of the three copies of the printed catalogue, and that to each set 807 new leaves were added.

For magnitude letter S bears the palm. Ninety-six volumes in all have been required for setting out the various works catalogued under names beginning with that letter. For Shakespeare, as might be expected, more entries are required than for any other individual author, and the Shakespeare collection at the British Museum is far more complete than any other in Europe or America. Splendid as it is, many works in connection with him are not to be found in it. Some day perchance an enthusiastic bibliographer will arise to make a complete description of Shakespearean literature, and he will then discover that these collections must be supplemented elsewhere. To make a Shakespeare bibliography it will be necessary to investigate the special collections of Shakespeariana in the free libraries of Birmingham and Cambridge; the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge; the Barton Library at Boston (U.S.); the Lenox Library at New York; and the library of the German Shakespeare Society at Weimar, the catalogue of which, under the fostering care of Herr von Bojanowski, has reached a fifth edition. The other principal elements under S are the names with the prefix Saint or Sainte, the abundance of Smiths, and the vast army of German writers with S as the initial letter of their names.

P reaches the same total of volumes as S, but the struggle for equality is not genuine, inasmuch as under that letter are included the twenty-one volumes grouped together under the artificial heading of periodicals. Eighty-three volumes are required for letter M, seventy-seven are demanded by L, and seventy-six are perforce conceded to letter B; but the former of the last two includes the entries under the composite titles of 'Liturgies' and 'London,' and in the latter case nineteen volumes are filled with the descriptions of the matchless collection of Bibles. Ten volumes in the thirty-nine assigned to A are occupied with the entries under the fanciful heading of 'Academies'; and the glory of letter E is the list of tracts and pamphlets under the heading of 'England,' the compilation of which, and of its

enormous title-index, is understood to have been the work of Mr. Barwick, the present superintendent of the reading room. The full enumeration of the volumes is worthy of reproduction. 39 A, 76 B, 51 C, 30 D, 38 E, 34 F, 37 G, 41 H, 26 I and J, 22 K, 77 L, 83 M, 21 N, 15 O, 96 P, 2 Q, 54 R, 96 S, 42 T, 18 U and V, 26 W, 2 X and Y, 4 Z; 930 in all. It will be observed that the authorities still continue the pedantic practice of uniting in one sequence the entries under I and J, and under U and V. This is a chronic source of vexation for those ignorant of the custom, or forgetful in such details. It would entail very slight labour or expense to make the entries under the names accord with modern usage, and so remove a stumbling-block out of the way of many eager students.

What, then, was the system for the construction of this gigantic undertaking which was laid down by Panizzi and his assessors in their ninety-one rules? It was decreed that the entries in the catalogue should, as far as possible, be arranged under the names of the authors, and that under each author the various works should be set out in strictly alphabetical order by the first word other than an article. This was the plan imposed by authority in 1841, and this was the system adhered to down to a recent date. But of late years the trained minds responsible for the formation of the catalogue have realised from bitter experience that in the case of authors of European fame, with many works of their own composition reaching into incessant editions, and with numerous treatises written about them by literary students throughout the world, further subdivision had become essential. The modification in the existing system, which was thereupon introduced, was received with great favour. The following subdivisions, which are employed in the pages devoted to Dante, will enable the reader to imagine for himself the arrangement adopted in the case of the other great writers of world-wide reputation. The works arranged under his name are given in fifty-eight distinct divisions. The first section, as might reasonably be expected, consists of the editions of his complete works, which is followed by those of smaller collections. Then come several separate pieces, such as 'Canzoniere,' 'Convito,' 'Credo,' 'De Monarchia,' and 'De Vulgari Eloquentia.' We have now come to the 'Divina Commedia,' the editions of which are set out in twenty-eight different languages, and with minor sub-headings for parodies, dictionaries, concordances, and the like. After this succeed other smaller pieces by him, such as his 'Questio,' 'De Aqua et Terra,' 'I Sette Salmi Penitenziali,' 'Vita Nuova,' letters, and supposititious works. The last pages are assigned to an appendix,

with the sub-headings of biography, bibliography, works on Beatrice, sixth centenary. With these lists nearly the whole of a complete volume of ninety leaves is filled. What a boon this system of subdivision has been, the student who retains in his recollection the undivided entries under the name of such authors will not be slow to acknowledge.

The names of English authors present, as a rule, but slight difficulty either for the cataloguer or the consulter of the catalogue. But in a few instances, and those not without importance, the plan in force in the construction of the catalogue of our national collections has not met with universal approval among English librarians. Indeed, we believe that the system laid down by the council of the Library Association imposes different conditions. These exceptions are mainly to be found in the cases of peers and of authors who by marriage or accession of property have changed their names. The works of a peer are to be found under his family name; all the publications of a lady, who, though married, came before the world as an author under her maiden name, remain under the patronymic which she used in the first instance. Two instances of this will suffice. Any publications by or relating to Mr. Fox-Maule, who afterwards became, in the first instance, Lord Panmure, and then Marquis of Dalhousie, would have to be looked for under his original name. The charming novels and essays penned by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie are entered under 'Thackeray, afterwards Ritchie, Anne Isabella.' This mode of arrangement creates some delay for the reader who does not remember the family names of the members of the peerage or the natal names of ladies who have written both as spinsters and wives; but any other plan would entail a succession of shiftings in the catalogues, or an undesirable separation in different volumes of the works of an individual writer. In cases of this kind difficulties would occur under any system.

The student who is engaged with the works of foreign writers will frequently be disturbed in his temper by the additional labour to which he is subjected by the mode adopted by the authorities at the British Museum. It would be nothing to say that they outdo in the pedantry of precision our sprightly neighbours across the Channel. Even the matter-of-fact Teutons lag behind them. Time after time does it come home by a sad experience to a reader desirous of consulting the writings of Voltaire that he should put on one side the natural supposition of finding them in a volume under letter V. He is driven to the other end of the alphabet to look for them under Arouet. It profits nothing to remind the officials that to his own country-



men he is known as Voltaire, and Voltaire alone. Quérard and Bengesco may issue their elaborate compilations as 'Bibliographie Voltairienne,' and Gustave Desnoiresterres may spend his energies on an 'Iconographie Voltairienne.' Such examples are of no avail in Bloomsbury; there, and there alone, he is Arouet, and every Voltairean student must look for his works under that name.\* Nor is this a solitary example; it is part of an elaborate system of misdirection. Montesquieu is the natural heading in the eyes of the directors of 'La Grande Encyclopédie' for the life of that illustrious philosopher; but in the catalogue of the British Museum Library his disquisitions are ranged under Secondat. We have all been familiar from childhood with the name of Fénelon; but to the grown-up chroniclers in our chief library that attribution is an error for Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon. With the writers in other countries similar changes occur. Sleidan is the name by which the German ecclesiastical historian is known both in this country and to the compilers of the *Konversations-lexikon* of Brockhaus in his own land; but in this vast catalogue he figures as Philipppson Joannes, *Sleidanus*.

Librarians in all countries have found the difficulty of laying down definite rules for the cataloguing of anonymous and pseudonymous works. Many in the former division are descriptions of countries and towns or are treatises on definite subjects, and such are set out under the various headings to which they relate. Many in the second class are veiled in the obscurity of a cryptic designation, such as the words 'by a lady' or 'by a layman.' The separate works entered as 'by a lady' are so numerous that an enterprising bibliographer published some twenty-five years ago a list of 'aggravating ladies' who had sent forth their lucubrations to the world in that disguise, and remained concealed even from his penetrating gaze, and the enumeration amounted to 151. These works will be found under the words 'Lady' or 'Layman,' but had any one of them been published as 'by a poetic enthusiast' or 'by a student of religion,' other and more cumbrous means would have been required for their discovery in the catalogue. The existing rule for anonymous works, even in its simple form, contains many mysterious instructions. Perhaps the most important subdivision is that which ordains that a certain class must be looked for under the 'first substantive in the title' or 'the first word other than an article.' These instructions, although

---

\* Since these lines were in type, the entries have been transferred from Arouet to Voltaire, and the article has, in addition to the usual table of contents, been supplemented by 'an index to Voltaire's works.' This is a happy omen for further improvements.

it would not be an easy labour to simplify them, open up so many ambiguities that the search for a work of this description often involves, even to the initiated, many a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

In the catalogue of the British Museum a work published under an initial or a pseudonym always remains in that condition. The explanation given is that cross-references must be 'from real names to initials, pseudonyms.' We venture to think that it would have been better for the general reader had the contrary plan been adopted, so that all anonymous works, when their authorship was definitely established, should be chronicled under the names of their writers. Under the present system the main entry of an author's genius, the novel or the poem by which he has leapt into fame in a single day, continues under the initial or the fanciful designation by which he veiled his personality, and is thus divorced from his later productions, which are duly catalogued under his name. The effect of this rule must be unsatisfactory in many an instance; but a well-known bibliographer has pointed out to us the most striking example. All the anonymous editions of 'Waverley,' those which were thumb'd by our ancestors just a century ago, are entered under Waverley, while the issues which bear on the title-page the name of the author are inserted under the name of Sir Walter Scott. Moreover, when the system of cross-references was first drawn up, and for years after that date, sufficient information for the student's purpose was not given in the referring entry. The press-mark was always omitted, so that the inquirer was perforce compelled to seek in another volume for the information which would enable him to insert in the necessary 'ticket' the particulars by which the attendant could find the work on the shelves. In another respect the old cross-references were wanting in fullness of detail. The full Christian names of the authors to whom the reader was referred were not supplied in them—a bare initial was given. He might be told to look for the work which he was seeking under Smith, J., when he would find it necessary to wade through about eighty folio pages. In these, as in many other matters, great improvements have been effected of late years, and it is much to be hoped that the funds placed by the State at the disposal of the trustees will enable them to remove the defects of the old entries.

Two divisions of the catalogue attract the instant attention of the novice. To the initiated in the mysteries of the library they are familiar as the sections of academies and periodical publications. The first of them includes the official issues of the universities, and the transactions of the learned societies

throughout the world, and the title selected for the section is so far removed from the natural expression of an English tongue as to justify the current belief that the heading was invented by a bookman not born among us. The second speaks for itself, but many an inquirer must have felt a doubt whether the publication he was in quest of would be considered a periodical or a newspaper. Were it deemed by the authorities to come under the heading of newspapers, no place at all would, until a few weeks ago, have been found for it in the catalogue; but a new special catalogue for newspapers, in six volumes, has recently been added to the shelves. That in the interests of a special student the entries grouped together under these two sections are a matter of some convenience, and that the arrangement might for that reason be maintained, may at once be conceded. But this could be done in the inner rooms of this vast organisation, where the volumes could be kept for the benefit of this exceptional student. For cataloguing purposes the existence of these sections as a part of the general catalogue involves much needless cross-reference; while to the general reader the system is not infrequently misleading, and on busy days it inflicts on him some discomfort. The grouping together of all the entries for these attractive publications draws to those parts of the desk a crowd of inquirers. To find a particular volume is often a work of much labour, and when found it is probably in the hands of someone else. We will take as an example the entries in the catalogue under the granite city of Aberdeen. Under that heading, as in the case of every other city, come the two warnings, 'For academies and learned societies at Aberdeen, see Academies, etc., Aberdeen,' and 'For periodical publications issued at Aberdeen, see Periodical publications, Aberdeen.' These two entries repeated in every instance where a city, such as Aberdeen or Augsburg, possesses a learned society or a journal as well as official publications chronicled under the city itself, are in themselves responsible, when added together, for many hundreds of lines. But this is only a small portion of the cross-references rendered necessary by this system. Let us glance at the details under Aberdeen, and we shall find that they contain ten cross-references to academies and six to periodicals, the whole of which might be abolished were these publications catalogued, as we would venture to suggest, under the word 'Aberdeen.' Moreover, the adoption of the section of academies necessitates the construction of one volume as a key to its contents, while the division of periodical publications requires the compilation of five volumes of index.

We may further point out that the distinction between the entries placed under these headings and the rest of the catalogue does not always present for the ordinary student an easy line of demarcation. The entries relating to Aberdeen supply a concrete example of this initial difficulty. The Aberdeen Medical Society publications are detailed under Academies, Aberdeen, while those concerning the Aberdeen Artists' Society are set under the city of Aberdeen. Were we to pursue our investigations into other learned or scientific institutions, we should find the same difficulty in discrimination. The College of Physicians, facing Pall Mall East and Trafalgar Square, is a familiar building externally to most of us; and to find the publications emanating from that august edifice we should naturally, knowing the rudiments of the Museum system of classification, turn to the section of academies; nor should we come away disappointed. Did we, however, require the volumes relating to the Society of Apothecaries, we should be sadly at sea did we expect to find them chronicled under the same section as those of their colleagues in the healing art. For them we must turn to the heading of London. Another instance of this ambiguity occurs to us. We wish to consult an article in the '*Revue des Langues Romanes*,' and we at once betake ourselves to the section of periodical publications and open the index volume containing that entry. Yes, it is there, and we search for the volume to which we are referred. It is found and opened at the place indicated, when the irritated reader discovers that he is despatched to the other end of the room to begin his labour afresh under Academies, Montpellier. With the generality of the reading public in Bloomsbury nothing would be more popular than the abolition of these separate sections.

In the section of academies, and under various composite heads in the other volumes of the catalogue, the information given is sometimes inadequate, and in the case of further rearrangement and revision the entries might be amplified. The same treatment has not been applied to the publications of all the learned societies. In the case of the Chetham and Surtees Societies the whole of their issues are specified in detail, and it is possible for the student to ask for one of them without knowing beforehand the exact description of the volume or the name of the editor. But in the case of the Percy Society the whole entry in the catalogue of its works consists of the following words: 'Percy Society. Early English poetry, ballads, and 'popular literature of the Middle Ages. Edited from original 'manuscripts and scarce publications. 31 vols. Lond. 1842, '40-52.' And unless the student brings to his task such definite

information respecting the volume of which he is in search as to enable him to find it elsewhere in the catalogue, he must go away empty. Nor, to take a composite heading, can such an entry as 'Bridgewater Treatises. The Bridgewater treatises on 'the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the 'creation. 8 treatises in 12 vol. Lond. 1833-7, 80,' be considered up to the usual level of cataloguing in Bloomsbury. Surely the whole of the treatises should be set out in a brief form. As matters now stand, the inquirer, unless he knows the name of the author to whom the special subject was entrusted, must go elsewhere to find the name under which it is entered, or must ask for the complete set. These remarks apply to a number of similar entries. Under the name of Edward Arber the invaluable reprints of the works of English writers which have been issued under his editorial superintendence are summed up in the words: 'English reprints. . . . '1868, etc., in progress.' Surely in the case of composite sets like these a list of the various publications should be appended.

The changes in the formation of this noble production that we have presumed to indicate as desirable would not require any large increase in the number of the staff nor any considerable expenditure in money. A few additional hundreds per annum would cover the whole expense. But another branch of the library has of late years provoked much adverse comment, and to place it in a satisfactory condition would entail a larger sum. This is the binding department. No censure can be passed, we may remark at once, on the officials of this responsible branch for the cruel delay in binding which occurs so often. The manner in which the books are bound in 1905 maintains the high standard which was established many years ago. But the amount which is annually allowed by the Treasury for binding does not enable the officers to cope with the arrears of past ages. The binding is, and will remain unless further funds are supplied, hopelessly behindhand.\* It was buzzed about in the reading-room a few weeks since that when a demand was made by a reader for the last bound volume of an important Continental review, no later volume than that of 1888 could be produced. This, if the rumour be true, is no doubt an exceptional backwardness in binding. But it would not be too much to assert that most of the foreign reviews and transactions, and most of the general publications from abroad which have been received at the Museum during the last six years, are still in the original covers of their issue. The reader asking for them

---

\* The same remarks apply to the splendid collection of printed maps and charts.



would, after a considerable delay, either find his ticket returned to him with a printed intimation that 'this book is at the binders', and that 'if urgently required application should be made to 'the superintendent of the reading-room,' or he would be requested to step into the inner room, when the numbers for the year would be produced in a covering of brown paper tied up with string. In either case considerable delay has been inflicted on the inquirer, and several officials, already overworked, have had fresh labours cast upon them. If the words of the readers could penetrate into the ears of the trustees, the bitter cry that would reach them would be the unanimous demand that further and continuous pressure should be put on the Treasury for a special grant to bring the bindings up to the level of the current year.

Such considerations as these must not blind us to the fact that a great work is being done at the library of the British Museum. We may confidently dwell with pride on the efficiency of its administration. At no time during the last forty years has greater zeal or skill been shown in its management than can be claimed for it in 1905. Its usefulness increases every year. The number of visitors to the reading-room in 1904 was, in round numbers, 226,000, against 188,500 in 1899; 22,000 applied for papers in the newspaper room in 1904, against 19,000 five years previously; and in the same period the number of the learned studying in the cool backwater of the Oriental room mounted up from 2,862 to 3,595. The daily average of readers in the reading-room is returned as 742, and each of them was supplied with more than seven volumes. The number of volumes replaced in the general library after use in this room is given as 894,627, and 663,738 were kept from day to day in the presses for the use of particular readers. Every day a ton weight of publications is received in the building; but fortunately the authorities are now provided with ample space for housing the accessions of many years yet to come.\* In 1904 there were printed for the general catalogue 33,121 titles, 742 index slips, and, as we have already mentioned, 8,489 titles for a catalogue of the Thomason tracts. Once a fortnight a

---

\* The trustees have not at present the power of rejecting any printed matter that is sent to them, nor is it competent for them to dispose of duplicates. They receive daily large quantities of such stuff as railway time-tables, cards (Christmas or otherwise), and advertisements of pills or quack medicines, the owners of which think that by deposit of the advertisements in the British Museum they acquire an additional safeguard for their property. The officials might safely be trusted with the power of refusing and discarding such worthless matter.

fresh printed list of accessions to the general collection of books is placed with unvarying punctuality on the stand, and the readers pounce on it with avidity.

Figures like these bring before us trustworthy evidence of the valuable work being carried on under the great dome of our national library. Winter or summer, fine or rainy weather, makes but little difference in the number of the readers, most of whom pursue their vocation with eager attention and with complete disregard to the surroundings of their daily life. All classes in society are represented there. The man of means who reads for instruction, without thought of publication, some work which he cannot get elsewhere; the student engaged on some laborious research in history or bibliography; the writer of articles or paragraphs for the London or provincial papers; the poverty-stricken graduate engaged in 'devilling' for some literary employer of affluence—there are samples of all these kinds within its walls. Since the reading-room was opened fifty years ago, one section of readers, that of women-students, has increased far beyond expectation. If the number of women working at the Museum is augmented in the next twenty years to the same extent as it has advanced in the last, their number will exceed that of the male students.

Much has been done for the benefit of the readers within the last half-century, but it may be doubted whether some of the advantages have not, either for lack of money or insufficiency of labourers, been allowed of late to fall into arrear. No section of knowledge has increased so abundantly during the last twenty years as the division of bibliography. The shelves allotted at Bloomsbury for its development are said to be unduly crowded—to such an extent, indeed, that a volume once drawn into that vortex and mislaid is almost beyond recovery. Yet, in spite of the vast increase in this section, it is sixteen years since the last edition of the hand list of bibliographies in the reading-room was issued. A revised edition should be brought out at an early date, and it might with judgement be amplified so as to include a selection of the more important works of this character which are retained in the inner recesses, and cannot, through want of space, be housed under the dome. The first edition of the 'books of reference in the reading-room,' which was compiled by Mr. Brenchley Rye, came out in 1859; the third and last issue appeared in 1889. A further revision of this catalogue should be commenced without delay, and it should be ascertained by careful inquiry whether the volumes on the shelves adequately represent the present conditions of scholarship. No books are more frequently referred to than the set of Mr. Fortescue's subject-index of the modern additions

to the library; they are always in the hands of eager inquirers. They should be continued for subsequent years, and carried back to an earlier date. Anderson's work on English topography is often consulted, but it was issued so far back as 1881; and with regard to this section of our national literature it may be added that the British Museum collection of works on the topography of our country needs enlargement. The catalogue of printed maps, plans, and charts issued in two volumes in 1885 should be reissued in an enlarged form, with fuller details of engravers and publishers, and with more extended cross-references. The last printed volume of the manuscript maps dates so far back as 1861. This should be brought up to date, and should include an alphabetical list of authors and draughtsmen. A combined catalogue of the maps, plans, and charts in the three departments of printed books, manuscripts, and prints would be of inestimable value. One reason for the defects in local books lies in the fact that the postage of the volumes, which the country publisher is bound, under the provisions of the Copyright Act, to present to the British Museum, proves a wearisome impost. The authorities at the Post Office should be induced to convey to Great Russell Street, free of charge, all parcels of books labelled as sent under this Act.\* Another improvement would be eagerly welcomed. This would be the institution of a reading-room for foreign periodicals and transactions, in which the student might be enabled to see the latest issues before they were sent for binding. Possibly some part of Mr. Vincent Stuckey Lean's bequest of 50,000*l.* might be diverted to such an object.

Could the shade of Antonio Panizzi revisit this land, it would find that not one of our national institutions had risen in general estimation to the same height of approval as that reached by the Library over which he presided with such zeal. Through evil report and good report—most of his days were passed under the former condition—he worked unflinchingly for its amelioration, and established it on grounds which have conduced to its present success. For general civility, for freedom from harassing restrictions, for an adequate supply of books to the individual student, no library in the world can excel that of the British Museum. Everyone who reads within its walls will pray for the continuance of these advantages, and for a developement of its resources during the next fifty years equal to that of the last half-century.

---

\* Nearly all the other countries in the civilised world allow postal privileges to their national libraries for publications delivered under the Copyright Acts.

## ART. VI.—LUCRETIUS AND HIS TIMES.

1. *T. Lucreti Cari de Rerum Natura : Revisione del testo, commento e studi introduttivi di Carlo Giussani.* Three volumes. Torino : Hermann Loescher. 1896-1898.
2. *Il Suicidio di Lucretio.* By ETTORE STAMPINI. Messina : Tipografia d'Amico. 1896.
3. *Il Suicidio di T. Lucretio.* By GIACOMO GIRI. Palermo : 1895.
4. *Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus.* By H. A. J. MUNRO. New edition. London : G. Bell and Sons. 1905.
5. *On the New Data for the Life of Lucretius.* By JOHN MASSON. ('Classical Review' for October 1896; and 'Journal of Philology,' 1895.)

THE majority of mankind in every age are disposed to accept with an easy optimism the beliefs and institutions of their day as the best and only possible, which it would be folly, if not impiety, to try to amend. Others, like Lucretius, are determined to face the actual facts of life, and to tolerate no doctrine, however sanctioned, which conflicts with these, and they spend themselves gladly in order to lift up the burdens of ignorance and superstition and convention which press heaviest on their fellow-men.

Not a few of those finer spirits have had it borne in upon them that they lived upon the brink of a new era, when the world, weary of ages of falsehood and wrong, will suddenly accept their message and society all at once be regenerated. But though Lucretius preaches his gospel with a triumphant joy and faith, before him no such golden vista expands. He was possessed by the conviction that the end of the world was nigh at hand. It was one of the leading doctrines of Epicurean science that the world, like all organisms, was born and must have its period of growth, maturity, and inevitable decay. To his boding mind the frequent earthquakes in Italy and elsewhere and the increasing barrenness of his own country indicated that the world had reached its extreme old age, and was exhausted, and must soon break up. He says :

'Nay, even now this age in which we live is enfeebled, and the earth, exhausted by bearing, scarce can bring forth small living things, she who produced all races and brought forth the huge bodies of wild beasts. . . . And now the aged ploughman shakes his head and sighs over and over again to think that the labours of his hands have come to nought, and, when he compares present times with

times past, he often praises the good fortune of his father, and harps on the theme how the men of old were filled full of piety and on their scanty piece of ground used to support life in perfect well-being, though in old days the holdings were far smaller, man for man, than now. Likewise the planter of the exhausted and shrivelled vine sadly cries out upon the changes in the seasons, and wearies Heaven with his prayers, and understands not that all things are wasting away, little by little, and are passing to the grave, spent and worn out by age and length of years !'

Were the Italian fields really less fertile than of old ? The poet's sombre imagination doubtless exaggerated these symptoms of barrenness and decay, but the facts were there and plain enough. Lucretius only misread them. He forgot that, during a long period of civil war, agriculture had been neglected. The strong arms which had tilled the soil, once so prolific, were mouldering on many a battle-field. During the two years of the Social War alone, from 90 to 89 B.C., 300,000 men were said to have fallen. Writers like Asinius Pollio and Cicero call Italy 'a scene of devastation' and 'a wilderness.' Whole towns were destroyed : we find Virgil and Horace speaking of certain places, once busy and populous, as 'empty Acerræ,' 'empty Tibur.' Many districts were going back to the waste. Again, wealthy absentee owners had bought up the farms at nominal prices and had them cultivated by gangs of slaves. These, not being liable to military service, multiplied enormously, while the free peasants were becoming extinct, and what was left of them was crowding into the towns or starving. The slaves did not love the land as the farmers of old had loved their 'dear croft,' their 'dulcis agellus.' What wonder that the fields, so long neglected, had become less fertile ? Quite apart from Epicurean teaching, the gloomy fancy of a dying earth seems to show what a strain those long years of civil war, with the consequent suffering and poverty, had left on the nerves and mind of Lucretius's generation.

Lucretius's life fell before and during one of the chief crises of the world's history, that of the great Roman Revolution. It is the sign of a man of genius that he gives expression to the thoughts and feelings of his own age. We can no more explain all that is normal in Lucretius from the time in which he lived, than we can explain all the strange personality of Schopenhauer, born in the year before the French Revolution, from his own era of European history and thought. But we shall understand Lucretius better when we see how largely he expresses his own era, with its own outlook over the world, with its growing sense of the conflict between reason and the old beliefs, and the utter



bewilderment of thinking men before the problem of man and his destiny. Strange as is Lucretius's silence regarding contemporary events, that silence probably testifies better than anything else could to the startling changes and crises of his country's history, the seeming chaos of conflicting forces before which a nature like his could only find refuge in a system such as Epicureanism, which insisted almost absolutely on its converts' withdrawal from public affairs. Much in the same way many a man of intellect in the Middle Ages sought refuge within the walls of a monastery from a world which was too much for him.

The poet was born about B.C. 99. During his boyhood Lucretius must have heard many a terrible story of the Social War, when the Italian nations wrested from Rome a limited franchise, at the cost of enormous slaughter. When he was a boy of twelve took place the terrible massacre in the Forum, when the Italians who had come up to the Assembly to vote in repeal of Sulla's forced laws were ordered by the Consul Antony to disperse, and then slaughtered to the number of ten thousand men, as Plutarch tells us. The grudging concessions of the Romans left a deep discontent in Italy which engendered the Civil War, and the Samnites never laid down their arms till in B.C. 82 they were crushed in the battle of the Colline Gate, when 6,000 prisoners were massacred in cold blood by Sulla close to the walls of Rome. If Lucretius, as a boy or youth, were living in Rome at the time, this event must have left on him an impression of horror never to be forgotten. From 88 to 81 the Civil War lasted, the time of the Dictatorships of Marius and Sulla and of the Proscription, when the lives of the best men were at the mercy of the basest, and the Gods, it would seem, merely looked on. It was a time of fear, of mutual suspicion, when every man dreaded his neighbour and all security and gladness of life were destroyed. Cicero says of Sulla's proscriptions: 'The horror of these awful times is so burned into our country that it appears as if not merely men but even brutes could not endure the thought of their returning.' Sallust, describing the years preceding Catiline's conspiracy in B.C. 63, emphasises the rapid breakdown of the national character, due to the sudden expansion of the State by conquest, which brought with it temptations too strong to resist. According to him, the epoch was marked by the horrible crimes of every kind which ambition, avarice, and luxury prompted. Lucretius confirms Sallust's testimony when he says, 'Men amass property by bloodshed in civil war and greedily double their riches, piling up murder upon murder: cruelly do they exult in the sad death of a brother, and hate and fear the feasts of their kinsfolk.' What could take place in a country town of

Italy at this period may be read in Cicero's speech in defence of Cluentius, which sets before us a company of high-born criminals and a story of intricate and long victorious villany which it would be hard to match. That speech, delivered in the year 66 B.C., is like a glimpse into some horrible gulf: it tells a history of real life stretching over twenty years in the little Samnite town of Larino, showing us how bold then was the criminal, how openly unjust the judge, how little chance of safety had the innocent in the time and State to which Sulla and Marius had but lately applied the sweeping remedy of the sword.

What wonder if the young Lucretius began to doubt whether the gods exist at all, or, if they do, whether they take any more heed for the good than for the wicked?

In the condition of Rome there was much to disquiet anyone who loved his country. From the standpoint of the nobles, which was pretty certainly that of Lucretius, clouds were gathering from all sides round the breaking Republic. The old sense of patriotism and national honour had largely been lost. The weakness or rottenness of the Roman government was flaunted before all eyes in the case of the pirates who commanded the seas with huge fleets. The Slave War, when Spartacus for two years held all Italy at his mercy, showed on how perilous a basis society stood. The so-called 'conspiracy of Catiline' revealed the existence of a great party hostile to the government of the Senate.

The times indeed were evil. The fabric of the old Roman State was fast breaking up. No wonder that Cicero and the nobles saw nothing but anarchy before them. But among the actors on that troubled stage there was going out and in one master-spirit who, amid the shock and storm of the earthquake shaking the whole Roman State, while old institutions were falling and old privileges being shattered, had the faith to see the birth of a new world, a wider and a greater Rome. Julius Cæsar faced the chaos of the time without despair. If the nobles were corrupt, he knew from his officers and legionaries the stern virtues that were left in the race. He set himself at first to carry measures securing better government while preserving the constitution. The irreconcilable spirit of the nobles, determined to allow no reform whatever, made this impossible. In despite of them the great forces of the time, discerned and guided by his genius, carried him on to higher and higher power, and at last he was able to pass measures, the 'Julian Laws,' which secured some degree of justice. Hitherto violence, bribery, and extortion were crimes in name forbidden to a Roman official but in reality unpunished, make-believe prosecutions being in due course

followed by acquittals. Cæsar broke down this solemn mockery of justice. Now and for many a year to come the Roman governor knew that, if he pillaged his province and tortured his wealthy subjects until they filled his coffers, he would be dealt with as an ordinary criminal. Cæsar now carried these laws through with the nation behind him and suspending the power of the Senate. By these uncompromising reforms he roused against himself all the powers of evil. The hatred of the patricians was inflamed to a white heat. Had they dared, they would have torn him to pieces. But his rising power was so manifest that they could only look on with dismay. Cicero's letter to Atticus expresses this feeling: 'This monster and prodigy is a man of terrible watchfulness, promptitude, and laboriousness.' And yet to Cicero himself, as to all his opponents in politics, even the bitterest, Cæsar showed himself courteous, generous, forgiving after the highest fashion of Christian chivalry, rather than like any hero of the old world. Undisturbed by the hatred of the Senators, he went on seeking to build up out of the ruins of the Republic a new constitution which should secure justice and even—almost an audacious aim, if we consider the times—some measure of popular representation for the provinces.

It is the fashion nowadays to say that in Cæsar's time ordinary men could not regard him as anything else than a dangerous adventurer, bent on revolution for his own ends, and who consorted with unscrupulous men. We can now see the tendencies of the time, but Cæsar's contemporaries, we are told, could not be expected to do so. Some truth there is in this. There is an astounding letter in which Cicero refers to his own share in Cæsar's murder, not repenting of it, but stung beyond endurance by remorse for the little he or his party had gained thereby. He writes:

'If things go on thus, I like not the Ides of March. For he should never have come back after death nor fear compelled us to ratify his acts; or else, Heaven's curse light upon him, dead though he be, so high was I in his favour that, seeing the master is slain and we are not free, he was a master not to be rejected at my time of life. I blush, believe me! but I have written and will not blot it out.'

Munro comments on this: 'For these awful words neither Cicero nor Cæsar is to blame, but the fortune of Rome! They express the feeling of the "boni," the nobles generally, who could not see that old things had passed away.' Any possible excuse for Cicero would be welcome. But men are to be judged by deeds, not words, else the Roman nobles of that day were the greatest patriots the world ever saw. In Cæsar's case we have deeds. The *Leges Juliæ*, passed during his consulship, were the

very measures the times needed. They struck straight and fearlessly at the abuses which were ruining Rome. We ask, what did the Senate do to redress these evils? They stirred not a finger. What useful measure did Cicero himself pass during his consulship? Not one. Only those of Cæsar's contemporaries who were blinded by selfish interest or party feeling could fail to read the meaning of his acts. Cæsar possessed the genius to interpret the movement of his time. He rose, or rather was borne, to supreme power, because, while following and to some extent guiding that movement, he aimed not at his own ambitions, but at meeting his country's urgent needs and creating a new and wider Rome. What ambitions he had lay in his consciousness of that genius.

Cæsar was born in B.C. 100, about a year before Lucretius. The poet had witnessed his rise to power from its very beginning. In 60 B.C., when Lucretius was about forty, the first Triumvirate was formed, consisting of Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus. In 59 B.C. Cæsar attained to the consulship and the *Leges Juliæ* were passed. In 58 he was appointed to the supreme command in Gaul. In 57 B.C. the Senate was compelled, reluctantly, to order a public thanksgiving for his victories. In 56 the first Triumvirate was renewed. Lucretius lived to see some of his brilliant victories, which added a vast province to Rome and displayed both military genius and statesmanship such as the world before had never seen.

As an Epicurean, Lucretius could not fail to have sympathy with the people. One cannot help wondering which party Lucretius, the Roman, sympathised with, the Senate or the party of progress : in what light he regarded

‘The noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.’

When we consider his literary connection with Cicero, his admiration for an extreme Tory partisan like Memmius, we cannot help surmising that his sympathies were with the Senate. One might even fancy that, when he warns Memmius that he must not fail of his duty to his country, he must have been writing at the time when Memmius was changing sides. But there is a passage of the poem which appears to refer expressly to Cæsar's military supremacy, so dreaded by the nobles, to whose circle Lucretius almost certainly belonged.

During the last six years of Lucretius's life, while his poem was being written, the Triumvirate was the centre of all men's thoughts, whether for fear or hope. These self-appointed ‘Regents,’ with their legions at their backs, held the destiny of Rome in their hands, as all could see. The nobles hated them

with a hatred intense in proportion as it was impotent. To Cicero and his friends the authority they assumed could only be explained by a consuming ambition, resting not day nor night till its goal was grasped. Cæsar was felt to be the ablest of the three, and therefore was the most feared.

It is in the light of these facts that we must read Lucretius's brilliant prologue to his second book. He expresses a passion of pity as he looks down from the calm height of philosophy on the vain struggling of ambitious men, to see how they 'wander all abroad and go astray in their search for the path of life, to see the contest of intellect, the rivalry of rank, the striving day after day and night after night to climb to the height of power, and to be masters of the world.' All that nature demands is freedom from care and fear: but neither wealth nor power will deliver them from these, nor yet from sickness.

'Wherefore, since treasures avail nothing in the case of our body, nor yet does noble birth avail nor the glory of kingly power, we must go on to conclude that to our minds as well these do no service; unless perhaps when thou seest thy legions swarm over the plain of Mars, as they wage a mimic war, supported by strong reserves and flanked by mighty forces of cavalry, and thou dost marshal them, fully equipped in armour and all animated by one impulse, what avails it all unless then thou findest that superstitious fears are scared away and fly panic-stricken from thy mind? Nor does it avail thee aught to see thy fleet swarm forth and spread far and wide over the sea, unless then the fear of death leaves thy breast at ease and set free from care.'

The ground of the imaginary review is undoubtedly the Campus Martius at Rome. Munro says: 'Cæsar, after his Consulship, remained with his army for three months before Rome, and was bitterly attacked by Memmius. Does Lucretius here allude to Cæsar?' During the last five years of Lucretius's life the Triumvirate must have bulked so large on men's horizon that his contemporaries could not fail to see in the 'rerum potentes' of this passage a reference to the three Regents and to Cæsar in particular. The term 'masters of the world' denotes not merely those holding office in the State, but men who are possessed by a lust of absolute power.

From the point of view of his party Lucretius could not be expected to see any other explanation of Cæsar's strenuous life and tireless energy than this, 'the striving day after day and night after night to climb to the height of power':

'certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,  
noctes atque dies niti præstante labore  
ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri.'



Another passage, too, emphasises the same points and seems to refer to the same persons. 'Avarice too, and the blind lust of 'honours, compel wretched men to overstep the bounds of right, 'and, sometimes acting as co-partners and partakers in crimes, 'to struggle night and day with surpassing toil to climb to the 'height of power.' The reference to a 'partnership' or 'league 'of crime' seems, though it may not be so, to refer pointedly to the Triumvirs. Munro says :

'How much greater even than Cicero's was the industry of Cæsar during the last fifteen years of his life, who during that time went through an amount of work, physical and intellectual, taking quantity and quality, such as mortal man probably never performed before or since. Emperor, minister, generalissimo, lawyer, censor, restorer of lost rights and creator of new ideas, he was at the same time destroying with his right hand the world that was, and building up in his mind the world that was to be.'

A portentous life of toil Cæsar's was! No wonder if its laboriousness alarmed Cicero and amazed Lucretius. A man of genius should have seen deeper into Cæsar's character than to explain it by mere ambition. But an independent view of politics could hardly be expected from any thorough-going Epicurean, and certainly not from an Epicurean who was absorbed in study like Lucretius: his opinions could only reflect those of his own circle. He did not recognise the greatest spirit of the time. He makes a hero of the paltry Memmius, and therefore is on the same side with those who longed to see Cæsar slain. Nothing could be more characteristic of the narrow creed which, like Pietism, bade a man save himself by standing aloof from the press and turmoil of national life, not caring to know what his fellows were struggling for.

Lucretius's reference to the 'rivalry of rank' (Cicero also emphasises 'rank' as an active element in Cæsar's ambition) reminds us of one surprising attitude of Cæsar's, to be explained as a desire for popularity and political prestige rather than as a display of human weakness on his part. Always proud of his famous uncle Marius, at the funeral of Marius's widow, Cæsar, as the custom was, delivered a speech which attracted much notice. In it he claimed to be descended on his father's side from Iulus, the son of Aeneas, who was the offspring of Venus, and on his mother's side from one of the kings of Rome. The enlightened may look down with contempt upon the beliefs of the many, but they know when and where to treat them with deference. Cæsar was not now addressing the Senate. Blue Trojan blood with descent from a goddess and a king were wind in the sails

of a popular candidate. How else explain such a speech coming from such a man ?

While Lucretius was writing, a would-be Consul had no hope of success unless he secured the support of Cæsar at least, and, from the standpoint of the nobles, Memmius was now openly allying himself with men of utterly unscrupulous ambition. And as Memmius was a candidate for the Consulship, Lucretius could not well fail to have his ambitions in view in this passage. It does seem to me that Lucretius here uses the Triumvirs, who, he held, had abused their consular power for their own ambitions, as a glaring present-day warning to Memmius, who aspires by their help to succeed to their office. As the prejudices of the day went, he could have used no more telling public instances. The poet's warnings may well have been needed by such a man. But, if Memmius ever read so far on in the poem, no doubt he smiled contemptuously at the advice to prefer luncheon on the bright green sward, studded with flowers, to splendid evening banquets in gorgeous mansions, glittering with silver and gold and echoing with music. And we may be sure the 'fears of death' or of things after death troubled *him* but little.

There is almost no poet of whose life we would more gladly know a little than Lucretius. There is so much in his poem which it would explain. What experiences provoked the poet to break so violently with the religion of his day ? What is the secret of the tense, electric atmosphere which hangs over the poem ? How came it that the pen dropped out of his eager hand with the close of his work full in sight ? Almost no period of the world is better known to us than the age in which he lived. The letters and speeches of Cicero reflect that time like a mirror, in which we watch the figures of all that pass, come and go. How strange that such a man should have passed through his own age and left almost no trace of himself ! Was this his intention ? A few details, so brief and tragic that they have given rise to endless controversy, are all we have. Truly Lucretius has fulfilled only too literally that great precept of his master, 'Hide thy life.'

The only data we have are contained in one clumsy sentence of Jerome's chronicle, 'Titus Lucretius, the poet, was born ; afterwards, having been driven mad by a philtre, after he had written, in the intervals of his mental ailment, a number of books which Cicero afterwards corrected, he slew himself by his own hand in his forty-fourth year.'

Some years ago a new life was discovered in the British Museum, which comes down to us on the authority of the famous scholar Pontanus. It is throughout singularly independent of Jerome, and

appears to be derived from Suetonius, though seemingly mixed with some matter of later insertion. Among the fresh data it contains is an anecdote of great interest. Lucretius, it is said, 'used to show the books of his poem as they were written to Cicero, and to pay heed to his criticism. In the course of reading he was sometimes advised by him to observe modesty in his use of metaphors, of which two instances, in particular, are quoted, "the abysses of Neptune" and "the caverns of the heaven."'

The author anonymously quoted here is probably Varro, from whose *'De Poetis Latinis'* Ritschl thinks that most of the details of literary criticism in Suetonius are derived; only once, however, does Suetonius quote him by name. One cannot help wondering what Cicero thought of Lucretius's poem. Its matter we know that he disapproved, but what of its style? That he could only have approved partially. It is, indeed, the antipodes of his own. What would Boileau have said of Victor Hugo's poetry?

The criticism attributed to Cicero is curiously and circumstantially confirmed by what we know both as to Cicero's taste in poetry and as to the changes which his standard underwent between youth and later life. In his youth Cicero translated into spirited verse a poem of Aratus, one of the Alexandrian school, on the signs of the weather. Doubtless Cicero then admired Aratus, but his feeling towards that school of poets greatly altered later. The style of his early youth, especially in writing verses, is often not that approved by the grown man. Lucretius was so deeply influenced by this work of Cicero's that he has frequently imitated it. 'The many imitations we find in Lucretius,' says Munro, 'of the few hundred extant lines of Cicero's "Aratus" prove, little as it might be expected, that he looked upon this translation as one of his poetical models.' It would be only natural that Lucretius should seek the friendship and ask for the criticism of the great statesman and orator whose verses had so caught his boyish fancy, who was a hearty patron of literature and also a life-long student of Epicurean doctrines, who had, moreover, in the inmost circle of his friends many Epicureans. As it happens, in Cicero's poem there occurs the phrase *'caeli cavernas,'* 'the caverns of the heaven,' which Cicero is said to have criticised. In his mature life Cicero had come to disapprove of the artificial school of poets to which Aratus belonged. Perhaps he regretted having helped to introduce it to Roman readers. He applied to it a contemptuous phrase, *'the bards of Euphorion,'* which has stuck to it ever since. Cicero's dislike to the school of Aratus with its laboured

diction must have made him sensitive to any use of language which seemed to him strained or new-fangled (like the novel application of 'lacuna') as an affectation immediately dangerous to Latin style. Lucretius's poem must have been in Cicero's eyes not only a godless work, but, in style and manner, a glaring novelty to which he found it hard to adapt himself. The two metaphors criticised remind us of Victor Hugo or of Browning; and Cicero, we feel sure, would not have approved of them.

The criticism attributed to him coincides very remarkably, not merely in expression but in spirit, with the rules laid down by him in the 'De Oratore.' 'A metaphor,' Cicero here says, 'must not burst upon us violently, like a stranger rushing in, but must be introduced modestly, and as if leave were obtained' (De Orat. iii. 40). An able Dutch critic, Dr. Woltjer (in 'Mnemosyne,' 1895), writes: 'Who will believe that Cicero found fault with the metaphor "caeli cavernas" when he himself wrote "late caeli lustrare cavernas" (Arat. 252)?' 'Who can believe,' we may reply, 'that Cicero (at De Or. iii. 40) could lay down the rule to avoid anything like a bold metaphor, giving for an example Ennius's "mighty arches of heaven," and yet himself have written "Caeli cavernae, aetheris cavernae"?' So flagrantly has Cicero violated his own rules!

In the passage from 'De Oratore,' written at the age of fifty, Cicero blames Ennius's phrase 'Caeli ingentes fornices,' because there can be no similarity between a globe and an arch. With so different eyes sees the man of fifty from the youth of twenty!

There has been some controversy as to the genuineness of this anecdote, chiefly on the part of those who forget Cicero's reaction from his early literary idols. The remark put in Cicero's mouth is given as a quotation. In Pontanus's day it could not be known with precision, but, since Ritschl, it has been admitted that Suetonius's literary criticisms are chiefly borrowed. Yet the forger, if he were such, has been shrewd enough to introduce his fictitious criticism as a quotation. A good deal of 'faith' is needed to credit this.

Cicero's criticism is one which, from its intrinsic interest, is likely to have been quoted by a grammarian, perhaps in an abridged form. One of the phrases said to have been censured by the orator does not occur in the same form in Lucretius's poem. Dr. Woltjer thinks this a strong argument for believing the criticism and the whole of Borgius's data to be 'the mere invention of a humanist.' That is to say, he holds that a forger would have the daring to support his statement by inventing a phrase nowhere found in Lucretius's poem. Nothing can be less likely. It is just in such unexpected turns as this

that truth often differs from deliberate invention, which does not exert itself to fabricate an apparent improbability.

The highest living authority on Cicero, Professor J. S. Reid, after reviewing the discussion, says :

‘I can only say again that in my opinion no Renaissance scholar could have invented the story about Cicero. The fact that “*Neptuni lacunas*” does not occur in the extant text of Lucretius and that “*caeli cavernae*” is found in the *Aratea* of Cicero would be quite enough to deter a scholar from giving these illustrations as the two chief examples, “*duo potissimum*,” and, considering how Cicero in later life criticised his own early work, there is nothing surprising in his objection to “*caeli cavernae*.”

It is not surprising that a critic like Mr. Andrew Lang, accustomed to weigh literary evidence, should write regarding this criticism put in Cicero’s mouth, ‘I do not think forgery probable.’ In fact it has too much breadth and simplicity to have come from a forger’s brain. A Sainte-Beuve, familiar with both his Cicero and his Lucretius, might have hit upon it, but not a mere scholar, straining himself to invent something new.

Jerome’s story of Lucretius’s life has been looked on by various of the learned with some suspicion.

When we inquire ‘Why?’ only one reason is given : ‘The story is too wild and tragic.’ It is one marked bias of the scholar to be sceptical as to any recorded event which is not conventional or commonplace, anything which transcends the experience of the persons among whom he moves. In the last decade of the nineteenth century such a subject as the life of Lucretius was too tempting to escape the attentions of the ‘Higher Criticism.’ Thus Giacomo Giri, in a pamphlet published in 1895, maintains that the story of the philtre and the suicide are mere inventions. The legend, he thinks, sprang up out of the profound impression produced on the mind by those passages of the poem dealing with Love, and, still more, by those on eternal Death, since, as he says, ‘it is well known that the human imagination creates legends when it is deeply moved.’ Thus arose what he calls ‘The Legend of Lucretius.’ Giri forgets that the ‘*De Rerum Natura*,’ owing to its subject and its difficulty, could never have been popular; it was a book for the cultured, whose minds are not the soil in which such legends spring up. Great scholars such as Lachmann and Munro have seen no reason for not accepting Jerome’s account as a record of facts, even if somewhat distorted. Lachmann says : ‘I find nothing whatever in Jerome’s account which cannot be believed.’

A noted Italian scholar, Professor Ettore Stampini, has



thrown fresh light on Jerome's meagre details, worn threadbare in the course of long controversy. His theory makes them, now for the first time, coherent and consistent with the evidence of the poem. 'I maintain,' says Stampini, 'that if, as I believe, there was error on the part of St. Jerome, it lay merely in his abridging too concisely and in not distinguishing with the needful clearness and precision the order and character of the facts.'

The philtre might well have produced the unnatural excitement which led to the poet's suicide, but Stampini believes the real cause of that act to be much further back; it is to be found in an organic illness from which he suffered. 'St. Jerome in compiling has confused and made into one the two facts which were doubtless distinct in Suetonius; but he has not so confused them that the truth cannot be seen through.' Thus Jerome uses one word, 'insania,' to describe the madness in the intervals of which Lucretius composed his immortal work, and another, 'furor,' to describe the fearful derangement of the nervous system, produced by the potion. Cicero expressly distinguishes 'furor' from 'insania,' which is often applied merely to foolish and unreasonable conduct. Thus the 'Twelve Tables' expressly distinguish 'insanus' from 'furiosus.'

Along with Sellar and others Stampini sees in the poem unmistakable evidence of undue mental strain as well as of loss of interest in existence, what medical science calls 'taedium vitae.' The word 'insania' might well express this condition, as it appeared to other men at least. Stampini would therefore transpose a clause and thus more clearly distinguish the order of the two facts, viz. the 'insania' or prolonged nervous ailment from which the poet suffered, and the 'furor,' the intense and unnatural excitement produced by the potion which was the true cause of the poet's suicide. 'Jerome,' says Stampini, 'would have somewhat better expressed the historical truth had he condensed Suetonius's narrative thus: "Afterwards, when, during the intervals of his nervous ailment, he had written a number of books which were afterwards corrected by Cicero, he was driven into madness in consequence, as was believed, of a philtre, and slew himself by his own hand at the age of forty-four."'

It is, indeed, true that passages of Lucretius show an intense and overpowering depression. Thus he describes the Roman noble, weary of himself, rushing from the city at full gallop towards his country seat; but when there, the same intolerable oppression returns, and he can only forget himself in sleep, or is even driven to hasten back to Rome. 'Tis thus,' he goes on,

'each man flees from himself; (but self, we may be sure, as the 'way of men is, he is not able to escape; it clings to him in his 'own despite); yes, and he hates himself too because, sick as 'he is, he knows not the cause of his disease.' 'If he could 'rightly see this,' Lucretius continues, 'each man would relinquish all his own affairs, and set his heart to learn the nature 'of things'; this meaning, he explains, to know that life is but an hour compared with the everlasting nothingness, and thus, Lucretius would fain teach us, we may learn to cast away all fear of death.

It is difficult to read this passage—so intense is the gloom of the picture—without feeling that Lucretius had himself experienced the world-weariness which he describes. The advice to 'put all else behind, and first of all set our heart to learn the 'nature of things,' comes from his own heart, taught by his own experience :

'Iam rebus quisque relictis  
naturam primum student cognoscere rerum.'

Lucretius has, indeed, by help of Epicurus, cast out fear from his life. But at what cost? His whole horizon of being contracted and drawn in, his highest instincts crushed by the iron fetters of his system, his aspirations and hopes forbidden to range into a 'grand Perhaps,' may not this be too high a price to pay in order to escape from fear? One thing is certain: he did not thereby attain to Peace.

When Stampini asserts that the earnestness with which Lucretius catches hold of Epicurus's system and 'scheme of 'salvation' of itself proves 'a profound disgust of the world,' he goes too far. The Epicureans were conspicuous as a sect for their enthusiastic discipleship. Every great religious teacher has had an equally enthusiastic belief in his own doctrine, yet in most cases without finding life lose its savour. It is at present the fashion to explain peculiarities of temperament from physical causes, often justly. But in the case of Lucretius, it seems to me that the causes are to be sought even more in the spirit than in the body. When we find Byron exclaiming, long before middle age,

'My days are in the yellow leaf,'

and lamenting that the whole world is stale and intolerable to him, or when we read 'Ecclesiastes' with its burden ever recurring, 'All is vanity!' we do not infer that these writers were the subjects of severe nervous disease or showed tendency to insanity; but we rather, merely by instinct, correlate such utterances with what we know of their mode of life and guiding principles of con-

duct. In a poem like the 'De Rerum Natura,' which is a genuine record of human experience, as direct and sincere as, if in some ways less profound than, Bunyan's great prose poem, the poet's own history cannot fail to utter itself. In order to read it aright, we must study his work to the end, searchingly and in the full light of that system to which he gave such absolute allegiance that he hardly dared think without its sanction, a system of such strange opposites, which blends the noblest ethics with the lowest!

Thus the evidence of the poem contains nothing to contradict Jerome's account that the poet suffered from some lasting ailment, affecting his nerves and spirits, and that he ended his life by suicide. Rather does its evidence tend towards confirming these reports. Such a nature as it reveals to us would be ill-fitted to sustain the strain of any untoward experience or the shock of a sudden blow.

Lucretius keeps sternly from us every fact of his own personal history. Can that history to any extent, in despite of his silence, be torn from his book? There is very weighty evidence as to the life of Lucretius in the poem itself, evidence which can only be judged of by those who have long and lovingly studied that poem. For others that evidence does not exist. 'Mere 'guesswork, built upon conjecture!' such may call it. Slight in themselves are the signs by which we read the characters of other men. Yet in the light of long and close intercourse their meaning becomes so unmistakable that we have to accept it. The great work of Lucretius is deeply, uniquely stamped with his own very marked individuality. There is in the atmosphere of the poem an indescribably lurid element which tells of past storms in the poet's history, and may be thought to forebode a stormy closing. The story of the philtre and consequent suicide is a sad one. Yet, if that story were false, there is behind it a background consisting of temperament, mood, and creed which must be taken into account. All poets, indeed, are not like Alfred de Musset. Yet the ardent temper of Lucretius tells of a nature not easily curbed. There is somehow a jarring strain running through the poem as of a noble nature which has lived in an element unfit for it, and has lost its buoyancy and natural gladness thereby. The poet speaks in the tone of one weary of worldly pleasures, who has reached, by what strange or ill-starred ways we know not, that sad Garden of Proserpine where men sit and rejoice that

'Even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.'

The more we love and admire Lucretius, as, indeed, he deserves, the more are we pained that he could have written one or two brief sentences which are like black flowers in the garden of his poem. (Probably, it is true, these do but express sentiments acknowledged by Epicureans; this might excuse an ordinary writer, but not a man of high genius.) There are flaws of character which even the '*maiestas cognita rerum*' might not be potent enough to reach and cast out. And, indeed, his master's teaching had great shortcomings on its spiritual side. For example, Epicurus explains the distress of mind felt by the criminal as solely and merely due to the fact that, until the day of his death, he never can feel certain that he will not be found out. How far, on this subject, does Epicurus, with all his stern asceticism, fall behind the Stoics, who taught that sin is a disloyalty to an unseen Master, and that the wrong-doer is unhappy because he feels himself a lonely and a jarring thing in the universe! But Epicurus acknowledged no Power above us which claims our allegiance as a right, and to obey which is gladness beyond all other joys:

'Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon Thy face.

But the flowers do not thus break into blossom, nor the birds burst into glad songs, round the stern path Lucretius goes.

Why is it that we follow up so eagerly any glimmer of reliable tradition regarding the life of a great poet? Surely it is because a great poet is essentially more human than other men that we crave for any light regarding his personal history and his friendships. The list of Lucretius's friends which immediately precedes Cicero's criticism in Borgius's life demands at least to be carefully weighed. 'Lucretius,' it is there said, 'lived on very intimate terms with Cicero, Atticus, M. Brutus, and C. Cassius.' No other source mentions any friendship or connection between Lucretius and the last three. All these were literary men. Atticus and Brutus wrote verse as well as prose. Atticus and Cassius were well-known Epicureans. Had this list of Lucretius's friends been invented by a sixteenth-century scholar, it is by no means likely that a disciple of the older Academy like Brutus would have been included. All were busy men of affairs, and all, except Atticus, leaders in politics on the conservative side. If Lucretius were intimate with them, the bond lay in common studies rather than in the mutual pursuit of power and place.

Did Lucretius, too, like all the great spirits of his time, come under the charm of the arresting, and in many ways noble, personality of Brutus? There was in both men the same high,

uncompromising spirit. Brutus could not only command the respect, but win the love of men ; in the last words he uttered he consoled himself by remembering that, even in those days of revolution, none of his friends had ever betrayed him. In Brutus there was a strength of will, inflexible when once his purpose had been formed ; always calm and unshaken, even when life and fortune hung in the balance, his were the qualities which the poetic temperament loves to lean upon in friendship.

Gladly should we have known more about the poet's parentage, his native place, his career, the good or evil fortune of his life, but all such facts he keeps sternly back from us as if by deliberate intention. No reference in the poem allows us to identify him with any one district of Italy rather than another. Probably we may surmise three periods in Lucretius's life : his youth, when he was an admirer of Empedocles and probably wrote verse very different from his poem ; his early manhood, spent as a man of the world, following the pleasures of his age and rank ; and a later period of violent reaction from the preceding one. But this we know, that, probably somewhat late in his life, he came under the influence of Epicurus : so thorough was his conversion that it seems strange he should not tell us how and when !—and the master whose face he had never seen, who had lived whole centuries before him, set his whole soul on flame with a generous passion to help his fellowmen.

But, though Lucretius holds back every detail of his own history, there forces itself upon us a sense of something ill-starred in his career—a noble spirit hemmed in by barriers of fate, consisting either in physical heredity or in outer environment. Throughout the poem there is a certain sadness, the essence of which seems to be a loneliness of spirit as of one whose heart and soul had never truly fused, either in love or friendship, with another's. The fact of Lucretius's death by his own hand may be regarded as certain. Suetonius, we may be sure, ascertained and recorded the manner of the poet's death. In the case of a writer so highly strung, so eager to complete the work for which he lived, we feel certain that death by his own hand, leaving his poem so nearly finished, could be no ordinary suicide. The close of the poem, a narrative abruptly broken off, impresses us like some abandoned dwelling, with every sign of sudden and unintended departure lying around.

Lucretius is not merely a poet. Science owes him a great debt for two things : first, for his magnificently clear and lucid exposition of Epicurus's theory of atoms. That theory after being revived by Gassendi, was adopted by Newton and Boyle ; by their means it took root in modern science and developed,



stage by stage, into the atomic theory, on which most of the progress of chemistry and physics has been based. Secondly, the world owes to Lucretius the first firm and clear exposition of the principle of Law in Nature. No modern man of science ever grasped this more strongly. The principle is indeed a direct inference from the former doctrine. Lucretius points out that in all the productions of Nature matter obeys definite, unchanging laws : generation after generation the various species of living creatures exhibit the same distinctive marks, habits, and motions. We see that all living things, race following race and growth after growth, preserve their freshness and beauty, as in the beginning, while they also reach the prime of their life within regular periods. All this could not be unless the ultimate basis of matter be definite and unchanging, namely atoms 'of solid 'singleness.' If all the productions of Nature obey fixed laws, the ultimate elements composing them must be individual and indestructible.

The great prophet of inductive science only did justice to Epicurus when he praised him for restricting physics entirely to the search for natural causes. In the 'Advancement of 'Learning,' Bacon says :

'For the handling of final causes mixed with the rest in physical inquiries hath intercepted the severe and diligent inquiry of all real and physical causes, and given men the occasion to stay upon these satisfactory and specious causes, to the great arrest and prejudice of further discovery. For to say that "the hairs of the eye-lids are for a quickset and fence about the sight"; or that "the firmness of the skins and hides of living creatures is to defend them from the extremities of heat or cold"; or that "the bones are for the columns or beams, whereupon the frames of the bodies of living creatures are built"; or that "the leaves of trees are for protecting of the fruit"; and the like, is well inquired and collected in metaphysic, but in physics they are impertinent. Nay, they are indeed but "remoras" and hindrances to stay and slug the ship from further sailing; and have brought this to pass, that the search of the physical causes hath been neglected and passed by in silence. And therefore the natural philosophy of Democritus and some others, who did not suppose a God or reason in the frame of things, seems to me much more solid, and to have gone deeper into nature, with regard to physical causes, than the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato. And this for the sole reason that Democritus and the others never meddle with final causes.'

The justice of Lord Bacon's praise becomes clear when we look, for example, at Lucretius's explanation of the way in which the magnet attracts iron. From the surface of every body, he explains, minute particles are constantly streaming off,

but from the magnet there proceeds an unusually violent efflux of atoms, so strong that it makes a vacuum in front of the magnet. If an iron ring is placed near this, particles of the iron rush into the vacuum, and the atoms of iron are so closely tangled that, when a large stream of these has moved into the vacuum, the whole mass follows. Why is this? Because the pressure of the air, always beating on every substance, forces it forward where a space is open. The very solidity of the iron by its resistance makes the air more active in forcing it on. Why is iron attracted but not other things? Because some substances, such as wood, are so porous that the streams of air, instead of pushing them forward, flow right through them. The current of atoms from the magnet repels the air but not the iron, because the particles of the magnet are of the same shape as the pores of the iron, and therefore can penetrate the latter. And so on.

This may be incorrect enough—in fact, the magnet works equally well in a vacuum—but it has this virtue, a great one when we think of early science (such as Bacon knew it) with its reckless assumption of ‘Qualitates Occultae’—‘secret properties’ of things, and ‘sympathies’ or ‘antipathies’ between given things. Lucretius does not assume that magnetism is a ‘special fluid’ by itself, or that there is a mysterious ‘sympathy’ between it and the iron. He treats the whole problem as depending on the specific gravity and structure of the iron and of the magnet; in short, as a *question of the properties of matter*. On these lines fresh observation and experiment could go on and must lead to discovery. Here we see how great was the vantage-ground of Epicurean science.

How often and with what satisfaction does Lucretius refer to the fixity of natural laws! The certitude of the ‘foedera naturæ,’ a world with steadfast order in it, is what a mind like his demands. In Lucretius’s day the observer was encountered by the miraculous everywhere. Innumerable phenomena, it was thought, could only be due to special Divine action, working counter to the ordinary course of Nature. But to Lucretius a disorderly ‘Natura rerum,’ with different Divine powers pulling strings to counteract each other, was a thing unthinkable. He could not believe, as most people in his day did, that the world was a machine which had many hands tampering with it, sometimes stopping it and then setting it going again. ‘Each thing,’ he repeats, ‘has its properties fixed and *must keep its deep-set boundary-mark*.’ In his sixth book he takes up one marvel after another and reduces it, with much effort of ingenuity under the laws which govern the rest of the world; for example

the various places called 'Avernian' (these were held to be specially near one or other entrance to the domain of the Infernal Gods, who by their influence dragged down the souls of the living, but Lucretius explains that these spots are fatal to human life because of the deadly gases which the earth there exhales): the marvellous fountain of Jupiter Ammon, which was hot by night and cold by day; the yearly inundations of the Nile, and so on. All things, he tells us, must keep the conditions and times allotted them. 'The causes which have been from the 'first beginning of things' compel all phenomena to 'return in 'due sequence and after a fixed order'—'*ordine certo.*' With these laws, no will, Divine or human, nor yet spontaneity atomic, shall tamper. Lucretius is determined that no corner shall be left anywhere for Miracle to run riot in.

Lucretius is often referred to as one of the founders of the doctrine of Evolution. He does indeed put forward his own scheme of Evolution. But how incomplete, how childish almost it is! Nothing whatever exists, he asserts, but atoms and void, and these atoms are 'utterly dead.' (As to the mind which makes such an assertion, that, he assures us, is but an accident of matter. Consciousness he takes for granted, never attempting to explain it further than by comparing it to a fire-flash, 'kindled between the flesh and the soul,' the soul being of finer matter than the body.) No Divine power whatever, he repeats over and over again, works on or within matter. In the course of infinite time the tossing atoms must have tried every possible combination, and therefore they *must* at last succeed in striking into those motions which produce a world. To Lucretius this appears 'nothing wonderful,' '*non mirum,*' a thing which cannot help happening. Once formed, such a world, he further assures us, will continue to exist. If Mind be to any extent immanent in matter, or be working upon it, we can indeed conceive matter evolving itself into the world with all its teeming, varied life. But all that Lucretius allows for is a mere juxtaposition of atoms. A mere collection of atoms does not constitute any 'thing,' whether that thing be a living man or a mass of stone or iron. Imagine—or rather 'fancy,' for imagination has its own laws which cannot be done violence to—that, by some such more than miraculous chance, a world resembling our own, with what appear like men, animals, things of all kinds, could have come into being from the mere clashing of atoms during infinite time. We cannot conceive of such a world lasting for more than a fleeting moment, for the creatures and things on it would be empty of their true essences, of the underlying reality and inner self of each by which alone each

could persist in being. It could only be a momentary phantasmagoria, bearing as much resemblance to the real world as dolls stuffed with sawdust and moved by clockwork would bear to living men and women. Only in a bad dream could we mistake such a phantom for the actual world.

When confronted with Lucretius's solution of the origin of things, the normal human mind is at first taken by surprise, so confident, so sweeping is his materialism ! But soon we recover ourselves and ask 'What of the Form ?' the individual essence in forming each thing ? 'What makes the rose which I hold in my hand a rose and not some other flower ? What is the cause of its vivid individuality persisting to endless generations of roses ? What is the "directive force" which the growth of the flower obeys ?' All such questions Lucretius utterly ignores. He writes as if Plato, and Aristotle, centuries before him, had never discussed them. No wonder that Leibnitz scornfully rejected the Lucretian atoms as an explanation of the world, and substituted for them his marvellous 'Monads,' 'Formal Atoms,' each having a living principle within it. For all his high genius, Lucretius is no metaphysician. And yet is it not strange that this prophet of a God-less, chance-born world has the power to paint for us pictures of Nature so grand and lovely that we are roused to feel something which inspires us with awe and reverence behind all Nature's beauty ? Like the writers of the Psalms, he makes us feel that there is a spiritual element in the world. No truer word was ever spoken of Lucretius than Mrs. Browning's :

*He denied  
Divinely the divine.*

No sooner had the book appeared than it began to work like a ferment in the minds of Lucretius's own generation, as it has worked on every generation since. But on no one did it exercise so profound an influence as over a youth destined to become one of the world's greatest poets and teachers. On the very day when Lucretius died, a boy when at school in Cremona attained the age of fifteen and assumed the 'toga virilis,' the garb of youth. He was cast in a very different mould from Lucretius. Beyond question the new, great poem which had startled Rome was the inspiration which dominated Virgil's youth. Echoes of Lucretius's verse are heard in almost every page of his, and phrases of Lucretius's, vivid as a lightning-flash, stand out from the more subdued colouring of Virgil's poetry. 'His whole mind when writing his second Georgic,' says Munro, 'must have been saturated with the poetry of Lucretius.' His very cadences show how Lucretius's verses sang themselves in his brain. And

what wonder that the youth was impressed by so great a work ! All the marvel of the world, its mingling of beauty and terror, the impotence of man struggling against the mighty forces of Nature while the stern stars look down pitilessly, the truth or falsehood of the old religion, the care of the Gods for us or their indifference—all these questions, made vivid by a marvellous and lurid imagination, must have made riot in the heart of the youth, then at the very age when a work of genius impresses the mind most deeply. At first Virgil was carried completely away ; and in an early poem he announces his intention to devote himself to the study of Epicurean philosophy, and in his *Eclogues* he shows that his highest early ambition was to expound in verse the laws which govern Nature.

But the drawing of the Muses who love the ways of men proved stronger than that of the colder Muse of Science. Bred in the country where the old religion of Rome which the capital had cast away still lived in its purity, sensitive to the simplicity and beauty of its rites with its prayers to the Rustic Gods for increase in field and fold, himself of a profoundly religious nature, Virgil, while impressed with the new truths Lucretius set forth, must, as he grew more mature, have felt that these did not completely account for the world and its life, still less for the facts of his own deepest consciousness. This conflict of feeling he has expressed in a famous passage :

‘ First of all, I would pray that, for the great love which has smitten me, the charming Muses, whose minister I am, would receive me graciously and teach me the courses of the stars in heaven, the various eclipses of the sun and the agonies of the moon, whence come quakings of the earth,’ and so forth. ‘ But if I should be restrained from sounding these depths of Nature, by the blood that runs too cold and sluggish about my heart, then let me delight in the country and the streams that freshen the valleys ; let me love river and woodland with an unambitious love. Happy the man who has been gifted to learn the causes of things, and so trampled underfoot all fears, and the relentless decree of death, and the roar of greedy Acheron ! Blessed too is he who has won the friendship of the rustic gods, Pan and old Silvanus, and the sisterhood of Nymphs ! ’

‘ *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subiecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari !  
Fortunatus et ille Deos qui novit agrestes  
Panaque Silvanumque senem Nymphasque sorores !* ’

The thinker thus extolled in phrases every one of which recalls the voice of Lucretius can only be that poet. The last



two lines show a reaction. Grand as was the gain of a Reign of Law established in Nature, Virgil had come to feel that Lucretius's belief was a cold thing, and left the world lonely and empty.

Are we to see in this passage merely a weak compromise—a nature which accepted with the intellect the decrees of science, but all the while regretted the old worship, so picturesque and cheerful, and therefore could not bring itself to follow truth the whole way? Did Virgil compound with his conscience in order to retain the 'comfort of belief'? This would be a superficial conclusion. The greatest minds are ever open to truths which their minds cannot as yet formulate. Large-mindedness is seen in this, that a man has a certain distrust of his own logic. The bigot, whether he be Catholic Inquisitor or Calvinist, High Churchman or Agnostic, is known by his confidence in insisting upon the entire logical consequences of his own doctrines, however the facts of human experience conflict with these. The world is too big a world, and Lucretius's solution of it was far too plain and certain ever to satisfy a mind like Virgil's.

But the leaven of Lucretius worked on in the heart of Virgil all his life through. The violent collision between old beliefs and the new science, which Lucretius wrought in Virgil in his youth, was as an electric shock which shook him loose from conventional notions and quickened both his heart and mind ever after to seek to lay hold on the reality of things. Lucretius forced him to realise the falsehood of the popular notions about the Gods, the hollowness of the formal worship which satisfied the many, and he brought home to him that bitter sense of man's nothingness in an infinite universe which saps our courage in facing the crises of life. It is the mark of a noble nature that all this only drove Virgil to hold ever more strongly to those ethical convictions of the value of goodness and purity which were bound up with his own spontaneous religious feeling. With so many beliefs shifting round him, on this ground his anchor held even while he doubted whether the great Unseen Power, which is mightier than the Gods, sides with the right or has any care whether the individual perish or not, be it Dido or Pallas or Marcellus. Lucretius held up before the young poet's eyes the hard facts of the world, man's hard and unequal fight with Nature and Fate, and helped to arouse his profound sympathy with all who suffer in the cruel stress and strain of life. Had Lucretius never lived and written, Virgil would not have become the poet whose deep and rich humanity has made him one of the world's best loved and greatest teachers.

The vigour with which Lucretius tore a deep new channel for the thought of his age has impressed every succeeding generation. His rich colouring crossed with grim shadows seizes and masters the imagination. His phrases have an astonishing daring and energy : they seem to project themselves from the page and assume form and substance. His utterances live with a double portion of life and speak with living voice. The courage with which he faces the open universe makes him, in this at least, akin to all whose worship has risen above fear. His profound pity for the superstitious and ignorant, for human illusions and wasted efforts, is as deep as his indignation against those who deceive men in the name of God, and it appeals to every generous spirit. The high prophetic fervour with which he singles out his hearers and entreats them to cast away their foolish ambitions and take hold of that which alone shall save them, grips the heart as if he spoke to us man to man and face to face. And over whomsoever in his youth Lucretius has cast his spell, he becomes conscious that the poet wields over him a strange power, insistent and increasing, beyond what he can explain. From that enchantment he does not lightly break free.

## ART. VII.—THE VISIONARY ART OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

1. *A Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures, Poetical and Historical Inventions, painted by William Blake.* London, 1809.
2. *The catalogues of the following Exhibitions of works by William Blake. At the Burlington Fine Arts Club, London, 1876 ; at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A., 1880 and 1891 ; at the Gallery of Messrs. Carfax, London, 1904 ; at the Grolier Club, New York, U.S.A., 1905.*
3. *Gilchrist's Life of Blake.*

LITTLE attention has hitherto been given to the nature of Blake's genius as an artist ; and, though everyone is familiar from the cradle with the naïve music of his magical songs, and curiosity or a delight in the weird, the fantastic and the mysterious has led many into the perilous paths of his mythology, while his principal work as an engraver, the illustrations of the Book of Job, has been enthusiastically praised for more than half a century, it has been reserved for a later time to set a true value upon his drawings and paintings. The magnificent exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club thirty years ago does not seem to have made itself felt beyond a narrow circle, and the occasional inclusion of some beautiful works among the Old Masters at Burlington House has met but here and there with a sympathetic eye. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts was unlucky, in both its exhibitions, in displaying much that was of inferior merit, as well as a good many forgeries. The presence of some selected specimens at the Carfax Gallery in January 1904, following close upon the sensational Crewe sale, was, in fact, the first occasion upon which the general public evinced a desire for a more intimate acquaintance with Blake the artist ; and few exhibitions in recent years have produced a more profound impression, reaching far beyond the coterie of previous admirers. There followed, early the next year, the gathering together, at the Grolier Club in New York, of all the most valuable works now in America, in addition to a remarkable series of the engraved and illuminated books. It has now become possible, everyone for himself, to consider Blake's position as an artist dispassionately and in relation to the rest of art, and to understand in what respects he stands alone, and where his aims and achievement can be paralleled in the art of every age, rescuing him from the isolation into which he was forced by the neglect of his contemporaries, and

which made both himself and others at times too ready to consider his work a solitary manifestation in the history of painting. It is seldom that we have the good fortune to be able to study an artist's work in the light of his own written opinions upon art; but in the case of Blake, as with Dürer and Lionardo, we are exceptionally happy in possessing a considerable mass of material of this kind to assist our interpretation of his pictures. In the ensuing pages, therefore, we shall attempt to give a brief analysis of these ideas of art, holding that the former neglect of the pictures has been due not so much to any strangeness of technique or obscurity of subject matter as to the prevailing ignorance of the principles underlying them.

The end of the eighteenth century was truly a time, to adopt Blake's own mythology, when the Giant Albion was asleep and the Divine Vision darkened; when the imaginative arts, frustrated in a ludicrous endeavour to assume the titanic limbs of the grand style, were imprisoned in a petrified classicism; and life itself was no more than a solemn procession, vaguely disturbed for a season by rumours of the revolution abroad; and it is scarcely wonderful that at such a time a person of Blake's temperament and genius should have taken upon himself the office of one set apart and predestined for the renewal of spiritual light, and devoted his life to an endeavour to unloose the bonds of materialism, to shatter conventional morality, to eradicate false art, and to 'open the eternal worlds, to open the immortal 'eyes of man inwards into the worlds of thought.' He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He was an enthusiastic believer in the power of the arts to regenerate mankind, and his one ever-present idea was to establish a Golden Age, with Art for the religion and Imagination the only God. This is the fundamental principle of all his writings upon art and the predominant motive of his prophetic books. We even find him, in both of these places, repeatedly identifying Christ with the imagination, which he also terms 'the Divine Body' of Man. Many of the Christian mystics had already identified Him with the Will; but Blake, being the first of these to be an artist, was entirely original in this striking conviction. There is an aphorism among those which surround his print of the Laocoon, where this article of his creed is clearly set forth. 'The Eternal Body 'of Man,' he asserts, 'is the Imagination, that is God Himself, 'the Divine Body, Jesus; we are His members'—that is to say, Imagination, being the primary emanation of the Divine Being, which is Jesus (the Divine Body of God), is identical with the collective Imagination of Man, which in the aggregate is His Divine Body. This theory, it will be seen, easily leads to the

belief that Christianity is Art, that the whole business of Man is the arts, with the inference embodied in another of the Laocoon sentences—‘A poet, a painter, a musician, an architect ; ‘the man or woman who is not one of these is not a Christian’—an idea present in another passage, where he vindicates poetry, painting, and music as ‘the three powers in man of conversing ‘with Paradise which the flood did not sweep away’ ; the flood, as he explains elsewhere, being symbolical of the time when man fell under the dominion of the five senses.

‘I know of no other Christianity,’ he writes in ‘Jerusalem,’ ‘and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination ; Imagination, the real and eternal world, of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies, when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more.’

And there are some beautiful words in a letter to Flaxman, only recently come to light, in which the supreme joy of this same invincible faith finds jubilant utterance :

‘I rejoice to hear that your great work is accomplished. Peace opens the way to greater still. The kingdoms of this world are now become the kingdoms of God and His Christ, and we shall reign with Him for ever and ever. The reign of literature and the arts commences. Blessed are those who are found studious of literature and human and polite accomplishments. Such have their lamps burning and such shall shine as the stars.’

It must be, indeed, a gloomy and earth-bound disposition that is impervious to such enthusiasm as this !

From his exaltation of imagination, we may pass to Blake’s conception of vision, which is, in his view, inseparable from its activity ; and since any inquiry into the nature of vision is inevitably beset by a host of conflicting theories, it seems best, in dealing with the visionary aspect of his art, to do no more than give a brief summary of his own statements and beliefs on this point, leaving it to the inclination and intelligence of every reader to estimate their significance. In this way it is possible to abstain from shocking any of those people who are content to set aside the whole of imaginative experience as mere hallucination, induced by a perturbed mental atmosphere, and at the same time to provide interesting reflections for anyone to whom these matters are comprehensible realities, and who is at one with Sir Thomas Browne when he says : ‘The severe schools ‘shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that ‘this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as ‘in a pourtraiet, things are not truely, but in equivocal shapes,



‘and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabrick.’

It is necessary to begin by stating that Blake, in laying claim to vision, is not arrogating to himself an inspiration surpassing that of other great artists, as he is always careful to explain that he believed the genius of every age to be equally inspired : but he is doing no more than pointing to what he supposed to be the origin, conscious or unconscious, of every work of art ; ‘when Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Mr. Flaxman,’ he said to Crabb Robinson, ‘does any of his fine things, he does them ‘in the spirit’ : and when he says in one of his letters that he believed his designs to be ‘a species by themselves,’ he is only referring to the bulk of the art of his own day, which was, in his opinion, negligible. At the beginning of the description of his vision of the Last Judgement, he has some sentences concerning the opposition of fable or allegory to vision, which he understands to be the same as imagination. His own work, he announces, is visionary or imaginative, which he explains to mean that it is occupied with the representation of what actually exists, really and unchangeably, in that world of eternity, from which we come and unto which we shall return after the death of our natural bodies. The whole of the visible universe, ‘every-thing,’ as he puts it, ‘which we see reflected in this vegetable ‘glass of nature,’ is but a faint shadow, in corruptible matter, of the permanent and solid realities existing in this timeless and infinite abode ; and if the glorious originals are to find expression in art for our eyes of clay, it can only be by using these images of existences here below as symbols of them : possible only when the appropriate one, which ‘corresponds’ with each, has been disclosed by revelation. Allegory, on the contrary, is begotten of memory, and belongs to the region of fancy, which is concerned with the things of time and has no part, through inspiration, in the intellectual and the eternal. Allegory, he tells us, arose when ‘reality was forgot, and the varieties ‘of time and space only remembered and called reality’—that is to say, it belongs only to the general laws and principles to which fallen creation is compelled to submit ; its relationship to the thing represented is a purely arbitrary one : it is possible for the same idea or general principle to be allegorised in many different ways, but the symbol is, in its essentials, rigid and unalterable, since ‘in eternity one thing never changes into ‘another thing,’ each identity being eternal ; and if it is found to differ in accidental points—for ‘accident ever varies, substance can never suffer change nor decay’—this is only because the imaginative eye of every individual is as various in the

modes of its perception as the corporeal eye, and the spiritual mystery is so ordered as to suit the visionary capacity of every seer. Allegories have to do with moral virtues and the like, which, as Blake points out, are secondary considerations, belonging to philosophy and not to poetry, to accident and not to substance. The example which he gives of his distinction between allegory and vision is the appearance of Time in art, our own astronomical, phenomenal Time being wont to be presented allegorically by an ancient man with hoary beard and hair, whereas, he asserts, in point of fact, the real vision of Time itself is as an eternal youth. He reminds us, however, that even vision itself may at times become lost and clouded in fable and allegory, and admits that his own vision is occasionally infected in this way; for 'the nature of such things is not, as some suppose, without trouble or care. Temptations are on the right hand and on the left. Behind, the sea of time and space roars and follows swiftly.' And sometimes, as Mallarmé sorrowfully confesses, 'hélas! Ici-bas est maître.' He often accuses Greek art of being to a large extent contaminated by fable, which he attributes to the fact that the Greek Muses are daughters of Mnemosyne, or Memory, and not of Inspiration or Imagination; for, as he proves by a quotation from Milton, a work of genius is a work 'not to be obtained by the invocation of memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, Who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases.' The nature of this allegorical element in Greek art is well expressed by the Belgian poet, Emile Verhaeren, in some words which occur in a privately printed tract issued in 1887:

'Le symbolisme actuel, contrairement au symbolisme grec, qui était la concrétion de l'abstrait, sollicite vers l'abstraction du concret . . . Jadis, Jupiter, incarné en statue, représentait la domination; Vénus, l'amour; Hercule, la force; Minerve, la sagesse.'

This idea is similarly put forward by Blake himself in the descriptive catalogue:

'The Greeks . . . have neglected to subdue the gods of Priam. These gods are visions of the eternal attributes, or divine names which, when erected into gods, become destructive to humanity.'

Another accusation which he has to bring against Greek art is connected with the supposed use of a canon of proportion for the human figure, which he also condemns as being founded upon memory rather than upon imagination. Grecian form, he says, is mathematic form; mathematic form is born from the

reasoning memory, and the gods of Greece are 'mathematical diagrams.' The ultimate difference for him between Greek poetry and the Hebrew Bible or the Gospel of Jesus is that the first of these is vision corrupted by personification, metaphor, metamorphosis, and many other delusions of a corporeal nature, while both of the latter are pure and eternal vision, unalloyed with any base influence of fable or allegory. But, as he rightly says, we shall not want Greek or any other models 'if we are but just and true to our own imaginations.' It is well, before leaving the definition of allegory according to Blake's normal use of the word, to warn the reader that he will be sometimes found to employ it in a good, as well as a bad, sense: for example, in one of his letters we find him saying: 'Allegory addressed to the intellectual powers, while it is altogether hidden from the corporeal understanding, is my definition of the most sublime poetry.'

One thing is beyond question, whatever view may be taken of artistic inspiration in general—that Blake truly believed himself to be a divinely appointed prophet or emissary from on High, on exactly the same footing as the great Hebrew visionaries of the Old Testament; and in this immeasurably more fortunate, that he was able to see and 'to converse with daily, as man with man,' that Saviour 'to whom the ancients looked and saw his day afar off, with trembling and amazement.' He also claimed to converse with the great dead and with angels, and to write and to design from their dictation and suggestion. In a letter to Butts he says: 'I am under the direction of messengers from heaven, daily and nightly'; and in another letter he talks of conversing with his friends in eternity, seeing visions, dreaming dreams, and prophesying and speaking parables. And to Hayley he exultantly exclaims: 'Dear sir, excuse my enthusiasm, or rather madness, for I am really drunk with intellectual vision whenever I take a pencil or graver into my hand.' He believed himself compelled, and sometimes, like St. Theresa, reluctantly, by his genius or angel to follow where he led, saying of his designs:

'Though I call them mine, I know they are not mine, being of the same opinion with Milton when he says that the Muse visits his slumbers and awakes and governs his song, when morn purples the East, and being also in the predicament of that prophet who says: "I cannot go beyond the command of the Lord, to speak good or bad."'

The Spirit said to him, as Crabb Robinson relates: 'Blake, be an artist.' The voice was to him like the 'divine sign' of Socrates, and he would as little have thought of disobedience.

'That I cannot live,' he writes to Butts, in 1802, 'without doing my duty to lay up treasures in heaven is certain and determined. . . . The one thing I have most at heart—more than life, or all that seems to make life comfortable, without—is the interest of true religion and science; and whenever anything appears to affect that interest (especially if I myself omit any duty to my station as a soldier of Christ), it gives me the greatest of torments.'

This 'true religion and science' is, of course, the religion and science of art—that is to say, visionary art, since art alienated from vision is a thing not to be dreamed of; for

'shall painting,' he asks, in the Descriptive Catalogue, 'be confined to the sordid drudgery of facsimile representations of merely mortal and perishing substances, and not be, as poetry and music are, elevated into its own proper sphere of invention and visionary conception? . . . Painting, as well as poetry and music, exists and exults in immortal thoughts.'

The hack engraving and other copying, from art and nature, to which he was compelled, throughout his life, by hunger, meant to him a well-nigh superhuman task. The magnitude of the struggle which it entailed is shown only too clearly by the following extract from a letter to Butts:

'I labour incessantly, I accomplish not one half of what I intend, because my abstract folly hurries me often away while I am at work [engraving for Hayley], carrying me over mountains and valleys, which are not real, into a land of abstraction, where spectres of the dead wander. This I endeavour to prevent; I, with my whole might, chain my feet to the world of duty and reality. But in vain! the faster I bind, the better is the ballast; for I, so far from being bound down, take the world with me in my flights, and often it seems lighter than a ball of wool rolled by the wind. . . . A fig for all corporeal! . . . Alas! . . . who shall deliver me from this spirit of abstraction and improvidence?'

It is little wonder that these enthusiastic ideas and the productions to which they gave rise should have met with small encouragement from a world wholly absorbed in the things of time; and we may well believe that the Rev. Dr. Trusler, the egregious author of 'The Way to be Rich and Respectable,' was not alone in his views when he wrote to Blake returning a water-colour drawing which he had commissioned from him for an illustration to one of his own books: 'Your fancy, from what I have seen of it, and I have seen a variety at Mr. Cumberland's, seems to be in the other world, or the world of spirits, which accords not with my intentions, which, whilst living in this world, wish to follow the nature of it.' 'I could not help

'smiling,' Blake sorrowfully commented to his friend Cumberland, 'at the difference between the doctrines of Dr. Trusler 'and those of Christ.' Some words from Blake's answer to Trusler, dated August 23, 1799, are also worth quoting, both for their own sake and for the light which they throw on the nature of his visionary faculty :

'You say that I want somebody to elucidate my ideas. But you ought to know that what is grand is necessarily obscure to weak men. That which can be made explicit to the idiot is not worth my care. The wisest of the ancients considered what is not too explicit as the fittest for instruction, because it rouses the faculties to act. . . . I know that this world is a world of imagination and vision. I see everything I paint in this world, but everybody does not see alike. To the eyes of a miser a guinea is far more beautiful than the sun, and a bag worn with the use of money has more beautiful proportions than a vine filled with grapes. The tree which moves some to tears of joy, is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. . . . To the eye of the man of imagination, Nature is Imagination itself.'

The last four words of this passage are especially interesting, as they reveal a new aspect of Blake's ideal theory. Their significance is accurately defined by a sentence referring to the prophetic books in Dr. Rudolf Kassner's brilliant essay on Blake : 'Die Worte des Dichters können nicht nur das bedeuten, 'was er mit ihnen sagen will, sondern sie sind es auch.' It is a new interpretation of the view of nature which underlies the whole of his art. Art is for him the transvaluation of nature. Its business is to display the glory of nature as she really is in the imagination, and not as she *appears* to the stony eye of science, which is 'a little narrow orb, closed up and dark, scarcely 'beholding the Great Light,' and to which 'the visions of 'eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions, are become weak 'visions of Time and Space fixed into furrows of death.' Everything, in his eyes, has conscious spiritual existence :

' Each grain of sand,  
Every stone on the land,  
Each rock and each hill,  
Each fountain and rill,  
Each herb and each tree,  
Mountain, hill, earth and sea,  
Cloud, meteor and star,  
Are men seen afar.'

It is the same creed as that of Gérard de Nerval's beautiful sonnet, 'Vers Dorés :



‘Homme, libre penseur ! te crois-tu seul pensant  
Dans ce monde où la vie éclate en toute chose ?  
Des forces que tu tiens ta liberté dispose,  
Mais de tous tes conseils l’univers est absent.

Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant :  
Chaque fleur est une âme à la Nature éclosé ;  
Un mystère d’amour dans le métal repose ;  
“ Tout est sensible ! ” Et tout sur ton être est puissant.’

It is the creed which made Eckhart and Joachim of Flora tell the people to seek God as much in the green fields as in the church. It is the mystical creed of every age.

Closely connected with his theory of vision is Blake’s doctrine of ‘states,’ which it is necessary to understand if the significance of his art is to be truly comprehended. In attempting to describe it we shall confine ourselves to bringing together and endeavouring to explain the few scattered allusions which occur here and there throughout his writings, without any idea of expanding them into a complete system of morals. It is worth while calling attention to the resemblance of this section of his system with the theory independently developed by the modern Danish philosopher, Kierkegaard, for anyone who cares to turn to his works. In the blessed existence in which we were before the serpent had enticed us into his labyrinth of ethical disputation, we lived in paradise, walking up and down the pleasant gardens by the river of life, in the midst of mental delights, never talking of what is good or evil, or of what is right or wrong, since we knew nothing of these things, but conversing with eternal realities as they are in the world of the imagination. But it is far otherwise in our fallen condition. In this world of generation and death, where we are overwhelmed by the deep sleep of corporeal existence, we are continually troubled by deadly dreams of good and evil. Mercifully, however, we are saved from the full consequence of our fall, ending in the eternal death of the soul—which must inevitably have come to pass through the identification of our personalities with these imaginings of the Evil One—by an express act of intervention and redemption on the part of the Divine Power, whereby were created what Blake terms ‘states,’ which are spaces or regions of good and evil permanently fixed exterior to ourselves. By this means alone every man is delivered at the last from the fatal penalties which must have attended the imputation of iniquity to the individual. This is the only way to the forgiveness of sins. Among these states are included, singly or combined, all the qualities and attributes, the moods and im-

pulses, the pains and pleasures, as well as the virtues and vices which accompany our mortal life, memory, reason, misery, love or affection, pity, calumny and murder, natural religion being among those which happen to be mentioned by Blake himself. In the course of our earthly pilgrimage each of us must pass, like a traveller, through the world of these states or conditions, which invests our spiritual life on every side; and it is only by the Divine guidance of our Imagination, which, Blake tells us, is not a state but 'the human existence itself' and identical with Jesus Christ, that we are able to enter the good and to shun the evil. If we are unaided by this—the only effectual champion, the struggle is hopeless from the beginning, since even the good states we may chance to enter become, in this case, wholly negative and worthless. Therefore he warns us to 'put off holiness, and put on intellect': for 'the fool shall not enter into heaven, let him be ever so holy: holiness is not the price of entrance into heaven.' These spiritual states of the soul are all eternal, and await every generation of man. 'Man passes on, but states remain for ever: he passes through them like a traveller, who may as well suppose that the places he has passed through exist no more, as a man may suppose that the states he has passed through exist no more. Every-thing is eternal.' But we must remember that for every individual the states are ever changing, while his identity remains imperishably the same; and we must, above all, be careful to distinguish between states and individuals, between the man and his present state, because there are few things more abominable in Blake's eyes, and much more in the eyes of God, Who in His mercy has instituted for us this means to the forgiveness of sin, than the imputation of sin to the individual; and our resentment for injuries or evil deeds must always be directed to the state through which the evildoers are passing—they are blameless, and iniquity must be imputed to the state they are entered into.

This leads us to a remarkable conception which he has of the Last Judgement, and in the light of which he wishes his pictures of this subject to be considered. The ultimate Last Judgement, when the temporal is finally thrown out, that the eternal may be established once more, when bad art is once and for all cast out, has for its type and symbol a Last Judgement which is always proceeding in the soul of the imaginative man—'when-ever any individual rejects error and embraces truth, a Last Judgement passes upon that individual': that is to say, the just man, the man whose eternal portion is awake, whose imagination is an energising reality, is continually sitting in judgement

upon those 'states,' which from time to time present themselves in his spiritual life, actively searching and exploring every one of them, rejecting the base, the ugly, the uninspired, and retaining the noble and perfect and beautiful—in one word, he is making unceasing use of his critical faculty. By a strange coincidence, the same belief has also found its way into the mouth of Ibsen, who somewhere says: 'At Digte—det er at holde Dommedag 'over sig selv.' In the description which Blake himself gives of his own vision of the Last Judgement, he would have us understand that all the personages, who are represented in his pictures of the scene as appearing before the Judgement Seat and receiving their due, are not to be confounded with the individuals of their name, but are the states signified by those names: 'the individuals being representatives, or visions, of 'those states, as they were revealed to mortal man in the series 'of Divine revelations, as they are written in the Bible,' which is 'the great code of Art;' and he reminds us also that the events which are being enacted not only have reference to the actual Last Day, but concern us more nearly in that they are symbolical of that Judgement going on continually in our own souls. Before leaving the matter of the Last Judgement, it will be interesting to turn to one of his pictures of this subject, in order that we may be able to see his method of treating it. Of the three or four of these, which, together with many drawings, are now extant from his hand, artistically the most important is a water-colour, done in 1806, and shown two years later at the Royal Academy, now in the possession of Sir John Stirling Maxwell. As this is not one of those actually described by himself, a brief analysis of it may be given. The Judge, who is Jesus or the Human Imagination, is enthroned on high, with the Word Divine of Revelation upon His knee, between the four-and-twenty elders, who are the great poets and artists of all ages. Around him, the heavens, in clouds, are rolling like a scroll, ready to be consumed. Descending from the sea of fire before the throne is a fiery cataract, wherein three angels are seen falling headlong, with trumpets, to awake the dead. Adam and Eve, as representatives of the whole human race, appear first before the Judgement Seat, kneeling in contrition. On the right hand, the just, in humility and exultation, are rising in groups through the air, with their children and families. The Patriarchs are among their number. A woman crowned with stars and the moon beneath her feet, surrounded by infants, he tells us, represents the Christian Church. A group of infants, encircled by a rainbow, who are mounting upwards on an angel's wings, may be supposed to be the souls of the innocents. An

angel with a writing-tablet is taking account of the numbers who arise. Below, the graves of the blessed are bursting; parents and children, wives and husbands, embrace and arise upon the air rejoicing. On the left hand of the throne, from the cloud on which Eve kneels, Satan, wound round by the serpent, is falling headlong, pursued by lightnings. Many figures, among them Sin, and Death, and Time, some chained and bound together, others scourged by a Spirit with flames of fire (typifying cruel laws), all in various attitudes of despair and horror, are falling into the abyss of hell which opens beneath ready to consume them, and where others are howling and descending into the flames, and in the act of dragging each other down, and of contending and fighting with each other on the brink of perdition. An angel, with a writing-tablet, is seen, numbering, on this side, also. On clouds, above, are opened, each by two angels, the books of remembrance of Life and of Death; before that of Life, on the right, some figures bow in lamentation; before that of Death, on the left, from which lightnings are issuing, the Pharisees are pleading their own righteousness. On either side of the angels with the trumpets hovers an angel, one holding scales and the other sheathing his sword, emblematic of justice and mercy. Below them, between the sun darkened and the moon eclipsed, is the seven-headed beast, kneeling upon a rock, and, at the bottom, amid the ruins of her palaces, the Harlot, who is Nature, is seated, with her red cloak uplifted behind her, and the Dragon, or Reason, which darkens the life of man, at her side. All around, the earth is convulsed with the labours of resurrection. The whole upper part of the design is a view of Heaven opened, around the throne of Christ. His head is surrounded by a glorious light, in which are seen infants emanating from Him, representing the eternal births of intellect from the Divine Humanity. Above Him hovers the Holy Spirit like a dove, between Cherubim with harps and with the Cross above it; for the Ark of the Covenant is a dove of peace. The curtains are drawn apart, Christ having rent the veil; the seven-branched candlestick and the table of shew-bread appear on each side. On the right hand of the Saviour is Baptism, on His left the Lord's Supper—the two introducers into Eternal Life.

As in the Last Judgement we see depicted the various states by which our mortal existence is harassed or succoured, so in the picture of the Canterbury Pilgrimage from Chaucer, which he finished in 1808 for his exhibition the following year, we get the typical combinations of states which recur again and again among the generations of men of every age and nation: 'as one

'age falls, another rises, different to mortal sight,' different, that is, in what is accidental and unessential, 'but to immortals only 'the same.' He gives an account of this interesting idea in the part of the Descriptive Catalogue which has reference to this picture :

'Of Chaucer's characters, as described in his *Canterbury Tales*, some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves for ever remain unaltered ; and consequently they are the physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life, beyond which Nature never steps. Names alter, things never alter. . . . As Newton numbered the stars, and as Linnæus numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men. The painter has consequently varied the heads and forms of his personages into all Nature's varieties. . . . Chaucer's characters live age after age. Every age is a *Canterbury pilgrimage* ; we all pass on, each sustaining one or other of these characters ; not a child can be born who is not one of these characters of Chaucer. . . . Chaucer's characters are a description of the eternal principles that exist in all ages. . . . Visions of these eternal principles or characters of human life appear to the poets in all ages.'

It is not at all to be wondered at that the teacher of so idealistic a philosophy of painting should have thought contemptuously enough of Reynolds's belief, expressed in his '*Discourses*,' that genius may be taught, and that all pretence to inspiration is a delusion or a lie.

'When a man talks of *acquiring* invention,' Blake wrote in his MS. notes to the *Discourses*, 'and of *learning* how to produce original conceptions, he must expect to be called a fool by men of understanding. . . . Reynolds thinks that man learns all that he knows. I say, on the contrary, that man brings all that he has or can have into the world with him. . . . Knowledge of ideal beauty is not to be acquired ; it is born with us. . . . Taste and genius are not teachable or acquirable, but are born with us.'

After this brief summary of Blake's conception of the nature of the subject-matter of art, it is now time to speak of the principles of execution upon which he determined as being best fitted for its expression. That he was by no means blind, as has been sometimes supposed, to the absolute necessity of attention to the scientific and technical side of painting, which is the language of art, is proved not only by his numerous and laborious experiments with vehicles and processes of every kind, but also by such statements in his writings as : 'Execution 'is the chariot of genius,' and 'Invention depends altogether 'upon execution or organisation ; as that is right or wrong, so 'is the invention perfect or imperfect. Whoever is set to 'undermine the execution of art is set to destroy it.' The most



serious loss among all his writings, which the iniquity of time has withheld from us, is the treatise which he had in hand, giving a full account of his ideas and inventions in this field. The idea of composing such a treatise is likely to have been suggested to him by the '*Trattato della Pittura*' of Cennino Cennini (known at that time only in manuscript), with which he must have had some acquaintance, either direct or indirect, at any rate as early as 1796, when his most intimate friend, George Cumberland, in his '*Thoughts on Outline*,' speaks of having been indulged for some days with the loan of a manuscript of this work in the Grand Ducal Library at Florence, doubtless for the purpose of copying or making extracts from it. It will be remembered that, towards the end of his life, Blake was presented by Linnell with a copy of the first published edition of the '*Trattato*,' printed at Rome in 1822, and was delighted to find that some of his own methods in painting had been anticipated by Cennino.

Believing, as he did, the things of the imagination to be alone real and vital, he was, naturally, in duty bound to copy them with the utmost precision and scrupulosity. What he wished to produce was a realism of the imagination—an ideal that was by no means easy of attainment, when we remember that his imaginings appeared to him infinitely more real than anything in this visible world :

'A spirit and a vision,' he writes in the Descriptive Catalogue, 'are not, as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour or a nothing ; they are organised and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce. He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments and in stronger and better light than his perishing and mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organised than anything seen by his mortal eye.'

In order to achieve this transcendental realism, in order to acquire the habit of precision in regard to ideas, without which he knew grandeur of ideas was impossible, he resigned himself to accepting the necessity of servile copying from art and nature ; not, of course, for its own sake, for nothing was more repellent to him than landscape or portrait painting or any kind of drawing from the model for its own sake, but solely by way of practice, because, as Sir Joshua Reynolds saw, a habit of drawing correctly what we see gives a proportionable power of drawing correctly what we imagine ; for, to use the words of Albrecht Dürer, 'it is ordained that never shall any man be able, out of his own thoughts, to make a beautiful figure, unless, by much study,

'he hath well stored his mind.' Imagination was for him sharply distinguished from nature by its form, being possessed of that firm and determined outline, which Reynolds includes among the chief characteristics of the great style in painting; while the latter is, as the impressionists have helped to show us, blurred, confused, and indefinite, one thing vanishing into another by imperceptible gradations, and, in art, entirely dependent for its unity upon the harmonious distribution of the elements of the composition, light, shade, and colour. Since in the imagination everything appears as it really is, eliminated from its environment by a hard and unalterable bounding line, which is the final test of any given reality, serving to distinguish it from every other kindred or neighbouring existence, it is natural enough that Blake should have steadfastly declined to allow the softness and vagueness of nature to impair the vividness of his vision; and for this reason we need scarcely be surprised at his devotion to Dürer and Michelangelo, the princes of linear art, as opposed to 'those demons' the colourists and chiaroscurists, and when we hear him denouncing in no unmitigated terms such artists as Rubens, Rembrandt, Correggio, and Titian, the explanation is not, I believe, to be found, as some have supposed, in the fact that he was unacquainted with adequate examples of their work, or in his inability to appreciate their greatness; but we must rather bear in mind the doctrine of "states" and attribute it to his detestation of the principles of their art, which he believed subversive of the sublime through the glorification of nature and mere sensual pleasure; the greater the genius, therefore, the greater the peril, and we must compare his attitude towards these great artists with that of Plato towards Homer, whom he desired to exclude from the republic because he was only too well aware of his dangerous charms, and with the artist's own conflicting feelings in regard to Dante and Wordsworth, whom he loved for their divine gifts and loathed, at the same time, the one as 'a mere politician,' 'busied about this world,' and for his denial of the forgiveness of sins, the other for his worship of that same evil goddess Nature.

'The great and golden rule of art,' he writes, in the Descriptive Catalogue, 'is this: that the more distinct, sharp, and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art. . . . Great inventors in all ages knew this: Protogenes and Apelles knew each other by this line. Raphael and Michael Angelo, and Albert Dürer, are known by this and this alone. The want of this determinate and bounding form evidences the want of idea in the artist's mind';

and in the Public Address he assures us that it has been the

business of his life to recover art to the Florentine original. Like his Florentine masters, he conceived the naked human body to be the vehicle most meet for the expression of the highest ideas. But his manner of dealing with it was widely different. It was for him something abstract and unsubstantial. He was little interested in the central problem which occupied the whole school—how to produce an illusion of solidity. He was concerned rather with the lines of the body from the point of view of design and as a factor in the composition, than with the representation of flesh, bones, and muscles ; and his occasional attempts in the latter direction are generally unsuccessful. His principal delight was to make a pattern of radiant forms in motion. He would have revelled in Pollaiuolo's 'Battle of the Nudes,' if one of these prints was known to him. His favourite maxim was unbroken lines, unbroken masses, unbroken colours. Uniformity of colour and a long continuation of lines are distinguishing features of nearly all his best work. Different also in principle from the Florentines was his treatment of drapery, which he held should adhere strictly to the shape of the nude, resulting in that curious fashion of clinging, anatomical, and often semi-transparent apparel, which is so characteristic of his work ; while the Florentine ideal was rather to suggest than to reveal the body by its clothing, to convey the living form beneath by the curves of the folds and the direction of the lines. His subordination of every element to the general design is the reason of another of the most noticeable peculiarities of his style, which is the little use he makes of the subtleties and varieties of facial expression ; he has been content to create a certain number of vague and abstract types of countenance, which recur over and over again, while in several of his most beautiful inventions the face of the principal character is altogether concealed or averted. His picture of the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage' is one of the few exceptions to this general practice ; and we are especially reminded of the fact in the Descriptive Catalogue ; but, if the truth be told, the physiognomies in this admirable production are its least claim to distinction. The extent to which he was dominated by purely decorative considerations is also emphasised by the fact that it was his almost invariable rule to confine the lines of his design within the single plane of the foreground, frankly accepting the limitations proper to the flat surface which it was intended to adorn, and making no attempt to lead the eye of the spectator inwards by receding lines of perspective. For this reason his landscape and other backgrounds are commonly of a very summary and conventional nature, after the fashion of a painted curtain for

stage players. This was in accordance with the general practice of the great Italian masters of fresco painting, and it is a peculiarity of nearly all Oriental art.

One more point remains to be considered in regard to Blake's principles of technique. The use of oil as a vehicle of colour was always disagreeable to him, and although the date when he ceased to paint in oils cannot for want of sufficient evidence be precisely determined, it is certain that it was wholly abandoned by him during the last twenty years of his life. The fact was that it was utterly unsuitable for his purpose; and he devotes a considerable portion of his Descriptive Catalogue to exposing its defects. The softness and richness of oil colours, the delicate gradations possible with them, the mellowing and unifying effect of time upon them, all tending to an appeal to the merely sensual part of our nature, were repulsive to his austere manner of designing. 'Oil colours will not do,' he says peremptorily in the notes to Reynolds. He therefore set himself to devise a substitute more nearly in accordance with his ideas, and succeeded in inventing a modification of tempera (the use of which does not appear to have been known to him), for which he borrowed the name 'fresco,' partly on the ground of an analogy to genuine fresco, but above all because it was actually intended to supersede this for the purpose of mural decoration, either on a large or a small scale. Its essential features consisted in the employment of glue (instead of yolk of egg, as in true tempera), for mixing with his colours and in the use of a plaster ground. The new-found mode was far more appropriate to the nature of his communications, and became, next to water colour, his most usual medium. In this way he could most readily attain that decision of the outline which, as we have just seen, was an absolute principle with him. 'Clearness and precision,' he explains in the Descriptive Catalogue, 'have been the chief objects in painting 'these pictures . . . firm and determinate lineaments unbroken 'by shadows.' He claimed also that it was possible by his method to attain an extremely high degree of finish, without the danger of 'blotting and blurring' or destroying the lineaments, by which oil painting was beset. 'Fresco painting,' he writes, 'is properly miniature or enamel painting; everything in fresco 'is as high finished as miniatures or enamel, although in works 'larger than life. The art has been lost; I have recovered it'; and in the notes to Reynolds he is even more emphatic: 'Fresco 'painting is like miniature painting; a wall is a large ivory.' The permanency and brilliancy of the colours were another inducement—'colours as pure and as permanent as precious 'stones,' he promises in the Descriptive Catalogue; and certainly

in this respect his anticipations have not been cheated, most of the 'frescoes' having lost nothing, as far as colour is concerned, from the day they left his hand, whereas his own oils, as well as those of a number of his contemporaries, are now in many cases miserably decayed.

It has only been possible in so short a space to indicate the general tendency of the 'religion and science' of art professed by Blake at the time of his artistic maturity; and any attempt to trace the progress of ideas which manifests itself in the evolution of his art has been necessarily excluded. The reader will not, therefore, be astonished if he finds that some of the usages which appear in the earlier work are at variance with the principles here laid down; the reason being that so many of the pictures are of an experimental nature, done with a view to testing the validity of any theory that may from time to time have occurred to the artist, since he was scrupulous to leave no stone unturned for the advancement of his art. He tells us himself that the three years' sojourn at Felpham was the occasion of 'the recollection of all his scattered thoughts on art,' and it is evident from his productions that this was the period when his æsthetics began to assume their final shape; and by the date of the Descriptive Catalogue (1809) they may be considered to have become more or less definitive. It will be remembered, however, that he more than once congratulates himself on having, in his later work, succeeded in recovering the manner of execution which belonged to the very beginning of his career, preceding that attempt at eclecticism, which prevailed for some twenty years following, when his mind was perturbed by a hundred conflicting doubts and fears, and he was possessed by a desire of incorporating into his work all the graces of Venice and the Netherlands as well as the linear austerity of the Florentines. A glance at some of his youthful pieces will prove that this is the case.

As an artist Blake has ever been both unduly praised and unjustly condemned; and it is only by attending carefully to the purpose and spirit of his work that we are likely to come nearer to a true appreciation of its worth. His detractors in the past have been incited by the indiscriminate enthusiasm of others, beyond the measure of just criticism into the branding of many imaginary defects. Thus the criticism which commonly assailed his powers of draughtsmanship was the outcome rather of ignorance of his intentions than of his failure to carry them into execution: for in fact his tendency is more often to an excess of mannerism than to any neglect or deficiencies on this score; in this respect resembling an artist with whom he has many other



things in common, besides the legend of madness which at one time attached to them both—El Greco. But it is to the early Florentine painters, with their childlike faith and piety, with their ecstatic dreams of God and His Mother attended by Saints and Angels upon earth, that we must turn for an inspiration truly akin to that of Blake ; there alone shall we find a devotion to art, an intensity of purpose, an entire sacrifice of self at all comparable with his. He suffered, however, from a lack of tradition, and his inspiration came in an hour when there were no vessels ready to contain it ; for no artist is ever able to be wholly independent of the conventions of his own age. There has, perhaps, never been a painter who has set before himself a hierarchy of ideals so exactly ordered as that to which Blake compelled himself to submit ; and it is according to these ideals that he must be judged. He was himself the first to admit his ‘want of dexterity in certain points’ ; but we must be careful at the same time not to attribute to incapacity what must justly be assigned to conscious archaism or deliberate repudiation of the academic rule. ‘I know,’ he said, ‘my execution is ‘not like anybody else’s. I do not intend it should be so.’ We must above all remember the visionary origin of his art. He was wholly averse from that view of Nature which obtains with the generality of artists and which supposes the visible world to be linked by a continuity of degrees with the Ideal, from which it has fallen, having been in the beginning *created* perfect, and teaches that the beautiful can be again restored by a simple process of correction and selection, through which the phenomenal is purified from its acquired corruption and deformity ; for not only was the doctrine of *discrete* degrees with him a deep-rooted conviction, but he was at the same time confident that the original ‘creation’ of the universe was actually the consequence of some gigantic catastrophe, in which the imagination became contracted from its natural freedom and divided and shrunk up into a multitude of material forms, subject to generation and death, so that its primitive unity and loveliness can only be regained by the creative act of the visionary artist, whose business is not to imitate or to renew, but to transfigure.

## ART. VIII.—THOUGHT IN ARCHITECTURE.

1. *Mediæval Art.* By W. R. LETHABY. London: Duckworth & Co. 1904.
2. *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art.* Second Series. By BERNHARD BERENSON. London: George Bell & Sons. 1902.
3. *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius.* By S. H. BUTCHER, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.
4. *History of Renaissance Architecture in England.* By REGINALD BLOMFIELD. London: G. Bell & Sons. 1897.
5. *Studies in Architecture.* By REGINALD BLOMFIELD. London: Macmillan & Co. 1905.
6. *Character of Renaissance Architecture.* By CHARLES H. MOORE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1905.

PRACTICALLY all the architecture of the West is traceable to two main sources—to the mediæval source or the classic. Under classic we include not Greek and Roman only, but those round-arched styles which, under the general title of Romanesque, perpetuated Roman tradition in Europe. By mediæval we mean simply Gothic in its various manifestations. The main mass and body of European architecture is made up of these two. There are found here and there touches of Byzantine, the architecture of colour; there are here and there found touches of Saracenic, itself belonging to the same family as Gothic. There may even occur an occasional trace of Egyptian, Persian, or Hindu; but all these are the merest experiments, and in no way form an integral part of our architecture. They might all be deducted and never missed. Of the churches and buildings we see round us in our daily walks all of them, practically speaking, and every feature and detail belonging to each one of them, launch us into one or other of the two main currents which have their spring in the mediæval or classic age. Moreover, intermixed as they often are, these streams never really blend. The forms of which the rival styles are composed may be forced into unnatural association, but they never combine in effect; they are based on opposite, apparently irreconcilable, principles. Mediæval architecture is based on the idea of vertical expansion, classic architecture on the idea of lateral expansion. The desire of the one is to rush up; of the other to spread. The salient trait in the architectural history of the last seven centuries has been the feud that has raged between these two principles.

What is interesting to observe, also, is that this feud seems to be something more than a quarrel over technical forms. On both sides there appear again and again the same favourable or unfavourable circumstances. Conditions which we learn to distinguish as favourable to the vertical principle precede or announce its arrival, and in the same way conditions favourable to the lateral principle prepare its way for it in the world. These conditions consist in the character of epochs or of races. There are epochs in which the spirit of the age fosters one or other of these principles. There are races which, through all ages, have a natural affinity for one or other of them. This being so, can we, by following these indications, by observing the conditions favourable to these principles, which recur with their recurrence, and on which they feed and prosper, affix something of a human character to the architectural principles themselves? Can we say they stand for such and such a tendency in human nature, and prove our conclusion from historical evidence? This is the question to which we will attempt some answer in the following pages.

## I

It is recorded of Keats by his friend Edward Holmes that in his childhood he greatly preferred fighting to reading. 'He would fight anyone, morning, noon, and night, his brother among the rest. It was meat and drink to him.' A year or two later, when he was fourteen or fifteen, we find him so 'suddenly and completely absorbed in reading' that, according to Charles Cowden Clarke, 'he never willingly had a book out of his hand.' Perhaps in Keats's case the change came with unusual abruptness, but still it is more or less a normal one. With most people the early days, when action and love of adventure are all in all, are marked off with some distinctness from the later days of experience and thought. Energy a boy possesses, and imagination; but not mind. Boyhood feels but it does not reason. Consequently all its spiritual intuitions and ideals, instead of feeding thought, are translated direct into terms of action. Romance, love, friendship, ambition, weave themselves in boyhood into dreams of splendid deeds. The dreamer is always a doer; he sails the sea a smuggler or pirate; he explores tropic archipelagoes or virgin backwoods with Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper. His heroes in fiction are Lancelot, Boisguilbert, and Amyas Leigh. In real life they are the captains of his cricket and football elevens and an uncle who was wounded in the Boer

war. It is a complete philosophy, but fugitive—complete because based on an intelligible view of life, fugitive because it ignores a main principle in human nature. Later that principle comes into play. Experience and observation nourish the power of thinking. To body and soul is added mind; life grows wider, deeper, fuller; action can no longer express it, and that it should ever have seemed capable of expressing it is recognised as the arch-delusion of boyhood.

In something the same way there are epochs in the progress of races that seem to correspond in their ideals and limitations to this stage of boyhood—epochs when the main theme of life is action, and when those accomplishments and qualities are most valued which lead to success in action. Such ages have their own conception of what is noble and becoming in conduct and manners, and their own interpretation of art, and poetry, and religion. But all these represent, when analysed, aspects of the view of life common to the age, the view, namely, that all ideas, however beautiful, or holy, or romantic, can be expressed in terms of action; that the brave heart, the strong arm, the tough lance are the fittest instruments of religion, and love, and honour, and supply the only deeds fit to be sung and celebrated. In their concurrence these manifestations combine to depict a life complete and self-consistent because based on a distinct principle—a life in which all the traits are in agreement and seem animated with a similar character. But the duration of such an epoch is limited. Steadily and surely it is undermined by the influence of thought, which introduces into life ideals which action can no longer satisfy or even express. When this occurs the whole fabric of achievement in which the earlier phase of life had embodied itself cracks and splits asunder, and men march through a crumbling *débris* of old customs and beliefs to a more complicated, perhaps, but more ample existence.

Such an epoch seems to have been the mediæval age. It possessed not a love of action only, but a confident faith in the all-sufficiency of action. And what is most significant of this age is that not only is it pre-eminently an age of action, but that as we approach the time with which we are here most nearly concerned, the time of the birth of Pointed architecture, this love of action begins to take a new character, and to express itself in various idealised forms which had hitherto been quite wanting to it. During the period from the fifth to the tenth, or even the eleventh century, the violence of society seemed rather a natural condition of being than a means to the working out of a more ordered scheme of life. The annals of

those times suggest the habits of tigers or wolves, whose instincts impel them to the tearing and rending of their prey. 'Kites and crows,' is Milton's phrase. In the description of manners given in the first chapters of Taine's history, what strikes one most is not the license and cruelty only, but the delight in and gloating over the processes of bloodshed. Men are killed, not because they are in the way, not because they thwart a scheme of ambition, but for killing's sake. Bloodshed in later times is prompt and common enough, but it is a means to an end. In the earlier centuries it is an end in itself. And this appears from the gusto with which the various acts of slaughter are indulged in and prolonged. Of the deeds which grace these centuries those we should select as typical are such as that recorded of a certain band of invaders who 'ayant pris le roi Aella, lui coupent les côtes jusqu'aux reins, et lui arrachent les poumons par l'ouverture, de façon à figurer un aigle avec sa plaie'; or as that of Harold Harefoot, who, when he had captured his rival Alfred with six hundred men, 'leur fit crever les yeux et couper les jarrets, ou scalper le crâne, ou dévider les entrailles.' It is not only that every saga, and fable, and legend is full of deeds of slaughter and carnage, that women and girls make it their bitterest taunt against a suitor that 'seldom had he furnished the wolves with fresh meat, seldom had he seen the kite croaking over the slain.' It is rather that through these accounts there runs a note of almost bestial delight in bloodshed and slaughter for their own sakes; it is that the love of action of these centuries is of an essentially coarse and barbarous quality, unexalted by any refinement or any lofty ideal.

But as we draw through the eleventh and enter on the twelfth century there comes a change. The times are violent still, but the violence is of a different quality. It is a violence tempered, refined, and idealised. Fighting is still the only worthy pastime or profession, but it is a profession now in various ways ennobled and made beautiful. The usages of chivalry cast their glamour over the violence of the age. It is no longer sufficient that a man should be brave and strong; his bravery and strength must be purged of all brutality and coarseness, must be directed and controlled by manners and observances which lift those qualities from the level of brute instincts and invest them with all the beauty they are capable of receiving. Although the origin and rude beginnings of some of the ceremonies of chivalry may be fitfully traced into remote ages, yet the rise of that institution which was to take its place as a definite, decisive influence in life cannot be referred to a time earlier than the



eleventh century. It did not attain to anything like its full power until the twelfth—until, that is, the crusades, themselves nourished on the chivalrous sentiment, had reacted upon that sentiment, and sanctified and consolidated it. The chivalry which had gone through this purifying process emerged from it the most splendid and powerful factor in the life of the age. Common to all the northern races, distributed over England, France, Germany, the north of Italy, Spain, it was a kind of natural efflorescence into which the earlier barbaric hardihood and valour in due season blossomed. Its universality and the enthusiasm it provoked are explained by the fact that it adorned the fighting spirit of the age with all the beauty and all the sanctity that the fighting spirit can support. The investiture of knighthood became in the twelfth century a distinctively religious function. The solemn cleansing and washing away of earthly impurity—still perpetuated in name by our Order of the Bath—the instruction of two ‘ancient and grave knights’ on the duties and responsibilities of chivalry, the pouring of water over the body, the signing of the left shoulder with the sign of the cross, the procession to the chapel, the night-long vigil spent in orisons and prayer, the confession and communion at daybreak, the vow to support and defend the Church, are incidents which reveal the solemnity of the occasion and the devout feelings with which it was regarded. The same growing desire to raise and purify the old violence is shown by the institution of the distinctively religious orders of chivalry in which the functions of monk and knight were actually blended. Of these the three most important were the Knights Templars, the Knights of St. John, and the Teutonic Knights, or Knights of St. Mary’s. All three took the religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, to which was added the fourth vow of fighting against the infidel. They were, at once, monks and the best lances in Christendom. Built upon the union of two ideas, both powerful—the love of God and the love of fighting—these orders grew until they attained a dignity, power, and wealth which matched them with the strength of nations, and which testify in a very extraordinary way to the need felt in that age for exalting the profession of arms by conferring on it the prestige of a religious vocation.

And not only did chivalry invest the martial spirit of the age with holiness and enlist it in the service of God, but it adorned it with a thousand graces and lofty sentiments. It brought to it the ideal loyalty to the adopted brother in arms; it made of it an instrument for the protection of women and of the weak and oppressed, and for the redressing of injuries and the righting

of wrongs. The pattern knight was not *sans peur* only, but *sans reproche*. Courtesy, generosity, forbearance, gentleness were as essential to his character as renown in arms. And scarcely less essential were grace of manner and refined accomplishments. To

Frame love ditties passing rare  
And sing them to a lady fair ;

to excel in the dance, in conversation, in wit, in love-making ; to be as exquisite a courtier and irresistible a wooer as he was terrible a lance—these were the qualities in which every young knight was sedulously practised.

When we remember, further, the European range of the institution, and that it was the common aspiration of practically the whole of the upper class of Europe to be admitted to the ranks of knighthood and accept and realise the ideals of chivalry, we shall scarcely wonder at the effect which the new influence wrought upon society. It achieved, in manners at least, a complete change. It was, indeed, with manners rather than with an essential view of life that it was concerned. The basis and very foundation of chivalry was still action. It refined and ennobled the old violence, but it worked in that violence itself as its own subject-matter. It is to be thought of not as radically transforming the ideas of society, but rather as an influence polishing, idealising, and sanctifying ideas which already existed, but existed in a rude and brutal state.

At the same time this influence of chivalry was, in direct effect at any rate, reserved to one section of society. It might, and no doubt did, react indirectly upon the lower orders, but its direct action was rigidly confined to those whose birth and position made them eligible for knighthood. These it gathered together into one universal and catholic confraternity of comrades in arms ; but all beneath these it totally ignored. In short, if chivalry expresses, as it evidently does, the desire of one great class of the community to devote its energy to holy and noble purposes, we must look elsewhere to find the expression of the same desire among the mass of the people. Of this there is not lacking signal manifestation. We have seen that the crusades enlisted the chivalry of the age and shed an odour of sanctity over the institution. But the crusades were certainly not dependent on chivalry—at least, not on chivalry in its technical and class sense. Chivalry in this sense was a mere ingredient in the crusades. If we want to find the substance they were made of, we must turn, not to the vows and vigils of youthful knights, but to the extraordinary exhibitions

of popular fervour which answered the exhortation of Peter the Hermit, or stand with the vast throng and mob of the common people at Clermont and hear the thundering shout of 'It is the Will of God' that went up in answer to Urban's pleading.

This popular fervour, which drove whole populations at a time, of men, women, and children, to die along the roads of want or whiten the desert with their skeletons, was the stuff out of which the crusades were fashioned; and this popular fervour was itself the manifestation, in a wild, half-inarticulate fashion, of the same sentiment which chivalry expressed with a more artistic reserve. The people who raised that shout at Clermont meant exactly what the knight meant when he knelt down in the chapel and offered his sword upon the altar. They meant that they were sick of a mere selfish and brutal violence, and hailed the thought of consecrating to the service of God the energy in which they still believed. In the case of the crusades, as in the case of chivalry, it was the confidence that action interprets all motives which constituted their success. A religious appeal which was also a call to arms touched the quick of conviction. The crusades, like chivalry, introduced nothing new. They changed no fundamental belief. What they did was to use for lofty aims what had hitherto been used for low ones. They were based on violence themselves just as much as the old bloody feuds were, but by exalting its aim they exalted violence itself and endowed it with a sanctity hitherto quite lacking to it. The crusades, in short, may be looked upon as a complement or completion of chivalry, expressing, as they do, on behalf of the common people the longing not to depose or change in any way, but to ennoble and sanctify the spirit of energy characteristic of the age.

Joining, then, chivalry and the crusades together we get a fairly adequate expression of that new thought which makes the twelfth century remarkable, the longing, namely, of all classes to idealise the love of action they had hitherto been content to indulge.

## II

But this common longing, so vigorously expressed, so universal throughout all the nations, is a phenomenon which will naturally disclose itself in other things besides crusades and chivalry. It will disclose itself through those usual channels in which life finds expression, through, that is to say, literature and art. This in due season it proceeds to do. The poetry of the twelfth century is made remarkable by an event which gives a totally new cast and character to the literature of the period.

The Arthurian legends make their decisive appearance about the middle of the century. In the essay on Romance contributed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' by Messrs. Tedder and Kerney the cycle of these legends is dated as follows :—Arthur, Guinevere and Merlin from 1136–49; the Round Table before 1155; Tristan about 1160, Lancelot about 1170, and the Graal about the same time, or a few years later. Of French and Norman origin in the first place, these romances spread with extraordinary rapidity through Europe. Nor were they merely received and repeated. In every nation they were reconstructed and recast. Fresh combinations were formed of their incidents or new circumstances and characters added. So universal was the creative instinct in the region of romance that the original legends were at once looked upon not so much as completed poems, but as so much material out of which poetry might be made. A host of singers flung themselves upon this new material; single events or characters were made the subject of special treatment, and the new style was elaborated and developed by the Trouvères of North France and England, the troubadours of South France, Spain and North Italy and the Minnesänger of Germany.

As to the character of this new poetry the reader will need but a very trifling acquaintance with it to know that it is in a special sense the poetry of chivalry. It disdains the mention of the common herd, while it devotes itself with elaborate pains to the celebration of every knightly ideal. The adventures and heroisms, the honour, courtesy and devotion of the true knightly character are again and again exemplified and extolled. The place held by each virtue in what may be called a scheme of culture peculiar to the age is marked. Courage is tempered by generosity, and pride by courtesy, and the summit of inspiration is touched in the episode, which doubtless thrilled many a young knight arming for Palestine, of the quest of the Holy Graal.

So far, then, we have possessed ourselves of the main fact that during the twelfth century European society set itself to idealise and sanctify the old rude spirit of energy which had hitherto found exclusive vent in feud and foray. We have traced this tendency in two very striking manifestations: in the institution of chivalry as regards the upper classes, and in the crusades as regards the body of the nation. In the romance poetry of the period chivalry finds its appropriate and adequate expression. But in what does that far more powerful popular enthusiasm which breathes in the crusades find expression? To ask the question is to answer it. There is only one creative movement in the art of that age which has in it the popular fire and force

of the crusades, and that of course is Gothic architecture. Romance poetry, voicing the thought of the knights and nobles, originated, as we have seen, between the years 1136-1149. Gothic architecture, voicing the thought of the mass of the nation, was born at St. Denis in 1140.

All these activities with which we are dealing have one common place of origin and well out thence over Europe. France is the nursery of the new idealism. Chivalry and romance poetry, the crusading frenzy and Gothic architecture emanate one after another from this centre. In France is first developed that impulse of the soul which gives its special character to the Gothic age and is the source from which these manifestations all issue. We must accept this impulse of the twelfth century, its desire to consecrate and idealise its love of action, as an inevitable stage in the progress from barbarism to civilisation. That races which had put their whole minds and lives into action should, when higher thoughts dawned, attempt to express these in the same way seems natural and appropriate. In any case the longing to do this, the longing to express in action not pride only and ambition but all beautiful and tender and religious sentiments, is the keynote of the age. This it is which shows itself in the ways we have been speaking of. Among the nobles it shows itself as a matter of life in the institution of chivalry and as a matter of art in romance poetry. Among the people it shows itself as a matter of life in the crusades and as a matter of art in Gothic architecture.

But if this is so we shall not, of course, be reduced for proof of it to mere historical and circumstantial evidence. We shall have direct evidence to go on in the case of the architecture, just as we have in the case of the poetry. There is no question about romance poetry idealising or not idealising energy. Its intention to do so is manifest in every line of it. All its heroes are men of action. All thoughts and aspirations, even the mystical dreamings of a Galahad or a Percival, are translated into sword strokes and spear thrusts. They will fight anyone, morning, noon and night; it is meat and drink to them. Can we find in Gothic architecture direct testimony of this kind? Can we say of it, not that it must be idealised energy because it is the fruit of an age when the idealisation of energy was the master thought of Europe; or because it sprang up within the area whence all other manifestations of that same thought originated; but can we say of it that in fact it *is* idealised energy; that in its own forms and features and methods of construction it is the very image of idealised energy cast into stone and made visible and tangible?



In a former article dealing with the same subject from a different point of view, from the point of view, namely, of the effect which as a social force the Gothic spirit had in the world, we had occasion to dwell on the energy of this architecture. It is, so we suggested, the continuity of Gothic forms and lines which give character to the style. The piers we took as the starting point of this continuity. Their ribs, bound round but not terminated by the capitals, project upward on all sides; some to form the vaulting ribs of the aisles, others to be constructed into the mouldings of the aisle arches, while others are continued as vaulting shafts up the clerestory walls until they radiate into the skeleton work of tracery which supports the groining of the roof. These upward springing lines incorporate into their own system all the structural parts of the building and endow it with the character of vital energy which distinguishes it so markedly from all other styles. With the possible exception of Saracenic no other styles possess a trace of this quality. Their construction precludes it, for they are composed of forms only which are finite and self-contained, such as the plain column terminated by its capital, the architrave or semicircular arch, the flat ceiling or rounded vault. All these are self-contained features, lacking continuity and expressing strength in repose only. They can never be so manipulated as to express strength in action, or energy. Gothic forms alone can do this. Gothic forms alone serve, as we said, as conductors, and by acting as such, by receiving and transmitting energy, that is to say, set up an actual movement and current of vitality. So much is this the case, so completely does this spirit of energy possess a Gothic building and assert itself as the test of its character, that the loss of it in any feature, and its assumption of a passive character, as of round arch or lintel, at once marks it as a dead thing among the living and as something totally alien to the general style of the architecture.

There are certain contentions in regard to architecture which, after being briefly stated, are best left to the reader's discernment; since those who possess an instinct for the significance of form will readily perceive their truth, if they have truth, while those who have not this instinct will scarcely be convinced by a prolonged analysis. That Gothic is pre-eminently the style of energy seems to us such a contention. It will be perceived at once or not at all. We may suggest, however, this further way of considering the argument. We will ask the reader to imagine himself standing among the passive and solid features of a Norman interior, and beg him there for a moment to consider the course of our present argument, the signs and portents of the Gothic

age, its tendency to idealise action and achieve all its ends by action, its chivalry and chivalric poetry and, in the crusading ardour, the same instinct profoundly apparent in the heart of the masses; and then, remembering that architecture is essentially the people's art, in the rudiments of which alone they have instruction, we will ask him to suppose that in this art the popular instinct is indeed to find expression and that these passive piers and solid arches and all the vast quiescent strength of the Norman building are to be transformed into an image of intense and devouring energy, an energy equal to the attainment of all aims, an energy that shall scale heaven and satisfy all aspiration, even as the crusades themselves satisfied the religious cravings of mediæval Europe. And having imagined this, then let him transport himself into the nave of Westminster Abbey and look up there at the long slender lines shooting upward, embracing as they go the whole structure of the building till they diverge, like exploding rockets, into the tracery of the vault. Would he not feel in that transformation that his surmise had come true, that the popular craving to idealise and sanctify energy had here found its culminating expression, as much more powerful and convincing than the romance poetry as the impulse of a whole people is more powerful than the impulse of a class? Would he not even stand amazed at the audacity and triumphant thoroughness with which that ideal had been embodied?\*

---

\* The purport of Mr. C. H. Moore's book on Renaissance Architecture, inscribed at the head of this article, is indirectly to insist on the energetic character of Gothic. In a former work the author deduced from early French Gothic the principle of structural articulation as the supreme test of beauty in architecture; in the present one he goes on to apply this test to Renaissance buildings, with, of course, to them, the most disastrous effects. The test is really a peculiarly Gothic one. That a building should express to the eye of the beholder its own method of construction, that it should show how the superincumbent weight is distributed, the side-thrust of arches met and counteracted, and the lofty vaulting raised and sustained, this, no doubt, in the case of Gothic, is a matter of such supreme importance that, perhaps, as Mr. Moore contends, it constitutes in itself a sufficing test of excellence. But it only does so because the whole framework of a Gothic edifice is so instinct with energy that merely to emphasise that framework and disclose it clearly to the eye at once endows the building with a character as animated as its own purpose. When, however, we turn to passion forms of architecture the case is somewhat different. It is true that, even in these, anything like structural insincerity is fatal to all true simplicity and grandeur of effect; and it is true, as Mr. Moore

Here in the architecture itself, then, is the direct testimony we need and which supersedes all other. We need not, once we come to this, turn for support to more obscure corroboration. It is best to trust to the reader's eye for history and for the meaning of form. The longing which sprang up in the twelfth century, the longing and the craving to ennoble by high use and consecrate to the service of God that love of action which had hitherto been only brutally indulged, this it is which gives to twelfth-century Europe an altogether new character, a character new in manners, language, and enterprise. And this it is which in the soaring lines of the new architecture is visibly cast into stone. Such an interpretation of the style tends, as we think, to add to its human interest. We see in it, from this point of view, the incarnated spirit of its age. But this addition it does not obtain without some loss. To incarnate the spirit of its age it must share in the limitations as well as in the achievements of the age. It is of course the very condition of its success as an interpretative agent that it shall do this.

And the nature of these limitations is apparent directly we fix our attention on the age itself. If we draw back from the life of this period and survey it as a whole we perceive that it is in a sense complete. In reaching the stage of crusades and chivalry, of romance poetry and Gothic architecture, the principle underlying mediæval life had reached its maturity. This was its time of fruition. A stage of human progress is here rounded off and completed. The coming stage will not perpetuate the old endeavours and ideas. Crusades, chivalry, romance poetry, the Gothic style, will none of them be permanently established.

points out, that structural insincerity is the flaw that runs all through Renaissance architecture. At the same time it seems evident that as an absolute test of excellence the structural articulation principle cannot be satisfactorily applied to passion architecture; that architecture not possessing the animation and vigour of purpose which lend such interest to the soaring lines of Gothic. Plain uprights supporting plain horizontals may be the perfection of honest building, and in this respect the obese and ponderous temples of the Nile leave nothing to be desired. Their honesty, however, quite fails to arouse our enthusiasm in their behalf, for, while it may interest and excite us to see exactly how a lofty vault is upheld by a tracery of slender ribs, it does not necessarily interest or excite us to see a horizontal block borne by two vertical ones. In short, the principle of structural articulation, considered as a sufficing test of excellence, seems to us to be in a quite special manner of Gothic extraction, and the fact that it should ever have been evolved bears striking testimony to the animation and energy of Gothic architecture.

All will pass away, for they represent a principle which is played out. The determination of the mediæval age to translate the loftiest ideals into terms of action must seem to an age that has learnt to think a mere illusion. It is not that we have lost the old ideals, it is that the mediæval expression of them has become inadequate. Honour, courtesy, loyalty, courage, all the makings of chivalry, still subsist among us ; but chivalry in its mediæval shape is extinct, and it is so because the splintering of lances and overthrowing of adversaries no longer seem a satisfying expression of those ideals. In the same way a St. Louis of to-day would find no outlet for his piety in slaying Saracens. He would conduct his crusade by his own fireside and the paynim he would endeavour to overthrow would be his own gross or selfish instincts. Chivalry and the crusades are, in a word, the characteristics of an age of action, not of an age of thought. They are lacking in the inwardness and depth which thought brings, and are sure to die out as soon as thought shall have revealed their inadequate interpretation of the ideas they have undertaken to express. So also it is with romance poetry. That poetry, like the life it portrays, has great energy and vigour ; but, like the life it portrays, it lacks depth. The descriptions are literal only ; it deals with the appearances and outsides of things ; it does not enter into their real nature ; it is deficient in thought. To pass from the poetry of Luc de Gast or Walter Map to the poetry of Milton or Wordsworth is to pass from a poetry that does not think to a poetry that does. Romance poetry, from its directness and vigour and historical interest, may still command a fitful attention ; but as poetry, as nourishment for mind and character, it has lost all value. It has died of the malady inherent in the very life of an age that undertakes to translate ideals into terms of action, its fatal inability to think. If, however, this is so, it is evident that Gothic must share in the general deficiency. Itself the typical child of the mediæval age, it is clear that if the mediæval age was as poor in thought as it was rich in energy—and we do not know how anyone who studies the age can doubt this—then the same shortcoming must infect Gothic architecture. Only what can be got out of life can be put into art. The energy which characterises mediæval life we find in the architecture. If lack of thought equally characterises that life we shall find that in the architecture too.

It is the consideration of how this deficiency of the age affects Gothic architecture which will bring us in touch with our second great architectural principle, the principle of lateral expansion. We referred just now to the way in which the upward-rushing lines of Gothic embody the spirit of mediæval energy. But a

certain structural limitation necessarily attends that impulse. The reader will see that the more steeply lines rush up the more energy they express, while the more they droop and incline to the horizontal, the more the energy dies out of them and the more passive they become. Equally obvious is it that the steeper the lines the less space they span, while the more they droop the more space they span. Accordingly it follows that extreme narrowness of proportions is an integral and essential quality in Gothic architecture. It is what makes its energy possible. This, structurally speaking, is the limitation on which the positive achievement of Gothic is founded. Expansion vertically is granted to it because expansion laterally is denied. When we stand within a Gothic nave it is the expressed intention of the building, the upward rush, that draws our eyes. But this effect is not obtained without loss. Mr. Berenson speaks in one of his essays of the 'noble spaciousness' of the classic interiors, and he also notes the seeming inability of northerners to appreciate this beauty. No one certainly will accuse the interior of Westminster Abbey of noble spaciousness. The nave recalls some narrow chasm among gaunt sea cliffs. The aisles are still narrower corridors. The walls and piers so press upon one as to give the feeling of being gripped in a stone vice. Noble spaciousness, whatever it may be worth, is here quite lacking. It is the price we have paid for all this energy.

### III

What then is this noble spaciousness worth? In other words, what does lateral expansion stand for? It is not a very difficult question to answer because, though the spacious style has been used to serve a number of base and worldly ends, there is still about those times in history when it has come nearest perfection a general similarity in character and ideas which cannot be mistaken. The central type of the lateral style is, of course, the Doric temple. Perfected and refined during several centuries the Doric temple is admitted to have attained its utmost expressiveness in the last half of the fifth century B.C., and in Athens. This half-century was marked by the rebuilding of the Parthenon and by the presence in Athens of such names as Socrates and Plato, Thucydides and Herodotus, Phidias and Miron, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes, which have made the age of Pericles unrivalled in the world's history for the variety and perfection of its culture. Whatever else it is, then, the Doric temple, the supreme example of horizontal architecture, is essentially the product of an age of thought. It is the product



of an age just as fully charged with thought as the mediæval age is charged with energy.

And also, this Greek culture is remarkable not only for its variety and perfection but for the distinct ideal it laid before itself. No one has written more sympathetically of late years about the Greeks than Professor Butcher ; and Professor Butcher points out in many places clearly enough what this ideal of Greek culture was. It was the equal and harmonious developement of the human mind. The expert and specialist had no part in the Greek system. 'With all their restless curiosity, their 'insatiable love of knowledge, they had no respect for mere 'erudition.' 'Wealth of thought, not wealth of learning, was 'the thing they coveted.' 'Extensive reading, the acquisition 'of facts, the storing of them in the memory,' all this, unless it is accompanied by 'enlargement of mind,' unless it 'fits men for 'the exercise of thought,' unless it leads on to 'mental completeness and grasp,' is material wasted. It was the study of the Greek to see all things in their relation to other things and in their relation to life ; and to do this, that even and complete developement of all his faculties was necessary which was the aim of his whole training and education.

Moreover, this system of culture was not the Greek system only, or did not remain Greek only. Handed down by Athens to Rome, it became the note of classic culture generally. When, to this day, we use the words *classic* and *classical*, it is this system we have in our mind. We do not imply necessarily a special and particular knowledge, but the capacity for seeing a thing in its relation to other things and to life. We imply that 'enlargement of mind,' that 'mental completeness' which is capable of a wide survey, and, also, we imply the manner that corresponds, the moderation, calmness, and lucidity which are the characteristics of the classic style.

And, since men work in stone much as they work in other things, we shall not be surprised to find that this classic way of thinking imaged itself in an architecture like to itself. Mr. Berenson's phrase 'noble spaciousness' might indeed be transferred with perfect propriety from the classic architecture which occasioned it to the classic mind which occasioned the architecture. Of course, it is true that classic architecture, as developed under Rome, was disfigured by all sorts of vulgarities and a vast amount of ostentation and pride, and was artistically perhaps of very small account indeed. We are not attempting an estimate of that architecture. We are merely indicating the one thing of value which, in spite of its many bad qualities, it really did possess. Its one fine quality consisted in its spacious

and ample proportions; proportions in which are measured for us the qualities of the classic mind and which produce upon us something of the same calming effect which contact with the classic mind itself produces. We need not here dwell on the preliminary phases which developed the Augustan age. The Mediterranean Empire of Cæsar was the larger stage prepared for it; the spread of Greek influence and ideas was its inspiration. As in politics the conservative, or distinctively Italian, element resisted the cosmopolitanism of the new Empire, so in literature and thought the local standard and local scheme of culture resisted the Hellenic widening influence. The triumph of general ideas, though under conditions of political servitude which first enfeeble and then corrupt them, is declared in the years leading up to and culminating in the age of Augustus. It is declared in two ways, ways which, we shall perhaps see, by and by, are inseparable. In the first place it is declared in an outburst of intellectual activity remarkable, not so much for individual genius, though individual genius (Virgil, Livy, Ovid, Horace), is rife enough, as for a general and universal interest in thought and study, an interest which shows itself in such signs as the founding of libraries, not public only but private, not in Rome only but in country towns and villas, in the forming of literary clubs and societies and in the honour and consideration in which the art of literature was held by all from Augustus himself downward. In the second place, it is shown in the outburst of building activity by which Rome in this age was transfigured, and which itself is distinguished architecturally by magnificence in part, but, more fundamentally, by a sense of order and stateliness and a love of broad and ample proportions.

Henceforth we find this sense of breadth and amplitude established as the essential principle of architecture. It becomes architecture's constant and unfailing attribute, the quality in classic architecture which goes with that quality we call classic in thought and literature. We find it surviving in the early Christian basilicas and being handed on as an architectural tradition in various forms of Romanesque down even to the twelfth century. Then Gothic, the style of energy, killed it, and there followed an epoch when the old classic breadth was absent from the architecture, as it was absent from the mind of the age. But though apparently dead it was destined to a renaissance, and it is to that Renaissance, attesting as it does the significance of the horizontal principle in architecture, that we will now turn.

## IV

Mr. Symonds has given an account of the Renaissance and of the causes which led up to it which we cannot but think in some respect misleading. It is his conviction that the Renaissance is an act of emancipation. To this word he returns again and again. 'The emancipation of the reason for the modern world,' the 'emancipation of the reason of mankind,' 'the work of 'intellectual emancipation for the rest of Europe,' and so on. The power that has held mankind in a state of 'mental bondage' is the Church, and Mr. Symonds draws a terrible picture of the Church sitting like an incubus on the intellect of the Middle Ages. 'The mental condition of the Middle Ages was one of ignorant 'prostration before the idols of the Church'; and the Church itself had attained to such an ascendancy that the age might be said 'to look at life through a cowl.' This theory of the mediæval mind, prostrated and priest-ridden, and of the Renaissance as the fairy prince setting it free, is the keynote of Mr. Symonds's analysis; but we do not in the least see how either proposition will stand examination. A disinterested student of the Middle Ages will find plenty of ignorance, no doubt; but he will find very little prostration. He will find that the age looked at life through a steel visor, not through a cowl. He will find that the barons of the twelfth century needed no instruction in the art of managing their priests, and that the exhortations of the Church were only so far attended to as they happened to chime with the humour of the age. Mr. Symonds seems to us to have mistaken a state of mental insensibility for a state of mental bondage. The northern races in the Middle Ages had all the intellectual emancipation they needed or could have had. If thought was lacking it was not because it was strangled, but because the thinking age had not yet been reached. When it arrived the age moved forward, carrying, as it always does with perfect comfort, its Church and priests along with it. The Renaissance, as we understand it, was not an act of emancipation but of natural development; the succession in its due time and season of the age of thought to the age of action.

If we look at it in this light the part played by Italy in the movement will seem inevitable enough. Italy had never been barbarised. Such influxes of the Germanic races as had swept over the country were absorbed and assimilated by the older population. Quickened no doubt and stimulated as the Italian mind might be by this top-dressing of the northern energy, it was still a mature mind that was stimulated. Italy was no

young sapling, but an old tree putting forth fresh shoots. Already in the thirteenth century she possessed her soul and spoke out of the depths of her being. We in the North had to wait till the Gothic enthusiasm had died down for our Shakespeare. Italy's Dante was the first fruit of her awakened intelligence. One chief consequence of this enormous intellectual difference was that the desire which dominated the life of the North, the desire to idealise and glorify action, was never felt in Italy at all. The Latin race had left that stage centuries behind. Naturally it followed that all those means in which that desire of the North were expressed, chivalry and Romance poetry, crusades and Gothic architecture, fell in Italy quite flat, or at least only fizzled fitfully here and there in the northern parts of the country where the admixture of Gothic blood was strongest. We will not follow these manifestations here except so far as they concern architecture; but the reception given in Italy to Gothic architecture is particularly worth noticing, partly for the light it throws on the meaning of horizontal and vertical proportion, and partly because it really belongs and leads up to the Renaissance movement itself.

In the first place then we find that, immeasurably ahead of the northern nations as Italy was in general matters of art, she had to be instructed in a style peculiarly their own. The towns of the North were the first to receive the style, and the earliest examples were built by German or English architects. Fergusson selects the church of St. Andrea at Vercelli as 'perhaps the first Italian edifice into which the pointed arch was 'introduced.' It was begun as early as 1219 by the Cardinal Guala Bicchieri, who had been legate in England, and who brought with him an English architect to introduce the new style. However, in spite of this, 'with the plan all influence of the English architect seems to have ceased and the structure is in purely 'Italian style.' As to the general character of this style, 'Italy, though a fashion rather than a taste had introduced a partial 'approximation to the forms of northern architecture, never 'really loved or even understood it.' Fergusson dwells on this idea of its being a style misunderstood. It 'is a style copied 'without understanding.' It displays 'ignorance of the true 'Gothic feeling.' It was 'a feeble imitation, copying a few 'Gothic forms without realising their spirit.' This is the usual northern estimate of Italian Gothic. But these Italian buildings show more method in their treatment of the style than commonly belongs to mere ignorance. What they seem to us to exhibit is, not ignorance so much, as dislike of the Gothic feeling. They contain a criticism which, whether justifiable or not, is at any

rate consistent and intelligible and worth a moment's consideration.

The Cathedral of Florence, called by Fergusson 'by far 'the greatest and most perfect example of Italian Gothic,' may be taken as representative of the style. The measures taken here for counteracting the northern influence are employed more or less without exception in every Gothic building in Italy. These measures are of two kinds. In the first place the vertical tendency, the upward rush, in which the energy of Gothic primarily resides, is peremptorily checked. In fully developed Gothic the craving of all the lines to soar receives its expression in the use made of the clustered shafts. These shafts are really, as we have pointed out, bundles of stalks projected through their capitals in every direction; so that, looking up the length of a Gothic nave, one is impressed by the great array of lines springing in clusters from the pavement and guiding the eye without let or check to the apex of the roof. This is the feature which pre-eminently exhibits the energetic character of this style, which excites most powerfully the ecstasy of its admirers, and which is most stubbornly resisted by Italian architects. In the Florentine cathedral the aisle piers are formed of massive, engaged pilasters, four square. Their flat faces have none of the fiery energy of the Gothic cluster and they are surmounted by heavy and elaborate capitals. Above these, however, an indication of the Gothic idea is given by the appearance of vaulting pilasters. These commence the ascent of the nave wall, but before they have got far they are stopped by the imposition of other big capitals of no use structurally and merely serving as blows dealt at the vertical principle. Once more the pilasters emerge and crawl painfully a few feet higher, when their career is finally quenched by a projecting gallery, formed of heavy corbels supporting a massive stone balcony which runs entirely round the building, remorselessly splitting it in half.

And now, the vertical principle being thus effectually disposed of, the Italian architect turns his attention to those ideas of his own which he wishes to substitute for it. That powerful horizontal line of the balcony which we have seen dealing the vertical tendency its *coup de grâce*, is the line he loves, and gives the clue to all his efforts which are now directed to developing the idea of lateral expansion to the utmost. Inside the Florentine cathedral is opposed to every northern example by its enormous width. Though not so long as Westminster Abbey, it wants but a few feet of being twice as wide, and this width is accentuated and apparently greatly increased by the enormous span



of the aisle arcades. The reader is aware that narrow arches and close-set shafts add to the appearance of height and detract from the appearance of width, whereas shafts far apart and spreading arches detract from height to add to width; the inclination of the eye being to travel always in the direction of the lines given it to run on. The Florentine aisles consist of only four arches, and these span about the same distance that fourteen Westminster arches would reach. By these means the naturally great width of the interior is accentuated; to such a degree indeed that all Gothic feeling is totally eliminated from it and in its general character it much more recalls an early basilica than the style of the North.

Outside we should find the same idea insisted on. We should find the powerful, vertical lines of the northern buttresses toned down or obliterated and in place of them the long, level outline of the nave, underlined by heavy horizontal cornices, giving the idea of lateral expansion. Many other features of the same kind might be instanced. We will content ourselves with mentioning the dome, which, in Italian Gothic, takes the place of the northern spire. Externally no feature embodies the northern feeling so powerfully as the spire. It seems to have been designed as a corrective to the necessarily more or less horizontal aspect of the building as seen from without. It was sure therefore to be peculiarly obnoxious to Italian taste, and in place of it we have the wide and ample dome victoriously asserting the old idea of lateral expansion. These modifications are, it must be remembered, typical. All Italian Gothic is more or less altered from the northern original, and it is the invariable purpose of all these alterations to substitute lateral expansion for vertical. The Italian treatment of the style is in short perfectly consistent, and is not to be regarded as meaningless or merely a bad imitation. It contains a quite definite criticism which, whether just or unjust, has purpose and significance.

Further it will be seen from this that the Italian Gothic style may almost be said to form part of the Italian Renaissance itself. At least it is the appropriate introduction to it. Anyone who had observed the Italian modifications of Gothic would easily conjecture what the general character of Italy's native style would be when her time came to produce it. He would see that she was persistently hankering after breadth in architecture, and that no exhortations, however earnest, had power to detach her from it. He would accordingly be able to assert with confidence that the Italian style proper when it came would be as purely a horizontal style as Gothic was vertical. It is the more important to notice this foreshadowing of the character

of Renaissance because we are apt sometimes to imagine that, at least in architecture, it adopted the forms it did merely because they were classic forms, a part of the furniture of that Roman life which the Italian imagination found so captivating. But it is certain that Italy could no more have taken from Rome a style that did not suit her than she could from the North a style that did not suit her. If she borrowed the Roman style of architecture, it was because that style said pretty nearly exactly what she herself had it in her mind to say; and that this is so is shown by those systematic experiments in the horizontal which we have been watching in Italian Gothic. One is tempted sometimes to wish that the earth had lain a little deeper on the Roman ruins, and that Italy had been left to evolve her new architecture for herself. An original style produced by the Renaissance, Michelangelo working architecturally in the ideas of the period, would have been vastly more interesting to posterity than the reproduction of stereotyped classic formulas. At the same time there can be no doubt that in general character this Italian style would have resembled the older classic. It would at least have resembled it to the extent that it would have been strictly a style of horizontal developement.

And this it would have been because the mental conditions underlying it were similar to the mental conditions underlying the old classic styles. The classic conception of culture was not, as we have reminded the reader already, the acquisition of knowledge, but the training of the mind as a thinking instrument. It conceived that through the universe the spiritual, intellectual, and material natures are so shot and blended that to interpret anything aright the whole nature of man soul, mind, and body, must be harmoniously developed. Only the whole can report the whole. We have not, in these days, that ideal, and hence our knowledge, rich in detail, lacks spaciousness. Hence, too, perhaps it is that our architecture, also burdened with detail, lacks the same great classic quality. But in Italy, in the Renaissance, we recognise this quality. The ideal of all-round culture which formed the scheme and ground plan of classic thought, is precisely the ideal which we find reasserting itself as the scheme of Renaissance thought. Here, too, lies no doubt the secret of the Renaissance as an inspiration. We are sometimes inclined to wonder, as we trace back our various systems of thought, our philosophy and theology, our sciences and arts, our discoveries and inventions, and all the fruits of modern reason, to their common starting-point in the Renaissance, that results which have since loomed so large should have had, save in the one matter of art, such small beginnings. All knowledge

seems to flow from the Renaissance, yet in the Renaissance itself there is no knowledge. But as we study the play of mind of that age the wonder passes. The truth appears that Italy's mission in the Renaissance was not to achieve but to stimulate. She plucked no fruit of knowledge, but she taught men to climb the tree. And this she did by infecting them with her own joy in thinking, her disinterested love of ideas, her vivid, sensuous delight in the mere movement and play of the mind. There are other schemes of culture perhaps, but this is the scheme that brings joy. The happiness which we recognise as belonging to the Renaissance is the happiness which springs, not from results achieved by study or reflection, but from the sensation of the activity of the mind itself.

This in the Renaissance is the classic note. Its actual achievement, as compared to that of Athens or Rome, was slight. Nevertheless between the ages of Pericles, Augustus, and Lorenzo there is a profound intellectual affinity, arising from the love of disinterested thinking, common to all three. If we realise this affinity we shall not fall into the delusion of supposing that the Renaissance adopted classic architecture, together with classic fashions and ideas of all kinds, merely for the reason that it hailed from Rome. The broad arcades and ample vast interiors of Renaissance palaces and churches are the natural lodging of a mind that dislikes barriers and obstacles of all kinds, and has an aversion for everything cramped and narrow. The spirit of the Renaissance age needed such lodging, and such a one had been long in preparation. Out of the most refractory material the attempt had been made and the determination expressed to establish in Italy the architecture of spaciousness. The style of Imperial Rome was seized because it met this need. It is easy to exaggerate the importance of the affectation and erudition of the style, its dabs of acanthus foliage, its trophies and orders and such other bric-à-brac. These are accidents; the expression merely of Italy's effusive gratitude to a style that gave her what she wanted. Let us think rather of the main proportions, those 'symphonies of space,' as Mr. Berenson calls them, which produce on the senses 'the tonic and ennobling effect of classical music.' This is what stands for the real, interior relationship between classic Rome and the Renaissance, the relationship of mind and intellect.

## V

And now if the reader, glancing back over the course of our argument and following the fortunes of the horizontal principle from its great days in the classic age, through its struggle with the

vertical principle, to its triumph in the Renaissance, noting, too, the mental conditions that inevitably attend and announce it, is inclined to recognise a connection between spaciousness in architecture and a free play of the mind, let us ask him to follow onward the course of history and observe what further justification this connection receives from events. The Italian Renaissance did not long remain Italian. The love of thinking which revived with the old race spread by degrees to the new. And as it spread its appropriate forms of building spread with it. There came about a counter-revolution in architecture. As the style of ideas had been killed by the style of energy, so now the style of energy went down in turn before the style of ideas. Everywhere, keeping pace with the flow of ideas, went the proportions that could properly house them; but not everywhere do we find those proportions spreading with the same quickness or the same completeness. The old style struggled against the new, and sometimes the struggle was long, obstinate and doubtful; sometimes shorter and, in the result, decisive. If now we keep one eye on the spread of ideas and the other on the spread of horizontal architecture, we shall find that in the architecture we have a kind of register of the thinking aptitude of Europe. We shall find that the accessibility or inaccessibility of various parts of Europe at various times to ideas is measured for us in the readiness of architecture in those parts to expand, or in its refusal to expand.

By nature a lover of ideas and prompt to entertain them, France, more readily than other nations, entered into the spirit of the new style. But even in France there was a long transition period, extending perhaps, as Fergusson thinks, almost to the succession of Louis XIV. in 1642. That period is covered in two steps. During its first half the tendency was to maintain Gothic outlines and proportions, but to fill in with classic ornament and detail. During the second half, when Gothic was dying out, the tendency was to substitute classic outlines and proportions with, as yet, little regard to harmony, but to introduce a number of Gothic details and minor features with very disconcerting effect. This altercation between opposite principles, this attempt to unite 'the picturesqueness of Gothic' with the gigantic features with which Michelangelo had overlaid 'his pseudo-classical constructions,' may be taken as the lowest point in taste reached by French architecture. During the reign of Louis XIII., however, that architecture was finally making up its mind to which principle it should adhere, and 'forming' itself into the purer style of the Grand Monarque.'

As to this purer style we will not here stop to consider the

many charges that may be brought against it. That it is worldly, cold-hearted, arrogant, and purse-proud is indisputable, and equally indisputable is it that these were signs of the times and of society. But there is something else much more worthy of notice and more characteristic of the age both in the architecture and in society than this worldliness and arrogance. In the palaces and châteaux and great Parisian hotels of the period there comes to light a quality hitherto never recognised by the North. The age was one of great activity in building and of an activity directed to a definite end, animated by an intelligible principle and hence resulting in a *style*. And of this style the main characteristic, under all its gilt trappings and gewgaws, is once more the old width and space. In these ample courts and stately salons, and lofty galleries, there revives again something of the atmosphere of classic days and classic architecture. No mere wealth and love of show ever achieved an effect like this. What it indicates we, by this time, know, and we can turn to the life of the age with a confident assurance of finding it.

By the middle of the seventeenth century Italy, as the preacher of the new gospel, the gospel of ideas, had dropped out of the running, and France had taken her place. Henceforth the task of inculcating ideas and keeping alive in Europe the love of disinterested thought was to be the task of France; and there arose, as though in response to the call of destiny, a host of great names to carry that task out. Corneille, La Fontaine, Molière, Boileau, Racine, La Bruyère, Descartes, Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon. As we review the list it seems as if all the genius of French literature were crammed into one pregnant half-century. But what is the keynote and mark of intellectual affinity in this galaxy of talent? It is, or used to be, the fashion to judge Louis Quatorze literature by one or two great dramatic poets, and to pronounce it highly artificial and stereotyped. But if we turn to the general mass of the literary work of the period the result is extraordinarily different. For this general mass of literary work is noteable above all for flexibility, liveliness, and naturalness; for its remarkable clearness of intelligence, and the ease and precision with which it expresses its ideas. This liveliness of intelligence, much more than pedantry and artifice, is the characteristic of the age. Madame de Sévigné is far more typical than Racine. From her letters, to say nothing of the endless memoirs and journals of a reign singularly rich in this kind of literature, we gain an idea of the culture of French society. Introduced to numbers of clever men and women, we can follow their interchange of judgements and ideas, and catch the intellectual tone of the age. And, allowing for the slight difference



arising from Italy's bent being more artistic and France's more intellectual, the tone of French society in the seventeenth century is singularly reminiscent of the tone of Italian society two centuries before. There is the same atmosphere of curiosity, alertness, and eagerness to know and learn, only taking in France a more distinctively literary turn than in Italy. The great intellectual and literary work which emanated from the seventeenth century in France is itself a proof how widely spread the pleasure of thinking disinterestedly and expressing accurately was; for it is itself collective in character. That work was the fashioning of the incomparable French prose; a prose flexible, deft, precise, fit to become the medium of exchange for European thought. Fashioned and tempered in an age when the disinterested love of ideas was a paramount intellectual instinct, this prose bears witness in every inflection to the influence of that instinct. Everyone knows how much easier it is for a Frenchman to say exactly what he means than for an Englishman or a German; the reason being evidently that the French medium of expression was forged in an age when the mind of the nation was clear; when it was not distraught by prejudices, or pledged to local standards. Constructed by pure ideas, it was fitted in its nature to express ideas. It is in the minds of its architects that we must look for the origin of the lucidity of French prose; and of its architects, if Descartes, Pascal, Fénelon, La Rochefoucauld hold foremost places, it is only as first out of a multitude. That prose was in reality the work of all those who in this age felt the delight of exercising their minds; it is, in short, a work of the age itself, and it is what vindicates the age's claim to the title of classic.

Thus under the glitter and state and show of Louis Quatorze society we search for and find, for the first time among northern races, the intellectual freedom which is the main characteristic of the time; just as under the show and glitter of its buildings we found that love of ample space which was the main characteristic of its architecture. These two, the play of mind in the age, the breadth in the architecture, are the vital traits. They are also inseparable. Step by step they keep pace as they advance and every struggle of the mind out of the straitwaistcoat of mediæval prejudice is chronicled in a modification of the narrowness of mediæval architecture. Arrived at this point, the meaning of France's preceding long transition becomes clear. In divesting herself slowly and painfully of the last vestiges of her mediæval style, France was but undergoing the necessary preparation for the rôle she was to adopt; the rôle of a preacher of the gospel of ideas. She was but doing what Italy, with the

same end in view, had found it equally necessary to achieve three centuries earlier.\*

## VI

Such is the testimony of France. That of England, though different in kind, is similar in import. Our insensibility to ideas, so elaborately analysed for us by our one eminent critic, has, since his day, been expatiated on to that degree that we may be pardoned for being a little sick of the subject. There is no need to dilate upon it here. There are, perhaps, signs which seem to show that the reproach will not always be true of us; but, however that may be, no one will deny that it is true of our past. Isolated and cut off from Europe, and especially remote from Italy, it is no wonder that the steps by which the English were induced to adopt Renaissance ideas were slower and more uncertain than was the case in other countries. This being so, no wonder too that the spaciousness in architecture which goes with ideas should have been equally reluctantly admitted. The ideas and the proportions indeed go so inevitably hand in hand that we have found ourselves applying to the former words which our architectural historian uses of the latter. 'The steps by which the English were induced to adopt 'the classical style were slower and more uncertain than those 'which preceded its introduction into other countries of Western 'Europe,' are Fergusson's remarks on the reception of Renaissance architecture in England.

\* On page 104 of Mr. Blomfield's interesting 'Studies in Architecture,' France's debt to Italian culture is duly recognised. 'Of the service that Italy rendered to France in the matter of culture there can be no sort of doubt. France learnt from Italy the lesson of humanism.' On the following page we find her architectural debt also recognised. 'From the first Francis used every effort to induce Italian artists to settle in France. The Justes of Florence were already there, and busy at Tours. Solario, the pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, had been at work in 1508; and Francis persuaded the great master himself to settle in France.' After 1527 the Italian influx increased and all the chief early Renaissance work was superintended by Italians. Thus we have culture and architectural forms coming in together. Mr. Blomfield does not note any essential connection between the two; nevertheless we have only to dwell on the meaning of that word 'culture,' as understood in Athens and Florence, with all its suggestions of harmony and balance and many-sided, ample development, to feel that between it and the spacious Renaissance architecture the closest possible connection did in fact exist. Indeed it was only in proportion as France managed to assimilate the culture that she was able to evolve the architecture.

Nor was this only the case. Not only was the style received very reluctantly, but changes of great significance were wrought in it before it was received at all. What those changes were the reader will easily guess. He will remember the fate of the vertical style when that was introduced into Italy, and how persistently the Italians set themselves to stretch and amplify its narrow proportions before they would have anything to do with it. Well, here we have the reverse process. Instead of an unthinking architecture submitted to a thinking people, we have a thinking architecture submitted to an unthinking people. Accordingly, just as the Italians would have nothing to do with our narrow style until they had widened it, so we would have nothing to do with their wide style until we had narrowed it. St. Paul's in this respect is to St. Peter's at Rome exactly what the Florentine cathedral is to Westminster Abbey. The style of St. Paul's is, or tries to be, the style of lateral expansion, but of a lateral expansion so crippled and curtailed that the general character of the interior is much more closely akin to the mediæval than to the classic temper.

Thus we find not only that the horizontal principle revived in Europe with the love of ideas, but that it afterwards kept pace with the circulation of ideas. It developed its full amplitude where ideas were freely welcomed; it put forth a pinched and meagre growth where they were coldly and unwillingly entertained. In short, it acts, as we just now said, as a register by which the expansion and contraction of the mind of Europe may be accurately gauged. Only, in order that it may act thus, we must make up our minds to deal with essentials not accidents. We must not be put off by those plausible words 'taste' and 'fashion,' nor think that the character of an architecture resides in acanthus leaves and pilasters. We must penetrate beneath taste and fashion to the mind of the age, on the one hand, and we must look beyond ornament and detail to the main proportions of the architecture on the other.

A great deal more evidence might be cited on the subject, but having attempted a general outline we may leave it to the reader to add instances. He will find no lack of them. We are not sure that his best way of considering the subject would not be to compare broadly the times and people belonging to the two styles. For instance, if he were to select such representatives of their age as Plato, Livy, Leonardo da Vinci, and Fénelon, he would be conscious of no antagonism in their association. All four would get on well together and have plenty to say to each other. But introduce a representative of mediævalism, introduce a St. Louis or a Cœur de Lion, and what a jar and discord is created! And why? Why should Fénelon and St. Louis

be dumb to each other while Fénelon and Plato can discuss the immortality of the soul with mutual interest? Because, of course, Fénelon and Plato, like Livy and Leonardo, are men of ideas, while St. Louis and Cœur de Lion are not. Merely to imagine the juxtaposition of such individuals is enough to make us conscious of the gulf which separates an age of action from an age of thought. If to this we add the architecture of the time, taking it as embodying the mind of its age; if we try to imagine St. Louis in a classic portico, or Plato in a Gothic minster, we shall find ourselves struck by the same sense of absurdity as when we compare the men themselves. The men and their architecture go together. To one belongs the vertical principle, to the other the horizontal. The men of action, with their lances and plumes, congregate in the building whose soaring lines embody their own fiery energy. The men of ideas meet together where the noble breadth of the architecture gives room for the play of thought.

Or, if the reader would particularise, let him choose the Gothic period itself in England for examination. Let him trace from Henry II. to Henry VIII. the slow stretching of the national mind, the effects of the work of universities and other civilising influences, the gradual evolution of a type of statesman and thinker—More, Wolsey, Henry VIII. himself—still insular it may be, yet of an ampler cast than is found in the earlier age. And having noted this, then let him look up at the architecture and watch the gradual drooping of the long lines and their approach more and more to the horizontal in their effort to express a lateral expansion little in accordance with their original impulse. Here he will find again the tally between proportion and thought, and the expansion of the architecture will register for him a similar expansion of mind.

One final instance we wish briefly to mention since it possesses some of the interest of contemporary, or almost contemporary, history. We all know that what happened after the French Revolution was that England was thrown violently back upon herself. Though we had dealt summarily at Waterloo with the aspect of the movement most intelligible to us, yet France's shot-and-steel propagation of ideas had confirmed us in our original distrust of the species.

An epoch of contraction followed. Insular prejudices and limitations reasserted themselves and England became entirely cut off from European life and European ideas. This isolation took effect in many ways. It showed itself in the dulness and ponderous self-satisfaction of early Victorian society and early Victorian art. It showed itself, even, in the nature of the revolt against that dulness, a revolt which, far from interesting

itself in contemporary European life and thought, busied itself in the resuscitation of our own dead ideals and in the mournful retrospection of the pre-Raphaelites. But, above all, this isolation, this severance from the life and thought of Europe, showed itself in a passionate revival of Gothic architecture. All the usual explanations of this revival are forthcoming. It was due to the influence of two or three individuals, to a revived interest of the public in the art of building, to the many models of the style existing in the country, to the cheapness of the material used in its construction, and so forth. Let us be put off by no such phrases. We reverted to our old narrow style in the nineteenth century for the same reason that Italy reverted to her old wide style in the fifteenth. There we saw the widening mind of Italy brought within reach of the horizontal and seizing that. Here we see the contracting mind of England brought within reach of the vertical style and seizing that. Would not the reader, as he watched the treatment of the horizontal principle in England, its slow and partial reception and the changes and contractions wrought in it, have said, that here was a country which needed but a strong set-back in ideas to be thrown once more into the arms of the old narrow style after which it was evidently hankering?

Thus we have attempted some answer to the question with which we set out as to the meaning of the vertical and horizontal principles in architecture. We find that the former stands for energy, and is the outcome of an age which glorified energy and made it a vehicle for the expression of all ideals. We find that the latter stands for thought and the free play of the mind, and that its great epochs are distinguished and related to each other across the ages by their love of ideas. Further, we find that these two principles measure for us the play of mind of Europe, and that free circulation of ideas or reversion to local standards is indicated in the corresponding expansion or contraction of the architecture of that place and period. Whether this interpretation will meet with the reader's acceptance we do not know, but we will venture to affirm that, even if it be accepted, Gothic architecture will not, on the whole, be the loser. Lose in some respects, no doubt, it inevitably will. We should no longer agree with Ruskin when he says that Gothic is the most perfect style of building that ever has or ever can exist; or with Mr. Lethaby when he declares in his excellent '*Mediæval Art*' that our Gothic cathedrals are 'more than buildings, more than 'art,' that 'their seeming perfections are but parts of a larger 'perfection,' and that 'from whichever point of view we may



'approach them the great cathedrals satisfy us.' We should observe, once and for all, that no really first-class art or first-class poetry could by any possibility have issued from northern Europe in the twelfth or thirteenth century because the thought which goes to the making of first-rate art and poetry did not there and then exist. We should not pretend that Gothic religion, even, could satisfy us any more; for if there is one thing certain to us it is that religion henceforth must include the mind; that it must express the intellectual as well as the spiritual, and be the result of the harmonious developement of a man's whole nature. We should feel that in these days less than ever can Gothic content us. For the work of the past century, its discoveries and inventions and science, have rendered isolation henceforth impossible, and our participation in the life and ideas of Europe inevitable. It is for us to build on that foundation and fulfil that purpose. The health of our politics and our industries no less than of our art and literature, demands that participation, and craves the vivifying contact of ideas. If we would work in harmony with the age, if we would continue, in the intellectual and spiritual spheres, the achievement of the nineteenth century in the material sphere, this must be our object, to work for the diffusion of ideas and the greatest possible participation in modern thought. In a word the spirit of the age is making for expansion. It has abandoned Gothic, and unless we would lay up for ourselves the sure unhappiness which attends the resolve to cleave to that which time has resolved to abandon, we must do the same.

But, allowing all this, there would be other respects in which Gothic architecture would gain heavily. By putting it back amid its own surroundings we should endow it once more with human interest and significance. The theory it embodied, the theory that eternal truths can be expressed in terms of action, may have been a delusion. We know now that it was a delusion. Nevertheless it was a great and splendid delusion. For a century it was acclaimed; for a second century it was clung to; during a third it was gradually abandoned. During these three centuries this great delusion dominates the life of Europe and of this mighty influence Gothic architecture is the sole adequate surviving manifestation. Here lies its true and lasting value. It is the clue to the secret of three centuries of history. The unanimity of the impulse behind it gives it a human and historical significance unparalleled in art. If we accept this as its claim upon our regard, though to do this will involve a full recognition of the limitations which the style shares with its age, we may find that it will gain in human interest far more than it will lose in æsthetic glamour.

ART. IX.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, MAN AND AUTHOR.

1. *Hawthorne*. American Men of Letters Series. By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY. Boston and New York: Riverside Press. 1903.
2. *Hawthorne*. English Men of Letters Series. By HENRY JAMES, jun. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.
3. *Hawthorne*. Collected Works, Thirteen Vols. Riverside Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1894.

IN a letter of Walter Savage Landor's, dated 1843, when the long experience of years lay heavily upon his shoulders, the old man, speaking of some purloined papers, said with a phrase of characteristic brevity, 'I believed I had deposited them in a 'safe place. There is no such place.' Nor, one is inclined to add, is there any legatee to whom a man of public interest may confide the safe keeping of his private life. Private life might seem to be a possession each human being has a right to give or withhold from communal property, and although, if he leave no special directions, the world may reap the benefit of the doubt and indulge its curiosity unhindered, yet when he has expressed an unequivocal desire that his memory should lie as it were in a shuttered house, it surely behoves the living depositaries of his wishes to abstain from the lifting of the curtain and the opening of the door. Nathaniel Hawthorne's injunctions were explicit; he deprecated a post-mortem intimacy with a world he had—it was a marked feature of certain inherent qualities of his nature—consistently kept at arm's length. 'Hawthorne's own wish was 'that no one should attempt to write his life,' the preface to the 'Note-Books' edited by Mrs. Hawthorne tells us. 'My father'—here the speaker is the editor of 'Memories of Hawthorne,' and refers to his last days—

'began to express his wishes . . . to burn old letters, and to impart to my mother and Una all he particularly desired to say to them, among other things his dislike of biographies, and that he forbade any such matter in connection with himself in any distance of the future. This command, respected for a number of years, has been, like all such forcible and prophetic demurs, most signally set aside.'

Never, possibly, more signally. His widow edited his 'Note-Books,' 1868, 1870, 1871. His son-in-law, Mr. Lathrop, in his 'Study,' 1876, shows us (to quote Mr. Moncure Conway)

'much of the relation between the private life of Hawthorne and his works.' Julian Hawthorne, in 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife,' 1885, 'reveals the romance of his father's career.' \* Mrs. Lathrop's (Rose Hawthorne) 'Memories,' 1897, comprise a large number of family letters and recollections. It may seem a harsh judgment, but so far as these dwell upon the home life of the Hawthornes, their publication justifies to the full Hawthorne's neglected prohibition. Such records have an astonishing power of blunting sympathy and repelling appreciation. The personality of the figure which should be central is obscured, not illuminated, by the overwhelming multitude of petty details thrust upon our notice, and it becomes difficult to acquit the man himself of complicity in the indiscretions of these confidences. So much is made known to us that we irrationally forget it was Hawthorne's intention we should know nothing save what he himself had given of himself to his readers. We seek the author in his world, the wide world of his study, not in the domesticities of household employments, while perpetually recurrent anecdotes of the Hawthorne family, however harmless, remind succeeding generations how much more the interest attaching to a man's life depends on oblivions than memories. 'I burned,' Hawthorne enters in his diary of 1853, 'great heaps of old letters and other papers . . . among them were hundreds of —'s letters. The world has no more such, and now they are all dust and ashes. What a trustful guardian of secret matters is fire! What should we do without fire and death?' In these publications the privileges of both have been wrested from him.

It is with a different feeling we turn to two of the Hawthorne biographies, written by men who may claim recognition as authoritative representatives of American literary criticism—Mr. Henry James and Mr. George Woodberry. Mr. Henry James's study of Hawthorne's works has a special value as the appreciation and valuation of the greatest of American novelists for the greatest of American romantics. Mr. Woodberry gives, with as much reticence as sincerity allows, a fuller record of events and surroundings, and a literary history of Hawthorne's writings. His detailed criticism is perhaps from a wider standpoint of human life than would be possible to the fellow artist in fiction, whose own curious psychological bent towards the supernatural is so alien to 'le fantastique sérieux' of the author of 'Transformation,' 'Septimius,' and the 'Dolliver Romance.'

The narrative comprises few episodes of any special importance.

\* Hawthorne, by M. D. Conway, 1890.

Except in the one instance of Hawthorne's temporary connection with the ideal and socialistic experiment of the Brook Farm community, no general interest attaches to any of his unliterary avocations. Born in the little township of Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1804, his permanent home during childhood, boyhood, and earlier manhood was with his mother, a widow, and his two elder sisters. After some preliminary studies he completed his education at the provincial college of Bowdoin, Brunswick, Maine—the college commemorated in Longfellow's '*Morituri Salutamus*.' Hawthorne's college days passed with him as with hundreds of other lads, their most notable results being the inauguration of two lifelong friendships, one with the future President, Franklin Pierce, the travelling companion of the last hours of Hawthorne's life; another with an equally faithful comrade, Horatio Bridge. On his shoulders, in a prefatory letter to the '*Snow Image*,' Hawthorne indeed lays the responsibility of his literary vocation:

'If anybody is responsible at this day for my being an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall academic pines . . . or shooting pigeons or grey squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer twilight, or catching trout in that little shadowy stream which I suppose is still wandering riverward, though you and I will never cast a line in it again—two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now) . . . still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction.'

The graceful compliment was, no doubt, as compliments are, only a manner of speech. Hawthorne came into the world with the birth-mark of the writer. His native instinct was to transfer impressions from life, or from imagination, to paper. His first published work exemplifies his permanent method. Reminiscences of college serve him as background to the tale he published three years after the close of his academic career. '*Fanshawe*'\* may be regarded as an embodiment of ideas of romantic villainy proper to youth, with traces, easily decipherable, of the experiences—or inexperience—of the collegian; when twenty-four years had matured his talent he used Brook Farm and its inmates in like fashion to supply the ground plan of the '*Blithedale Romance*.' But if the practice of the utilisation of reality in fiction was the same, the results were widely different. '*Fanshawe*' displays few traces of the Hawthorne of the future, who was at no small pains to

---

\* *Fanshawe*, republished, vol. xi., *Collected Works*.

destroy all evidence of the immature experiment. 'You make 'inquiry,' he wrote to Mr. Fields (the publisher of 'The Scarlet Letter'),

'about some supposed former publications of mine. I cannot be sworn to make correct statements as to all the literary or other follies of my nonage, and I earnestly recommend you not to brush away the dust that may have gathered over them. Whatever might do me credit you may be pretty sure I should be ready to bring forward; anything else it is our mutual interest to conceal.'

The right of suppression has, however, been disallowed, and 'Fanshawe' has been reprinted from copies which eluded destruction.

On leaving college, for twelve or more years Hawthorne remained, with temporary absences, an inmate of his mother's home at Salem. He shared the almost conventual seclusion which had become Madame Hawthorne's rule of life. The little family group, the widowed mother, the two daughters and Nathaniel, lived isolated both from the interests, gossip, pleasures, and excitements of the township, and from one another. It was a house of silence and shadow. Madame Hawthorne's long mourning for her husband suffered no abatement of grief's zealous habit. No lapse of years erased the signature of her loss, although, if her son's words in his 'Wives of the Dead' refer to her, 'her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its dead had sunk so far down within it.' The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, had caught the infection of apartness; the younger, with less rigour, conformed to it. Where there is nothing to give it is well to ask nothing: the Hawthornes and the world requisitioned nothing each of the other. The picture drawn of these three women, sufficient to themselves, with their books, their thoughts, their flower-garden and their quiet charities of duty and affection, their days unstirred by the trivial currents of Salem life, has a singular restfulness and dignity. It is true that biographers have dwelt with insistence upon another and more sombre aspect of the household quietude. A legendary curse, with the tendency such curses have to work their own fulfilment, lay on the race. The arms azure of the first Hathorne\* settler bore a stain of red, nor had three generations of seafaring and farming descendants effaced the blood-mark from the blue. William Hathorne, notorious for remorseless persecution of the unhappy Quaker women who fell into his hands, first blotted the escutcheon. John Hathorne,

\* The original spelling of the name was altered by N. Hawthorne.



second of the line, won infamy as witch-torturer. Both, Puritans strong in faith, maybe acted as the judges of the Inquisition, as the perpetrators of half the atrocities of religious creeds, acted from time immemorial before them. But their cruelties surpassed those sanctioned by the callous conscience of their day, and the voice of tradition unanimously endorsed the justice of the curse invoked upon John Hathorne, magistrate of Salem, by one amongst his victims.

On the artist's imagination, touched by that sense of vicarious participation in guilt which cries 'mea culpa' over another's sin, the tradition set its mark. Beliefs of the imagination, however set aside by the rational incredulities of the intellect, colour a man's outlook. Legendary curses, hereditary dooms, are specialised symbols, strands of wider fatalistic credences, and a strong element of fatalism was inherent in the descendant of those grim judges.

'I, their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them—as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year back, would argue to exist—may be now and henceforth removed.'

Hawthorne wrote, and the temper of mind the words betray, the tendency to subordinate the influences of will to the influences of destiny, lies—as in 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'The House of the Seven Gables'—at the very foundation of his most mature imaginative achievements. The thread of fate may be twisted, it may be re-dyed, but rarely in his hands is it broken.

How much the strong individuality, the intense personal quality of Hawthorne's imaginative powers, owed to the remote home atmosphere and its complete estrangement from the everyday, busy, social provincialities of Salem may be conjectured. There are plants that root best in the dark, and there is a kind of imagination that needs the fosterage of silence and loneliness if it is to engraft itself as a vital fibre in the tissue of the brain. Had his intercourse with his fellows been closer during that period of literary novitiate, one of the most perfect artists of fantasy might never have existed. He did not recognise the gain. Whatever advantage the artist was to reap, the man seems to have become more and more feverishly conscious of something lacking. So in truth there was. Not alone were all superficial incidents of an active life—of an 'out-world'—wanting, but there was a strange absence of those spiritual incidents of the 'in-world' which may make of the veriest anchorite cell a battle-ground where human passions in ebb and flood tide, change and conflict,

stamp the soul-calendar with red-letter days and black, with feast days and days of expiation, with deaths, births, burials, and resurrections. The impotent revolt against this passive monotony of existence became an *idée fixe*. 'I have been carried apart,' he says in a letter to Longfellow, his old class-mate, then well advanced on fame's high road, 'from the main current of life and find it impossible to get back again. I have made a captive of myself and put me into a dungeon, and now I cannot find the key to let myself out, and, if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out.' And throughout his papers are recurrent phrases evidencing the sharp regret for what he had grown to consider as his lost days of youth and manhood. 'During my solitary life in our old Salem house it seemed to me that I had only life enough to know that I was not alive.'

The apprenticeship of solitude was, however, to end. In 1837—Hawthorne was then thirty-three—the precincts of the Hawthorne dwelling were resolutely invaded by their neighbours, the Peabodys, whose attention and interest had been aroused by the publication of the 'Twice Told Tales.' 'I can imagine nothing more curious to the Peabodys than people who withdrew themselves from choice,' is Mrs. Lathrop's frank confession as she describes the means taken by her mother's family to force an entrance into the jealously guarded citadel. Success attended their efforts, and two years later Nathaniel became engaged to the youngest daughter, Sophia. It was the inauguration of a new era, divided from the old by barriers which could never be recrossed. Henceforth, though his actual marriage was deferred for some years, he comes before us accepting the ordinary conventions of social acquaintance, and living, without any distinctive individualism of practice, whether in Salem, Boston, or Concord, the everyday life of common men. He has quitted the world where he 'was surrounded by shadows aping the realities of life.' He has signed a compromise with actualities, if he has not sealed a surrender of dreams. It remains to say he never regretted his choice.

In this second stage of Hawthorne's career it may be briefly stated that, with the prospect of marriage prompting him thereto, he entered active employment as 'weigher and gauger' at the Boston Custom House. Literature so far had failed him as a financial calling, nor had his talent won recognition. 'I sat a long, long time waiting for the world to know me;' the reading world had declined the acquaintance. He welcomed the plunge into practical activities, but long before his two years' tenure of office expired he had learnt that the thralldom

of business and the market-place was as intolerable to him as the captivity of seclusion and shadows. Moreover, the double preoccupation of the Custom House duties and love-making effectually checked the exercise of his creative genius. A series of more or less instructive children's tales,\* published by his sister-in-law to be, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, owner of a library, book, and drug store in Boston, evidenced the suspension of his imaginative impulse.

A second business venture led him to make trial of community life at Brook Farm. The heroic malady of the planting of ideal societies was abroad, but the enterprise for Hawthorne had the attraction of an experimental novelty. A group of transcendental idealists, drawn from various classes, not content with idle dreaming of Utopian dreams, had set themselves, George Ripley at their head, to evince the sincerity of their beliefs by their practice.† Without infringing upon individual privileges, they were resolute to reap the advantages of a fraternal communism. Manual labour was to be apportioned to each, that intellectual leisure might cease to be the prerogative of the few, and that happiness (so far as freedom from the stress of poverty can ensure it) should be within the reach of all. It is the ever-recurrent, insistent vision of those who are great in love, boundless in faith, and undaunted by experience.

His attitude towards the scheme was neither that of discipleship nor sympathy. He was in search of a livelihood. 'He was merely,' says Mr. Woodberry, 'prospecting for a 'home in which to settle,' and the plan of combining manual labour with intellectual pursuits was in accordance with his inclinations of the hour. It was inevitable that the community life, entered upon with no glamour of enthusiasm, with no illusions of faith, should prove as distasteful to the new member of the brotherhood as his labours at the Custom House. Hawthorne dug, milked, carted loads of manure, planted peas and potatoes with the reform fraternity, and the experiences of Miles Coverdale in 'The Blithedale Romance'‡ written ten years after, may be fairly taken as a portrayal of the author's attitude of mind during the months when he shared the toil without sharing the ideals and aspirations of his associates. He acknowledges, in his own person, his remoteness of spirit and interest.

\* Grandfather's Chair, 1841 ; Famous Old People, 1841 ; Liberty Tree, 1841.

† 'Brook Farm,' by L. Swift ; National Studies in American Letters. New York : 1904.

‡ Blithedale Romance, published 1852.

'The real Me was never an associate of the community; there has been a spectral apparition there, sounding the horn at daybreak, and milking the cows and hoeing potatoes and raking hay, toiling in the sun, and doing me the honour to assume my name. But this spectre was not myself.'

His sentiments are further summed up in his 'Note-Book':

'Joyful thought! in a little more than a fortnight I shall be free from my bondage . . . free to enjoy nature, free to think and feel! . . . Even my Custom House experience was not such a thralldom and weariness. . . . Oh, labour is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionably brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so.' \*

The verdict illustrates clearly Hawthorne's outlook. It does not occur to him that the final results of the labour test, applied to ideal theorists in yard and field, might be sought for beyond the precincts of cowshed and stable; it does not enter into his estimate that to provide food for cattle may have been as important a moral item in the campaign of Mr. Ripley's apostolate as the cultivation of the higher intellectual faculties. In 'The Blithedale Romance' he has drawn a typical propagandist of reform, the humanitarian Hollingsworth, defined by Mr. Woodberry as a selfish and heartless egotist, sacrificing everything wrongfully to his philanthropic end. There is shrewd justice in the portrait, but it is impossible not to feel that the narrowness of Hollingsworth's fanaticism is equalled by the narrowness of Miles Coverdale's sympathies, and that with all his failings the fanatic is the more generous egoist of the two. In truth, Hawthorne's sympathies, like those of many an artist by temperament, were imaginative rather than responsive. They sprang from certain inner conceptions and attached themselves to creations of his own invention. They were not elicited by living contact with the actualities of human life, unless those actualities adapted themselves to their imaginative counterparts. Not at Brook Farm alone, where, he wrote, 'I must observe and think and feel and content myself with catching glimpses of things which may be wrought out hereafter,' but throughout life his point of view was apt to resolve itself into that of the professional spectator. The habit was ingrain, possibly involuntary, as his record of his mother's dying hours (with every value given to his double view of the death-chamber within and the children's play-acting at death in

---

\* American Note-Book.

the garden without) attests. Mr. Woodberry, with a tolerance one cannot share, shifts responsibility from the man to the genius of the man, but he gives the passages in sufficient fullness for each reader to form his own conclusion. 'About five o'clock 'I went to my mother's chamber, and was shocked to see such an 'alteration since my last visit. . . . I did not expect to be 'much moved at the time,' the entry begins. It proceeds with a vivid picture of unexpected overpowering distress. 'Surely,' he says, 'it is the darkest hour I ever lived.' But his two children are playing in the garden, and the eye of the artist is quick to note the dramatic contrast.

'Through the crevice of the curtain I saw my little Una of the golden locks, looking very beautiful, and so full of spirit and life that she was life itself. And then I looked at my poor dying mother, and seemed to see the whole of human existence at once, standing in the dusty midst of it.'

The next day the children continued the play of their grandmother's death-bed, and Hawthorne notes it in his journal with minute realism. . . .

'Now Una is transformed into grandmamma, and Julian is mamma taking care of her. She groans and speaks with difficulty . . . then lies perfectly still as if in an insensible state. . . . Again Julian assumes the character. "You're dying now," says Una, "so you must lie still." . . . And so the journal goes on through the slow quarter-hours, till it stops when Madam Hawthorne's heart ceased to beat.'

It may be Hawthorne believed that these passages, the confidences of a reticent man to a sealed page, had been 'deposited 'in a safe place.' One regrets that, in writing what surely can have been meant for no eye but his own, he had not realised the practical veracity of the sentiment the same diary records and consigned the sheets to that reverent sanctuary of love and grief, 'the trustful guardianship of fire.'

As the years advanced he carried observation to a fine art. His later writings, as any study of his 'Note-Books'\* evidences, with all their semblance of fantastic romance, contain a circumstantial register of things seen. In our day it has been the tendency of great imaginative writers, Maupassant and Zola not excepted, to overlay imagination with ostentatious and assertive realism. Hawthorne's method was the reverse. In his earlier work the thread was spun from within. 'I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to

\* American Note-Books, published 1868; English Note-Books, 1870; French and Italian Note-Books, 1871.



'concoct my stories of,' he confessed. 'Sometimes,' he adds, 'I have caught a glimpse of the real world, and the two or three articles in which I have portrayed those glimpses please me better than the others.' Later on, albeit his 'real world' was of limited dimensions, he did all that in him lay to appropriate it to literary use. Hawthorne's *vraie vérité* is elaborately sheathed in symbolic extravaganza, it is disguised by innuendoes of supernaturalism, but those who are at pains to seek will find it is always there, and that, as the proverb says, the length of the scabbard is the length of the sword.

Hawthorne was thirty-nine; he had not yet discovered a mode of existence to his liking. Intellectual solitude, city business, active labour, each in turn he pronounced states of Egyptian bondage. In 1842 he resolved to return to literature as a profession, and to postpone his marriage no longer. The course of events during the remainder of his career may be shortly stated. For a space of three years he and his wife, with the first child born to them, had their home at Concord. A second volume of 'Twice Told Tales,' one of biographical stories for children, and the volume of stories, 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' were published during these years. From 1846 to 1849 he held office, poverty again compelling him to seek active employment, as inspector of the Customs in his native town of Salem. Forfeiting the post on political grounds, he fell back upon a country life with literature as a means of subsistence, and achieved long-deferred fame by 'The Scarlet Letter.\*' 'The House of the Seven Gables'† appeared in the following year, with 'True Stories from History' &c., 'The Snow Image,' and other tales. The year after, the 'Blithedale Romance,' with two books for children and some other minor ventures, were published. In 1853 he took office as American Consul at Liverpool, the presentation lying in the gift of his boyhood's friend, President Franklin Pierce, to whose successful candidature he contributed a campaign 'Life.‡' During his seven years' residence as official or tourist in Europe 'The Marble Faun' ('Transformation') was the only literary work of note accomplished. He returned to America in 1860, to fall into enfeebled health. 'Our Old Home,' prepared from the 'English Note-Books,' was produced in 1863. The year following, Hawthorne, then invalided and travelling in the care

---

\* The Scarlet Letter, published 1850.

† The House of the Seven Gables, 1851.

‡ 'Life of Franklin Pierce,' by N. Hawthorne.

of his faithful and affectionate college comrade, ex-President Pierce, died during a tour in Northern New England.

For the reader on this side the Atlantic the chief interest of Hawthorne's biography must be sought in the picture it affords of the group of brilliant literary contemporaries gathered together in the villages and townships of Massachusetts during the earlier and middle decades of the nineteenth century. Emerson was born at Boston in 1803. Margaret Fuller, a markedly vivid figure, was born at Cambridgeport, near Boston, in 1810. Thoreau, junior to Hawthorne by thirteen years, was born at Concord. These, with Hawthorne, stand out, each after his own fashion, from the circle of lesser lights, subordinate personalities existing for us chiefly as their friends, companions, or correspondents, but who one and all contribute their small individual quota to the general characteristics of the intellectual atmosphere.

That atmosphere is singularly distinctive. The impression, no doubt one-sided, produced upon the mind as one reads the biographies belonging to that place and period, is of a remote backwater of the world, where existence, varied by the experiments of a few vagrant spirits, passed tranquilly and quiescently, where thought predominated over action and emotion, where the sinister religious vehemence of the old Puritan race had declined, despite the flickerings of transcendental fires, into a passive sobriety of mental, moral, and social stagnation. The scene presents the aspect, not of the open ocean, but of the harbour; the ships that anchor there are ships that have never set sail for sea. And if some tempest-battered hulk or broken lifeboat tells of the distant surges, the hurricane and the rock, one forgets the exceptions, as the ripples of the torpid haven lap round the prows of those safely moored vessels. Another kindred impression is of a certain gentle maturity which seems to pervade this becalmed world. Youth, the youth of light-minded gaiety, of reckless adventure, of irrational joys and irrational despairs, the youth of flame-bright surprises, forgetful of yesterdays and to-morrows, may have been an element in that human company, but it is an element whose levities and heartbreaks we seem scarcely called upon to reckon with. These men are in no wise addicted to the casting of the dice in life's game of hazard. Instead, earnest effort, assiduous attention to the graver issues of life, to the claims of duties and affections and ties, and the rival gospels of differing preachers of righteousness, absorb their attention. Errant passions, moral or emotional, whatever might be their literary utterances, found little place in the accepted scheme. The social decorum which

reigned was in strict accordance with the spiritual sense of the community at large. The established rules of conduct embodied, not the homage of recognition, but actual and practical conformity to the laws of the Decalogue.

Perhaps we are scarcely far enough removed by time and change to feel the charm of a moral atmosphere unfretted in its philosophic altitudes by the cross-purposes of life combative. The very background is in keeping, with its secluded woodlands and lazy river-sides, so near to the Boston of those days that the very streets of the city come within the radius of country life. Pasture and orchard and field and fenced garden-plots, rows of New England elms and grass-grown yards, shaded roadways and pine-fringed waters, are part of the story. And autumn lights and spring lights, lights of summer and snow, fall on lanes and trees and scattered dwelling-places, with changes and transformations carefully noted by those professional observers of nature's many moods. Farms, manses, cottages, wooden villas, with window to right and left of the house door, seem imbued with the aroma of an old world which stands still while a newer world hurries past. The streets retain an individualism contrasting with the impersonal universality of the thoroughfares of cosmopolitan cities. In them—more significant than chapters of description is Hawthorne's comment on the streets of one great English metropolis—the passers-by had leisure for curiosity. 'In America,' Hawthorne wrote after his first experience of Liverpool, 'you catch the eye of everyone you meet; here you 'catch no eye at all.'

Emerson occupied in the natural course of things the pontifical chair at Concord. His wooden house, homely and hospitable as simplicity and kindliness could make it, had the dignities of philosophic supremacy. Pilgrims of thought come and go in that household temple, they sit at the feet and circle round the hearth of the 'radiant optimist,' thinker and poet and teacher, whose one reproach, according to his English biographer,\* was 'that with full knowledge that his history must be written, he 'thought fit to lead a life devoid of incident, of nearly untroubled 'happiness and of absolute conformity to the moral law.' And the portrait has been drawn again and again of the tall figure with shoulders slightly bent as befits a scholar, with brows not over high above the deep-set blue eyes (the blueness is emphasised), with the sensitive mouth, and the semblance 'as of a spirit entrusted with earthly interests.'

Possibly, through the illuminated gauze disciples cast over

---

\* 'Life of Emerson,' by R. Garnett, LL.D., London, 1888.

their life models, we do not see the reality too clearly, but there is an accent of truth in the consensus of opinion concerning the Concord apostle, and Hawthorne himself, who lived and died outside the spell of Emerson's personal attraction, has left us a picture \* of the votaries of the shrine.

'Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clue that should lead them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Grey-headed theorists, whose system, at first air, had imprisoned them in an iron framework, travelled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance but to invite his free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought they fancied new, came to Emerson as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its value.'

Near at hand is Walden Pond—a walk from Hawthorne's old manse—the woodland and waterside where Thoreau, Emerson's sometime house-mate, nature's fastidious ascetic, rehearsed a return to the simplicity of nature with a seriousness proof against disillusion and a faith armoured by gift of grace against disenchantment. 'Back to nature' was the old cry of Rousseauism. But never was a return to nature so disjointed as Thoreau's from all association with that ragged begrimed moralist, Jean Jacques, the lover of humanity, and the melancholy reformer of men's lives. R. L. Stevenson has sketched *his* Thoreau † in a study of which he characteristically acknowledged the errors: 'reading the man through his books I took his profession in good faith. He made a dupe of me.' The Thoreau of the 'Letters,' the Thoreau of refugee slaves and hunted foxes, the Thoreau of John Brown's defence, may have been the type of philosophic egoism some of his writings imply, but there were breaches in the wall of self. Further, we may all recognise our debt of gratitude to a man who diligently endeavoured to present the world with an object-lesson in the possibilities of attainable happiness. He had learnt the secret. 'Give him sunshine and a handful of nuts, and he has enough,' was truly said of him. And whether pencil-making, lecturing, writing, or living with earth's wilder growths in his Walden cabin, winning the untamed friendliness of woodland beast and bird, he was perhaps a dispenser of more useful wisdom than many a greater and a wiser man. He was a doctor, not in medicine, law or divinity, but in the healing art of living in touch with nature. His faith, moreover, had that certificate of efficacy many a faith

---

\* Introduction to 'Mosses from an Old Manse.'

† 'Men and Books,' R. L. Stevenson.

lacks. It was sufficient to the teacher, and he was of those physicians whose remedies cure themselves. 'I love my fate 'to the rind and core.' 'Of acute sorrow I know comparatively 'little.' 'My happiness is a good deal like that of the wood-'chucks.' Sentence after sentence may be quoted at random, and all ring true—even when, as he lay dying, he wrote, 'I 'suppose I have not many months to live, but of course know 'nothing about it. I may say that I am enjoying existence 'as much as ever, and regret nothing.'\* So Thoreau quitted the scene, leaving to his critics the reflection that it requires no little courage to confront both life and the leaving of it with the same equable serenity.

Emerson and Thoreau were optimists—and optimists taking their happiness, to speak truth, rather over-seriously, considering its negative quality. For, so far as the stranger without the gate can judge, neither the one nor the other ever penetrated to the inner court of human emotion, where there is neither happiness nor unhappiness, pain nor pleasure, but only the ultimate sense of what—for want of a distinctive term—one must call the possession of life's desire. There is something over-feminine, clinging to the manner of thought and living, to the narrowed radius of their human experience, something over-domestic, notwithstanding Thoreau's interims of celibate solitude, in the outlook of the whole group of thinkers. Friendships are the episodes, correspondence one of the businesses of the hour; conversations, discussions, opinions, formal or informal, stand for action; a journey, a lecture, a sermon for events; the doings and sayings of children and neighbours, the comings and goings of guests and acquaintances, are the main objects upon which attention is focussed.

Even George Ripley, founder of the Brook Farm community,† Emerson's senior by one year, touched by sharper vicissitudes, with a moral intrepidity, a willingness to lift the wheel of destiny upon his shoulders lest the weak should fall beneath its weight, carries with him the same household atmosphere. Though a soldier of social redemption, he lacked the attributes of the free-lance reformer. He, he also, was never young. 'True to my old principles,' he writes, sedate with his twenty-one years, amid the turmoil of a college rebellion, 'I did not join the mob.' At twenty-four he marries, but is careful to state that it was not 'upon any sudden or romantic passion,' but out of 'great

\* 'Familiar Letters,' Thoreau. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. 1894.

† 'George Ripley,' American Men of Letters Series. By O. B. Frothingham. Boston.



respect' for the wife he faithfully loved. Mrs. Ripley's tragic death, when her husband, a ruined idealist of an extinct community, was serving an apprenticeship to journalism and starvation, is one of the saddest incidents these biographies relate.

Akin to Ripley in her eager humanitarianism, Margaret Fuller\* alone amongst the group breaks the slow harmonies of Concord with a dissonant note. A storm-soul amid souls of pasture and peace, hers was a nature of many angles; her birth-right the capacity to suffer. Her passionate childhood with its crises and catastrophes, her malady of self-consciousness, her fevers of morbid enthusiasms, her distempered arrogance, her deep generousities of friendship, her fearlessness, her conversational brilliance and scholarship, above all her total lack of the art of adaptability, belong to characters more of our own time and world than to the Salem of last century. If the literary men with whom she lived on intimate terms seem tinged with over-womanliness, Margaret, double-dyed woman as she was in her affections, failings, and emotions, seems beside them endued with a hardihood and vigour rather befitting a combatant on an open field than a woman whose days were divided between the claims of the higher culture, self-education, magazine writing, school teaching, and the propaganda of transcendental idealism. Neither Emerson nor Hawthorne had any whole-hearted affinity of friendship for the one woman of their intimate associates whose talent and originality were undisputed. Possibly she was not a too congenial spirit to the women of their households—their 'household saints,' to borrow Ripley's formula for a friend's wife. She had that uncomfortable measure of the heroic temperament which, as a rule, is only tolerable to others when heroism of mind can translate itself into heroism of action. And her enemies were bitter-tongued and bitter-penned, as J. R. Lowell's envenomed and witless satire testifies:

'But here comes Miranda. Zeus, where shall I flee to?  
She has such a *penchant* for bothering me too.  
She always keeps asking if I don't observe a  
Particular likeness 'twixt her and Minerva.'†

She may have justified the attack, but a keener-eyed and more sensitive poet would have seen what he did not—the vehement chivalry, the knight-errantry of an undisciplined woman, who passed through life taking upon her the burdens

\* 'Margaret Fuller (Marchesa Ossoli).' Eminent Women Series. By J. W. Howe. London, 1883.

† Fables for Critics.

of the weak, the sad and the disgraced, and seeing, would, for his own sake, if not for the sake of the woman, have kept silence. Her place in the Concord world and beyond its bounds was unique. 'All the art, the thought and the nobleness in 'New England seemed at that moment related to her, and she 'to it,' was Emerson's generous and candid admission; while Hawthorne asserts that on her had been imposed a 'heavy 'gift of intellectual power, such as a strong man might have 'staggered under.\* A woman with neither beauty nor grace, her sole charm seems to have been the attraction of a changeful vitality, and she owed her position, maybe, more to the force of her intense humanity, to the swifter-flowing current of her blood, than to her gifts and talents of mind. It is an indication of the bent of her human rather than of her intellectual and emotional sympathies that, visiting '*mon frere*,' George Sand, Margaret records, 'I never liked a woman better'; adding, 'her position here' (it was in Paris they met) 'amongst 'her intimates is the same as my own.' The assertion implies a curiously incomplete conception of dissimilarities.

After Margaret, whose marriage in later life to an Italian revolutionist was so much in character that the story reads like fiction, other figures of whom we get side glimpses pass like shadows. There was Ellery Channing, a 'questioner who 'had ceased to ask,' a poet who wrote poetry for poets, whose talk was 'evanescent spray,' and who indulged fantastic speculations beside fires—long have their ashes been scattered—of fallen boughs, with Hawthorne for fellow speculator. And then, one of the few intimates Hawthorne owed to Brook Farm, the 'half-crazy Brook-farmer Frank Farley,' the wounds of whose enthusiasm, it would appear, needed frequent stanching. There was Bronson Alcott, arch-transcendentalist, 'all 'bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden 'age,' as Carlyle saw him, 'with long lean face, with his grey 'worn temples and mild radiant eyes'; and poor Jones Very, the typical *homme incompris*, sonneteer and idealist, whose attempt to fit his practice to his creed was like to end lamentably enough, for men more (or less) sane treated him as a lunatic, and it was after an interim spent under constraint that he emerged to exercise the duties of his clerical office. Others there were, too, who come under the heading of what Hawthorne terms 'originals in a small way,' adding that 'after one has seen a few 'of them they become more dull and commonplace than even

---

\* Introduction to 'Mosses from an Old Manse.'

‘those who keep the ordinary pathway.’ Of one and all Hawthorne wearied.

‘After my fellowship of toil and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethren of Brook Farm’ [he writes at the end of the first few years of life at Concord], ‘after living for three years within the subtle influence of an intellect like Emerson’s . . . after talking with Thoreau about pine trees and Indian relics in his hermitage at Walden, after growing fastidious by sympathy with the classic refinement of Hillard’s culture, after becoming imbued with poetic sentiment at Longfellow’s hearthstone, it was time . . . I should exercise other faculties of my nature. Even the old inspector’ [whose portrait is sketched at length in the preface to ‘The Scarlet Letter,’ hale, florid, brisk, in the rare perfection of his animal nature, and the very trifling admixture of moral and spiritual ingredients], ‘even the old inspector was desirable as a change of diet to a man who had known Alcott.’

This is to say that from his literary associates, those whom time, circumstance, and a common professional interest in books assigned to him as associates, Hawthorne, from first to last, stood apart. It is difficult to rid oneself of the feeling that between him and Emerson the friendship was of neighbourhood, not affection; it was a friendship *de convenance*. The friendship with Thoreau is less tainted with critical coolness. The close observer of earth commended himself to the close observer of man, and perhaps Mr. Thoreau—the prefix is always entered in the ‘Note-Books’—was a comrade more to Hawthorne’s taste than most. He was out of sympathy with Margaret Fuller, and whatever reminiscences of her are to be found in Zenobia of ‘The Blithedale Romance’ explain, from his point of view, the distaste. Few individualities bear translating into types without losing their redeeming qualities in the process; least of all that of the woman-reformer—and we feel that for Hawthorne Zenobia only became pardonable in dying. On the other hand, one is not surprised to hear Margaret on her first acquaintance with his writings took the author for a woman. A more sincere warmth of feeling, a more spontaneous cordiality, belonged to his relationships with his old unliterary college comrades, whose devotion was lifelong. ‘Pierce was ‘the only man Hawthorne loved with his full heart,’ is Mr. Woodberry’s verdict, and no doubt it is just. Hawthorne, from the time when first he forsook solitude, comes before us as a home-centred man. Selfhood extends in widening circles. The boundary wall of the egoist *par excellence* is the limit of his conscious personality. But there are stages of egoism where self includes much besides—family, friends, community,

race, nation; till at length it is merged in some unmargined ocean of the universalist's fraternity—humanity, or the religionist's infinity—God. Without, however, reaching those far horizons where in its personally possessive sense the 'I' is lost, many a man releases himself from the first phase of selfhood—a phase obviously ignoble, despite all glamour of modern paradox—to content himself with the second. Lover, husband, father, he possibly adds some few elect friends to the more immediate ties, and, recognizing and fulfilling his obligations to prefer their welfare, their happiness, to his own, he conceives he is discharged from further debt to mankind. Whatsoever else he bestows is an alms-deed, a voluntary gift of supererogation. The love which lays down life, or things greater than life, for those without the pale of love, we call heroic, and by the very word imply that it surpasses what we conceive to be the spontaneous instinct and impulse of our nature.

The record of Hawthorne's life indicates his limits with distinctness. It was a life, as regards his immediate surroundings, neither selfish nor egoistic. But its domestic boundaries were never shattered from within by any volcanic ideals of religion, patriotism, or by that rarer but equally explosive enthusiasm christened love of humanity. Nor was it stirred from without. The awakening episodes of national disaster, the clash of rival forces, the battles of faith and loyalty—all the tumultuous forces set loose by Northern abolitionist and Southern 'rebel'—never beat down the outworks, never forced the spectator, the observer of tragedy and comedy, to take his share of living experience amongst the fanatics of ideas or the partisans of causes. His article, 'Chiefly about War Matters,' written in 1862, when emotions surged throughout the country, is eminently characteristic. It contains the well-known criticism of Emerson's catchword. 'I shall not pretend,' writes Hawthorne, visiting John Brown's improvised fortress, afterwards his prison, at Harper's Ferry,

'to be an admirer of old John Brown . . . nor did I ever expect to shrink so unutterably from any apophthegm of a sage, whose happy lips have uttered a hundred golden sentences, as from that saying . . . that the death of this blood-stained fanatic has "made the gallows as venerable as the Cross!" Nobody was ever more justly hanged. He won his martyrdom fairly and took it firmly . . . any common-sensible man, looking at the matter unsentimentally, must have felt a certain intellectual satisfaction in seeing him hanged, if it were only in requital of his preposterous miscalculation of possibilities.'

The editorial note is appended, 'Can it be a son of old Massachusetts who utters this abominable sentiment? For shame.' Mr. Moncure Conway tells the sequel. He had hastily carried the magazine (the 'Atlantic Monthly') to Emerson, pointing out this and other unfavourable commentaries. 'Emerson read the censorious notes and quietly said, "Of course he wrote "the footnotes himself."' Emerson, who could never read Hawthorne's romances, read his old friend.

True it is, those of us who have ceased playing see most of the game, but, with the proviso, we must first have played it. This Hawthorne had never done. It was an affair of temperament; the gods who bestowed upon him the gift of imaginative genius forgot to endow him with the faculty of personal experience. The saving experiment of strong passions in its full compass and harsh glare was never his; the lash never coiled round his own bare nerve, nor did the fangs of the wolf leave their print on his heart. He had not even the compensating capacity for real contact with other men's passion. It is a contact which breeds contagion, and with men of acuter sympathy and less self-contained interests may in a degree supply the deficit of experience lived and suffered. The lack of either the one or the other capacity leaves the reader of Hawthorne's personal biography with a sense of loss. Further it must be frankly confessed that, perusing the prosaic details of officialism and domesticity multiplied in family diaries, recollections, and journals, those of us who had divined for themselves the figure of the great Fantastist as he revealed himself in his fictions, undergo a rude shock.

The Hawthorne we had divined was another Hawthorne—Hawthorne, author and artist, not Hawthorne, father and husband. Few authors have introduced themselves more persistently to their public, few writers have made themselves more intimately present in their works. In all Hawthorne's prefaces and introductions, written with the fastidiously expert touch of a literary miniaturist, and equally in the self-disclosures, the conscious and intentional egoisms that thread many narrative portions of his tales, he deliberately portrayed himself. He has confessed it. In the preface to 'Twice Told Tales' he says,

'The author came to be regarded as a shy, gentle, melancholic, exceedingly sensitive and not very forcible man. He is by no means certain that some of his subsequent productions have not been influenced and modified by a natural desire to fill up so amiable an outline, and to act in consonance with the character assigned to him.'



In fact, Hawthorne added one more figure to the creations of his fancy—the figure of the author. We took his creation for truth.

And the author, presented with such fine pencil-strokes that one wonders how so clear an impression derives from so faint an outline, has a charm which the Hawthorne of biographies has not; it evades only to haunt the mind. Here he is the showman who sets the marionettes in motion, there he is the organ-grinder who grinds the tune. Again, he is the stage-manager who makes his bow to the audience and retires—though by some spell of his personality, while we always are in sight of his figure, we never chance to look upon his face. ‘How little I have told!’ he exclaims somewhere. And yet from his earliest publications how much! He has laughed, in a minor key, with the laughter of his puppets; with a half-smile too, when they cry, he has wept. Their griefs come to us as the shadows of his moods, their gaiety as the rarer sunshine. In the sketches of his first literary period we hear the wonder-horn of youth sounding in his ears, the call to the roadway, the call to the far-off. We see him following, not too successfully, the call. He is one of the ‘Seven Vagabonds’ of his own story,\* though his six companions—pedlar, Indian, dancing girl, fiddler, juggler, and the master of the caravan—detect in him, with the sure instinct of the born road-farer, an amateur in the art of vagrancy. ‘My associates were a little ashamed of me’; they were, in the grey-haired itinerant’s language, ‘an honest company of us’—all could win their living in some creditable fashion, with fortune-telling and kindred crafts—‘while you, sir, as I take it, are a mere strolling gentleman.’ That and no more, unless as story-teller he can claim kinship with the free fraternity. The question is disputable; one fancies it was answered in the negative. It takes more than a ragged coat and dusty feet to make a vagabond. Yet, to go somewhere—to go forth—to go away! The wonder-horn still sounds. ‘I had a strange longing to see the Pyramids,’ Persia too, and Arabia, ‘Oberon,’ under whose name Hawthorne screens his self-portrayal, writes in the ‘Journal of a Solitary Man.’† The craving, no longer for the free life but for another aspect of life, is here geographical, a question, so to say, of miles, yet it still reflects youth’s eternal belief in the joy of the distant, the paradise of the far-off. And when Oberon sinks

\* The Seven Vagabonds, ‘Twice Told Tales.’

† Posthumously reprinted, vol. xii. Complete Works.

to his long sleep, his craving unfulfilled, we seem to see Hawthorne himself keeping watch in the death-chamber of his own youth.

Then, Oberon, or that part of Hawthorne's restless youth it pleased him to name Oberon, being dead, the author will content himself with what lies near at hand. He will tell stories of the village streets, and its denizens, and its passers-by. He will take his stand at the window,\* or saunter down the road with a child's childhood beside him, recalling the days when he too suffered that 'strolling away' impulse,† or he will climb the steeple for a bird's-eye view of village-kind below, ‡ or, flying 'the sultry sunshine of the world,' find his soul in solitude where beach birds sport 'with their great playmate,' the sea.§ Or he will listen awhile to his inner self, as it turns story-teller, and repeat its whispered confidences, narratives half allegory, half morality, interspersed with little romances of prosaic lives—and who has ever touched them with so light a hand? Perhaps, from time to time, in his hero's fortunes he contemplates possible vicissitudes in his own. He sleeps with David Swan by the high road, while the chances of wealth, love, death, successively pass him by. He dreams that, with the Artist of the Beautiful, he has created a winged incarnation of his soul only that the ethereal loveliness may be crushed out of existence by the gross child of matter. Finally, abandoning the stories of 'strange things that almost happen,' he retells old legends of New England when New England was young. But the savage traditions of grim Pilgrim cruelties, the barbarities of English oppression and Quaker persecutions, lose somewhat of their brutality as he relates them. Facts are not softened, but he looks through the facts into the creeds beyond. The creeds are perverted, he allows, by some delirium of spiritual malady, but almost he makes us forget that if man is the victim he is also the responsible creator of his beliefs. Hawthorne himself is a man, one may say, of two hearts. One heart to condemn—for the sad-coloured conscience of Puritan descent is his; one heart to absolve—and that was all his own. He owes who can say how much to that duality, coming home to our affections not as the moral indifferentist of modern art, but in more complex guise, as one of human nature's most generous apologists.

In the 'Mosses from an Old Manse' the prevalent mood is

---

\* Sunday at Home.

† Little Annie's Ramble.

‡ Sights from a Steeple.

§ Footprints on the Seashore, reprinted in 'Twice Told Tales.'

one of shadow. They were written at what may have been—we are told it was—the happiest period of his life, a period when poverty failed to banish joy. Their autobiographical introduction is full of Hawthorne's 'confidences' made to his imagined audience of friends, who yet are warned from too near an approach. He would talk freely, intimately almost, with them, but the freedom must be untrammelled by that tactless over-familiarity which assumes knowledge not only of what we confess, but of what we withhold from confession, and claims entrance not only into the soul's ante-room, but into its sealed solitudes, its sanctuaries, its cemeteries. And at the moment when the reader might be led to assume that he and his host 'had gone wandering hand in hand,' Hawthorne dismisses the presumption with a smile: 'Not so. So far as I am a man of really individual attributes I veil my face.' With this proviso he invites his readers to be his guests in that 'Old Manse' of many memories. The whole tone is one of friendly hospitality to a bidden visitant. The atmosphere is of a garden and woodland pastoral, of summer afternoons spent indolently by drowsy waters, with just the half-acknowledged foreboding—Hawthorne was forty-one—that autumn is at hand. 'Time' has now given us all his flowers, and the next work of his never 'idle fingers must be—to steal them away.' But the stories have another atmosphere, and tell of sadder and more bitter moods. The appellation of pessimist has been bestowed upon their author by French criticism. He was not that—he was neutral. Mr. Woodberry gives the key to the gloom overclouding many of the 'Mosses,' a gloom which fell as a black pall of night in the joyless fatalism of 'The Scarlet Letter.' As Hawthorne aged he became, as author, immersed in spiritual preoccupations. 'The moral world, the supremacy of the soul's interests, how life fared in the soul, was his region; he thought 'about nothing else.' Again we would add as author. Was it the developement of an old impulse diverted—unsatisfied—into a new channel? Was it that the wonder-horn was still echoing from the far-off, summoning the man of middle life not now to the high-road of common, material vagrancies, not to the Egypt, Persia, or Arabia of common travellers, but to the soul-roads where in strange guise the errant spirits of men wander in rain and dust and sun and frost? or to that world, more remote from Hawthorne's intellectual personality than any other, the world of a heart's passion?

However this may be, after the 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' he wrote 'The Scarlet Letter.' It was not Hawthorne's homeland—so much we know by his own showing—that he found when

he created the central figure of the story, Hester Prynne. If his earlier work represents Hawthorne as one of the most eminent artists of English fiction, the 'Scarlet Letter' does more; here we forget the artist in his work. It is nothing to us that to the super-acute sense of Mr. Henry James it is 'admirably written'; it is nothing to us that in it symbolism degenerates from legitimate suggestion to enforced materialistic correspondences; that the 'Scarlet Letter' becomes a monomania not to the wearer alone, but also to Hawthorne. Mr. Woodberry's criticism, keener, deeper, more human than Mr. James's subtler appreciations, makes one regret he has not given more. Yet again it is of no moment to us that, as he implies, the book has elements of falsity in its distortion of the spiritual possibilities of old Puritanism—that 'a book from which love and light are 'absent may hold us by its truth to what is dark, but in the 'highest sense it is a false book.' It may be. But falsehood or truth are here alike at discount. It is a book which transcends its merits and overrides its defects. What holds us is not what should be, but what is. And it holds us, too, with a constant suspense of surprise. Arthur Dimmesdale is a study in affinity with Hawthorne's genius for moral speculation, dissection, and analysis. Living a life of falsehood, he ends a confessor of truth in the market-place, and dies a martyr to a creed of despair. This is a theme appropriate to the Hawthorne we know, but where had his genius struck upon Hester? From first to last Hester is a woman in a sense in which no other creation of Hawthorne's can claim womanhood. Mr. Woodberry finds Miriam the most human of the three heroines, Hester, Miriam, and Zenobia, commonly grouped together for criticism. Mr. Henry James sees in Zenobia Hawthorne's 'nearest 'approach to the complete creation of a person.' Is it possible that the lack each critic detects of reality in Hester is more felt from the standpoint of Hawthorne's fellow-countrymen than from a less western point of view? If Hester is unreal, she seems to us one of those unrealisms life itself imitates if it does not create, for nature is surely also an author of romance. Miriam, in the picturesque environments of Italy, as Zenobia in the homely setting of the Farm-Community, have both a tendency to suggest the stage-queens of tragedy. Never for a moment do they rouse that responsive emotion which is the reader's involuntary testimony to reality in fiction. Hester evokes it from her entry at the prison door, and in every scene where she appears. She is of those few women who move through life with the strong simplicity of a single and absolute passion. She has loved her lover, she has given

herself to him, she has suffered to the utmost the penalty of her deed. Shall she not hold that fast for which she has paid the price? Under all semblances, sincere as her deeds are, of expiatory toil, of penance and sacrifice, she loves still, nor ever does the inmost heart of the woman relinquish its grasp of passion. Patience, heroic fortitude, strength, silence, dignity she displays, but beneath runs the fierce free undercurrent that breaks forth into hate, 'be it sin or no,' for the husband who, with open eyes of age wedding her ignorant girlhood, 'had done 'me worse wrong than I to him'; that breaks forth again, strong by repression, in that one passion-scene, wrought in iron and ice, when once more the lovers stand face to face, and Hester learns 'that seven years of outlaw and ignominy had been little other 'than a preparation for that hour.' Again, one asks, where had Hawthorne lit on the intense vein of sympathy which enabled him to divine and portray that living passion of a living womanhood? He does not enlighten us. Had the artist in him kindled a brand which singed and scorched the serene neutralities of his imagination? If so he threw it aside.

His next fiction was 'The House with the Seven Gables.' It is the book of all his books the English reader would most easily have anticipated Hawthorne would write. Possibly we identify certain New England characteristics as characteristics of Hawthorne, and see in them an individual quality where his countrymen see what Mr. Henry James appreciatively names his provincial quality. But it comes to us, with its type of faint-coloured New England girlhood, and its family group of the refined, impoverished, bloodless, descendants of early settlers, as a wholly original miniature presentment of a little village drama, where each scene is so perfect in harmony of detail that we are quite oblivious of the want of form, the discursiveness of narrative, and the 'lax unity' of the scheme. To Hawthorne it was the preferred child of his blood, and it stands alone in finish, lightness of touch, and in a delicacy which, for all its evasive shadings, has yet a peculiar clearness of outline. 'The House of the Seven Gables' may be said to have restored Hawthorne to his native monochrome.

It is, however, in the last of his four completed romances, 'Transformation,' that Mr. Woodberry finds 'the fullest and most 'intimate expression of his temperament, of the man he had 'come to be.' 'Hawthorne's personality pervades it like life 'in a sensitive hand.' Some glamour of the South, the glamour which in old days drew painters of Northern lands to Italy, may tinge the critic's vision with an overflow of enthusiasm, and Mr. Henry James's far less encomiastic verdict (the two



criticisms are worth collating) may be more just. But apart from the descriptive sections of the romance and from its popularity as a text-book for tourists—a popularity prejudicial to imaginative valuation—apart, too, from the overshadowing moral problem which ‘as an analytic study of the nature of ‘evil . . . is his main theme,’ ‘Transformation’ brings us nearer to the author of the ‘Twice Told Tales’ and the ‘Old Manse’ than any of his later works. Donatello exemplifies to the full Hawthorne’s gift for a special form of invention—the semi-fantastic. No figure in all his fictions impresses the memory more vividly, although, strangely enough, he first conceived the character as a girl. One is tempted to wish that, disjoined from the heterogeneous material interwoven, the idea had been presented in the condensed form of Pater’s analogous tragedy of ‘Denys l’Auxerrois,’ child of the vine and the woodland, the echo personified of Nature’s ivy-crowned god. In both stories a waif of the old Nature-world has wandered, a lost child, into the new world grown sombre with the sense of sin. Both Denys and Donatello have gentle kinship with the wild things of earth, over both a spiritual darkness grows; over Denys the madness and malady of strange riots, over the Faun the shadow of a crime. Denys dies, torn to pieces, hunted to his death by his sometime companions. For Donatello joy has departed for ever; the huntsman who rends his heart is remorse. Denys lives and dies in a mediæval fantasy. Donatello, suffering the doom of a soul, is a fragment of Pagan childhood which has drifted out of its home into the core of a Puritan romance. But in that conscience-burdened atmosphere, with all the dimness Hawthorne has added to it of brooding sadness, melancholy speculation and dusky fatality, in all the pictures he has drawn of love and hate and sin, the author still comes before us, not as one of those philosophers who see that all is vanity under the sun, but that all is pardon and pity. He called ‘Transformation’ his ‘moonshiny romance.’ Possibly the absence of the solar glare lent itself to the moral attitude of the human apologist, and Hawthorne, who had smiled at so many illusions, still—in moonlight—retained his own.

With ‘Transformation’ his figure, as author, passes out of sight. He returned to Concord and literary work. But energy, vitality, waned; it was ebb tide, and the ‘path that leads ‘down the hill.’ War, too, a war to whose causes he was indifferent, filled the air with trouble and the fret of contending passions, while he sat planning abortive plots of fictions he never completed. ‘Septimius Felton,’ the most advanced effort, full of fragmentary beauty, contains only a promise of what

might have been. For when decline came it came rapidly, and the three sketches,\* 'Septimius,' 'The Dolliver Romance,' and 'Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,' based on the same theme—the pursuit of the elixir of life—remain skeletons of shifting conceptions.

In Sleepy Hollow—surely no place of the dead ever bore so appropriate a name—Thoreau already lay buried on the slope of the hill. In the May of 1864, Hawthorne was carried to his grave near by, under the pines he loved. Poor Margaret Fuller, many years earlier, had found her last abiding place—again the appropriateness strikes one—under the sea waves where she and her child had sunk unsuccoured. But many of the old group remained to mourn at Hawthorne's burial—Emerson, who survived him eighteen years, with Hillard, Channing, Alcott, are all named in the closing scene Longfellow commemorated in a poem too familiar to quote, too beautiful to leave unnoted:

‘Now I look back, and meadow, manse and stream,  
Dimly my thought defines;  
I only see—a dream within a dream—  
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

There in seclusion and remote from men  
The wizard hand lies cold,  
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,  
And left the tale untold.’

Mr. Woodberry tells us at the conclusion of his biography that ‘many whose names have been frequent in this record ‘now lie with him in that secluded spot, which is a place of long ‘memory for our literature.’ May we not amend the sentence and say in grateful homage, ‘for all literatures’?

---

\* Vols. xi. and xiii. of *Collected Works*.

# ART. X.—THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.

1. *The Message of President Roosevelt to Congress.* December 5, 1905.
2. *Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt,* 1902-04. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.
3. *American Ideals and Other Essays.* By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.
4. *American Diplomatic Questions.* By J. HENDERSON, jun. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.
5. *Cuba and International Relations.* By J. M. CALLAHAN, Ph.D. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1899.
6. *De Monroe à Roosevelt.* Par LE MARQUIS DE BARRAL-MONTFERRAT. Paris: Plon, Nourrit & Cie. 1905.
7. *Back to Sunny Seas.* By FRANK T. BULLEN. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1905.

WHEN Napoleon was accomplishing the sale of Louisiana to the United States he is reported to have said, 'By this act I am giving Great Britain a rival on the sea who will one day humble her pride.' Considering all the circumstances that brought about that momentous concession on the part of France to the youthful democracy to which she had herself stood sponsor, it may be a matter of doubt whether Napoleon's phrase was not employed to conceal his chagrin at a forced surrender, thus making a stroke of policy out of necessity. However that may be, when the centenary of the Louisiana purchase came about, it found Great Britain and the United States on a footing of greater friendliness than they had known since the War of Independence. But if one side of Napoleon's prediction had been falsified after a century, the other side, which was rather implied than stated, had been amply justified. The United States, at the time of the opening of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, were already launched on that career of expansion which was indeed a movement of much earlier date but became definitely consecrated as a recognised policy by the war with Spain.

The imperialist attitude is by no means adopted by all Americans with delight or even with 'sombre acquiescence.' The conservative dream of a vast nation divorced for ever from

the squabbles of the Old World, dwelling serenely, like the blameless Ethiopians, on the confines of the globe and only clashing with those Powers, if any, who might wantonly infringe the precepts of Monroe, has gone for ever, and it is well that Europe, no less than America herself, should be taking stock of the new position. Certainly no international upheaval comparable with this has occurred since the creation of the German Empire revolutionised the European situation, but the change in America has not startled the world with a similar shock by reason of the remoter localities in which the drama has been conducted. It has not, it is true, been ignored by statesmen or political thinkers, and it has been proclaimed aloud many times with such ringing emphasis by President Roosevelt that there is no excuse for not taking our reckonings in a matter which is after all only the natural outcome of a long course of national evolution. This remarkable man undoubtedly embodies in himself the aspirations of his country in a way that no other ruler of the day, hardly excepting the German Kaiser, can be said to do. He was installed in the Presidency by a constitutional accident which only befell through a deplorable act of fanaticism. No political foresight could have provided against this, and his enemies within his own party found themselves outmanœuvred by Fortune when they believed that by forcing him into the Vice-Presidency he was eliminated as a dangerously uncontrollable factor from future Presidential problems. He has held the great office, thus casually acquired, with so much satisfaction to the nation that he was reinstalled by a popular vote so sweeping and enthusiastic that he stands before the world master of the destinies of the American people in a sense that no President has been since Lincoln. Indeed, the existing political situation in the United States realises more nearly than in the case of any other great Power to-day the dream of those who, like M. Deschanel, sigh for a plebiscitary republic.

One of the most interesting problems that confront us must be how the future will work out the relations between President and Senate. Many minor causes have been bringing this constitutional difficulty to the front. The struggle which is undoubtedly pending between the two predominant partners in the control of the State may be developed along the lines of domestic policy, for it is quite clear that unless some highly important point in foreign affairs supervene, which is improbable, the President's campaign in favour of regulating railway rates by legislation will be the cause of grave dissensions in the Legislature. On the other hand, in external affairs the Senate thinks

that it has reason for dissatisfaction because the President has acted in what is alleged to be a high-handed manner in dealing with San Domingo, and it has left the ratification of his action in suspense.

In January 1905 the financial condition of that Republic was such that it seemed likely to offer the unpleasant possibility of an interference by European creditors in its internal affairs. In this they would only have been following the example of the United States Government, which, acting on a sentence of their Courts given on July 14, 1904, undertook, with the consent of the Government of the island, to collect its revenues through American functionaries. The only way to avert a perfectly just demand on the part of the European creditors of that distracted Republic to do the same was for the United States to establish a financial control over it, to collect the revenues and distribute equitably the sums due among the creditors, deducting a reasonable amount for the expenses of the Government. This proposal was accepted by the Dominican authorities, and a protocol was signed in January last between the late Mr. Hay and the Dominican Minister for Foreign Affairs in accordance with the agreement arrived at. The ingenuity in calling this document a 'protocol' and not a 'treaty' lay in the fact that it could thus be negotiated without previous submission to the Senate. When it was presented for its approval, the Senate refused to sanction it, but the financial protectorate over San Domingo has been none the less established, and the further developement of the matter is fraught with considerable interest. The Senate has opposed American expansion before, *e.g.* in Texas and Samoa, and has ultimately given way, but in this case a constitutional question is involved which may well give rise to a far-reaching dispute. Nevertheless it is not probable that the Senate will hold this ground to be happily chosen for a pitched battle, though undoubtedly the President has actually, if not technically, trenched upon its prerogatives. But can the Senate long avert the great increase in strength of the Presidential office which must follow upon the assumption by the United States of the position of a world-Power? The President himself clearly recognises the position of affairs, and has been steadily preparing for a struggle, whether it be destined to come now or later. His recent campaign in the South has had remarkable results. It would seem as if he had succeeded, not only in effacing the sinister suspicions founded on his praiseworthy determination to recognise merit wherever he found it among coloured citizens no less than white, but has also evoked enthusiasm even in Democratic centres such as no other Republican



leader has ever reached. In fact, at a moment when no great movement in internal politics seems to be stirring the masses and the prevailing prosperity averts men's minds from the consideration of social disorders, Mr. Roosevelt has succeeded in embodying in his own strenuous and thoroughly American personality the new-born desire of his country to take its place once for all among the expansive forces that are to play an imperial part in the world's destiny. His campaign against the great interests which threaten industrial freedom only tends up to the present to render him more popular with the masses, and will help to half disarm those opponents who foresee the same dangers at home and are looking for some potent agency to combat them, even though they resent his forward policy abroad. His success in bringing about peace at the Portsmouth Conference has naturally flattered the patriotism of his countrymen, and he would probably be re-elected to-day by an even more crushing majority than that which ushered in his present term.

Both the hour, then, and the man have come, such a conjunction as appears rarely in the history of nations, for Mr. Roosevelt has been endeavouring for years to direct his countrymen by precept in the direction whither it has now become his fortune to conduct them, and the whole history of the United States and their policy shows that the progress of recent years is nothing new or startling, but the legitimate, and indeed inevitable, outcome of their past.

The same might be said of Mr. Roosevelt himself. We have here two volumes in which are set down his views on these matters, one of them consisting of essays or lectures written and delivered before there was any prospect of his attaining the political eminence at which he has now arrived, or at least no greater prospect than is offered to every able and aspiring politician in the United States. No one, after reading them, can deny that they differ fundamentally and in every respect from the 'flapdoodle' of the merely clever machine man or party orator, though in the later Messages there is a deplorable descent in that direction. It is easy to see that with Mr. Roosevelt the greatness and the expansive capacity of the United States are a conviction almost religious in its intensity, while his belief in their future as a great imperial Power was formed in days before the Spanish War made it clear to all the world that they had become one. His contempt for the American who prefers to live abroad is only equalled by the fiery indignation which colours his denunciations of those who will not accept his doctrine of the 'Big Stick.' Surely sometimes this denunciation

verges on the ludicrous, when, for instance, he discourses as follows :

‘The painter who goes to Paris, not merely to get two or three years’ thorough training in his art, but with the deliberate purpose of taking up his abode there and with the intention of following in the ruts worn deep by the thousand earlier travellers, instead of striking off to rise or fall on a new line, thereby forfeits all chance of doing the best work. He must content himself with aiming at that kind of mediocrity which consists in doing fairly well what has already been done better.’ \*

Now, if this indictment be true of Paris, it is, of course, equally true of London as a residence for Americans, but it is so manifestly untrue when applied to the careers of the distinguished artists who have had the bad taste to prefer the Old World as a residence to the New, that we need not pursue the subject to demonstration, and we only allude to it to make clear the strength, verging on extravagance, of Mr. Roosevelt’s patriotism. But of the articles reprinted in this volume, by far the most interesting politically are those on the ‘Monroe Doctrine’ and ‘Washington’s Maxim.’ The former was written in a college magazine at the time of our dispute with President Cleveland on the Venezuela boundary, when the writer was head of the Police Department in New York. Some passages deserve quotation, as they clearly demonstrate the uncompromising spirit in which the President approaches the relations of the United States with the European world. ‘If the Monroe Doctrine did not exist, it would be necessary to create it.’ ‘Every true patriot, every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the day when not a single European Power will hold a foot of American soil.’ This is a startling ‘American ideal,’ especially for this country, but it is satisfactory to find that ‘at present it is not necessary to take the position that no European Power should hold American territory.’ It may help us to realise the sentiments of Canada at the time of the Alaska dispute if we study the following :

‘The Englishman at bottom looks down on the Canadian, as he does on anyone who admits his inferiority, and quite properly too. The American, on the other hand, with equal propriety, regards the Canadian with the good-natured condescension always felt by the freeman for the man who is not free.’ †

It would be interesting to know in what respect the Canadian is ‘not free,’ but an inquiry into the relations between England

---

\* American Ideals, p. 24.

† Op. cit. p. 235.

and Canada does not come within the scope of this article. We have produced these citations to show how deeply rooted are the convictions the President is now translating into action. In the address entitled 'Washington's forgotten maxim,' we have clearly set forth the theories of policy enunciated and emphasised by Mr. Roosevelt in every Message that he has delivered since he took office.

'Our interests are as great in the Pacific as in the Atlantic, in the Hawaiian Islands as in the West Indies. Merely for the protection of our shores we need a great navy, and what is more, we need it to protect our interests in the islands from which it is possible to command our shores. Still more is it necessary to have a fleet of great battleships if we intend to live up to the Monroe Doctrine, and to insist upon its observance in the two Americas and the islands on either side of them.' \*

The 'forgotten maxim' of Washington, which gives its title to this paper, is a maxim which seems trite enough in Old World politics—'To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace.' Although we almost feel the expression sacrilegious, Washington's 'maxim' was a commonplace centuries before he gave it his imprimatur, but the remote position of the United States had up to quite recent times enabled them to ignore its application to themselves. Mr. Roosevelt had therefore ample justification for re-enforcing it, and since he became President he has never been tired of reading his countrymen the same lesson. Indeed, it is a necessary one when we consider the enormous extension that he has himself given to the Monroe Doctrine. In order to see how far Mr. Roosevelt has travelled during the last ten years we have only to compare his utterances in 1896 with those in 1905. In the earlier pronouncement he said :

'The United States has not the slightest wish to establish a universal protectorate over other American States, or to become responsible for their misdeeds. If one of them becomes involved in an ordinary quarrel with a European Power, such quarrel must be settled between them by any one of the usual methods. But no European State is to be allowed to aggrandise itself on American soil at the expense of any American State.' †

This theory has now developed into something very different. Mr. Roosevelt's claim has become that the United States have the right, considering their position of overwhelming power in

\* American Ideals, p. 247 et seq.  
VOL. CCH. NO. CCCXV.

† Op. cit. p. 231:

the Western Hemisphere, to police the South American Republics. In his Message to Congress of December 1904 we read as follows :

‘Chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilised society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilised nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power.’

Mr. Root, who is now Secretary of State, and is credited with playing ‘son Éminence grise’ to the President’s Richelieu, speaking in the same month, puts the dots upon the ‘i’s’:

‘If,’ he said, ‘we are to maintain this doctrine, which is vital to our national life and safety, at the same time when we say to other Powers of the world, “You shall not push your remedies for wrong against these republics to the point of occupying their territory,” we are bound to say that whenever the wrong cannot be otherwise redressed, we ourselves will see that it is redressed.’

This sentiment was finding its illustration at the time of its utterance by the arrangement for financial control then being concluded with San Domingo. Mr. Root further advanced the proposition that,

‘in the long process of years, I think we can safely say that there has been gradually accumulated such a weight of assent upon the part of foreign nations to our right to assert and maintain this doctrine that it is no longer open to question.’

If this statement be true, it is perhaps even more important than the extension of Monroeism asserted by the President and Mr. Root. But is it true? If it were, it would mean practically that that theory was definitely accepted by the world as a maxim of international law, which it is not. A short historical examination of its origin and developement will demonstrate that it is nothing more or less than the claim of any other nation to act as it deems it best for its own safety.

When the Monroe Doctrine was first launched upon the world its authors had no conception of the wide application that in after years it would receive. Far more responsible than President Monroe for its phraseology was John Quincy Adams, and it was framed not with a view to general application. It was originally created to meet an emergency, though it has now become a fetish. The two dangers confronting the United States in 1823 were the possibility that France might help Spain to recover her revolted colonies, and that Russia might

encroach upon the Pacific shores of their continent. On both these points it is quite clear that the promulgation of Monroe's Message served its purpose. By the treaty of 1824, Russia accepted the parallel of  $54^{\circ} 40'$  as her southern limit, thus abandoning the untenable ground taken up by the Tsar in his ukase of 1821, by which he claimed the north-west coast down to the 51st parallel, including the extravagant demand that no foreign vessel should approach Russian territory within 100 miles. It was to combat this aggression that the paragraph challenging the right of any European Power to colonise any part of the continent was drawn. One other phrase in the famous Message deserves notice, for it has been the foundation of the subsequent corollary that, because the United States do not intend to interfere in Europe, they have a right to demand that European Powers should hold themselves aloof from the concerns of America. The words are these :

‘ Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its Powers.’

Even this statement owed its origin to immediate or recent circumstances. After the War of Independence there was a party anxious to continue the French alliance, which had proved so decisive a factor in the attainment of independence, but they were wisely overruled. The principle of non-interference in Europe was therefore originally at once an excuse for not helping their former ally, and the necessary make-weight to the demand that the European Powers should hold aloof from America. But President Monroe was not himself responsible for assuming this position. He was anxious to include in his Message a distinct recognition of Greek independence. This would have destroyed at once the claim to be considered as divorced from European entanglements, and was strongly combated by Adams, who maintained that the President should disclaim any intention of interfering in them and make his stand for an American cause alone. That this was the safe and logical line has been proved by the subsequent course of events, and it would be almost the whole truth to say that in the end the famous ‘doctrine’ was that of Adams and not Monroe. The wide sweep given to the declaration he had himself invited alarmed Canning, and he protested against the ‘colonisation’ clause, but for many years the theory was not pushed to its logical conclusions in its country of origin; indeed, the author himself seemed disposed to run away from the deductions which



might be legitimately drawn from it. Congress at once assumed that position of opposition to the Executive which has been so frequently its attitude in after years. Within two months of Monroe's Message being published, Henry Clay, the Speaker of the House, introduced a resolution approving the theory of Monroe, but the resolution was shelved incontinently. The South American States themselves also were by no means eager in its support. The Colombian Congress resolved that it was 'an act eminently 'just and worthy of the classic land of liberty.' But in reality Spanish South America had, and has, no very profound affection for the Anglo-Saxon, and distrusted the promised protection of their great neighbour with some justification. Events soon proved their suspicion was well founded, and that whereas they are to-day threatened with too much protection, in the early years of Monroeism the United States considered it to be only of immediate application, and had no intention of making of it a principle of policy. Adams, when President, and Clay, his henchman, both held that the United States should not guarantee the 'Doctrine,' of which the former was really the author, while Daniel Webster based the whole theory on expediency, which indeed is its whole basis both in reason and policy.

This disinclination on the part of the United States to maintain strictly the attitude expressed in the declaration of Monroe was illustrated in three practical cases during the years that followed. The first dispute in which it might have been effectively brought into play was over the Falkland Islands, when the British entered into possession in 1829 against the protests of the Republic of Buenos Ayres, which claimed to be the legitimate successor in title of Spain. This incident occurred in the time of President Jackson, and was a far more flagrant violation of Monroeism than our claim on Venezuela seventy years later. In 1835 another dispute arose in which England played a part. Brazil in that year called on Great Britain and France to assist her to maintain the integrity of Uruguay, which was threatened by Buenos Ayres. Those Powers established a blockade and prevented the suppression of the new Republic. In spite of the taunts of South America, the United States refused to see any cause for interference. In the same year 1835 we made a great encroachment on the territory of Nicaragua by extending the boundary of British Honduras. President Jackson declined to interfere. The theory of Monroeism did not appeal to him, nor indeed did it, so far as those regions were concerned, to his successors until the question of an inter-oceanic canal came conspicuously to the front. Here, too, Monroeism was a question of expediency, not principle.

In 1842 and 1844 we attacked San Juan to maintain our territorial claims, but the United States took no notice.

But events in other parts of the Western Hemisphere show that Monroeism, though ignored as a general principle, was eagerly advanced where it accorded with American ambitions and interests. The future of Cuba had always been recognised as of supreme importance to the United States. In 1809 Jefferson wrote to Madison :

‘I would immediately erect a column on the southernmost limit of Cuba, and inscribe on it a “ne plus ultra” as to us in that direction. Cuba can be defended by us without a navy, and this develops the principle which ought to limit our views.’

Though Jefferson was against Expansion in theory, he was compelled by the force of circumstances to acquire Louisiana, and is here clearly shown to have favoured the acquisition of Cuba. It would be an interesting study and would throw light upon the little ironies of history to inquire how often the statesmen most opposed to territorial expansion have been compelled to assist the march of empires. But, in this case, Jefferson, who remains to-day the legendary hero of anti-expansionist Democrats, proved more eager to advance than Madison. We find the latter writing to William Pinkney in 1810 :

‘The position of Cuba gives to the United States so deep an interest in the destiny, even, of that island, that although they might be an inactive, they could not be a satisfied spectator at its falling under any European Government which might make a fulcrum of that position against the commerce and security of the United States.’

This has always been the view even of the most sober and serious politicians in the United States, and a glance at the map is enough to show why it could not have been otherwise. For many years in the infancy of the Republic the seizure of Cuba by England or France was a possibility. The raids of Cuban pirates on our trade during the two Administrations of Monroe, which Spain was totally incapable of restraining, might have involved at any time the appearance of our fleet in those waters and the occupation of the island. When the troubles in Spain occurred in 1822, it was thought that either France or England might acquire it. These apprehensions continued for twenty years until they culminated in 1840 in a declaration conveyed by the American Minister in Madrid to the Spanish Government that

‘in case of any attempt, from whatever quarter, to wrest from her this portion of her territory, Spain may securely depend upon the

military and naval resources of the United States to aid her in preserving and recovering it.'

Up to this point the anxiety of the United States as to the possession of Cuba by any foreign Power but Spain was genuine and was justified. After 1840 the history of the relations between that island and the Republic are less creditable. Annexation was now openly demanded and overtly pursued as a policy, not of self-protection, but as tending to the extension of the slave-holding area. It was at least set on foot and fomented by the Slave States, and rapidly spread throughout the States, a foretaste of similar movements that have been ostensibly founded on high principles but have been promoted for selfish purposes. The annexation party hoped much from the election of President Pierce, but he did nothing. However, under his Administration, and at the instigation of his Secretary of State, the three American Ministers to Paris, London, and Madrid met and produced the 'Ostend Manifesto,' probably the most impudent diplomatic document in existence. They advised the offer of 120,000,000 dollars to Spain for the island, and, if this were refused, an immediate appeal to force. Then, with the unctuous moralising which for so long made American diplomatic methods repugnant to Europe, they continued:

'Our past history forbids that we should acquire the land of Cuba without the consent of Spain unless justified by the great law of self-preservation, but we must in any event preserve our own conscious rectitude and our own self-respect.'

The interesting part of this effusion for the student of American foreign policy is that we find here for the first time the theories of the Monroe Doctrine cited to justify a policy of bare aggression. The Administration, however, did its best to suppress this compromising document, and the President's Message made no mention of it. After the end of the Civil War and the suppression of slavery, the desire for the annexation of Cuba certainly did not intrude itself in public policy. M. de Barral-Montferrat, in his interesting study of United States policy, seems to us to take a view too unfavourable to be thoroughly justified of the action of American Administrations throughout the years that followed. It is true that filibustering expeditions were numerous, but the sympathy of the American population for the islanders, who were undoubtedly suffering from an atrocious system of government, was genuine, and there is no real evidence that there was a deep-rooted and deliberate intention of the American Government to force Spain out of Cuba and take her place. The objectionable feature about American methods of

expansion would rather seem to be that they advanced pretexts for their action which will not hold water. They also, we may say, put them before the world in an extremely offensive tone, assuming an air of moral superiority over the effete Governments of Europe which may well have been considered insulting. In these sorts of declamations the Monroe Doctrine has played a considerable part, and at times an attempt has been made to treat it as almost an ethical maxim, but in the final stages of the Cuban drama it has only made a fitful appearance. It may be imported by inference into the report by the Senatorial Committee of Foreign Affairs in April 1898 which said, 'We cannot consent upon any conditions that the depopulated portions of Cuba shall be recolonised by Spain, any more than she would be allowed to found a new colony in any part of this hemisphere or islands thereof.' No self-respecting State could, of course, accept such a declaration as this from another with regard to one of its own colonies without resenting it, if necessary, by force. In this particular instance war was no doubt inevitable, but the Monroe Doctrine and its corollaries are under present conditions capable of such sweeping application that no nation can regard its latent possibilities as a weapon of offence without some apprehension. But, as illustrating the vicissitudes of this theory even in modern times, it is curious to observe that as late as 1875 Secretary Fish is found inviting the co-operation of the European Governments to intercede with Spain in order to bring about reforms in Cuba. When remonstrance was made at home, he maintained that the Monroe Doctrine 'did not mean complete isolation from Europe.' Still his action might be used as an effective precedent in logical argument for European interference in the affairs of America. Had Fish been in office in 1852, he might have advised assent to the proposal of Lord Malmesbury that England, France, and the United States should join together to guarantee Cuba to Spain and sign a self-denying ordinance disclaiming for each of the three Powers any designs on Cuba 'now and hereafter.' Everett, then Secretary of State, declined the proposal on various grounds, but he went much further and made it clear that at some future time the United States might find it necessary to acquire Cuba. After this, it was odd indeed that Secretary Fish twenty years later should have invited European assistance for dealing with Spain, but the prospects of their 'manifest destiny' would clearly never have allowed the United States to permit any European Power to control Cuba. The most primitive of instincts, that of self-preservation, would have obliged the United States to prevent at all costs any substitution of a strong Power for a feeble

one as mistress of Cuba. It was only the fact that she was so weak that enabled Spain to retain her sovereignty till the end of the nineteenth century.

The whole story of the connection of Cuba with the rise and development of the United States is told with great attention to detail in Dr. Callahan's book, cited at the commencement of this article. Unfortunately, the deplorable style he affects makes it tedious reading for anyone, even for a student impressed with the importance of the subject, *e.g.* when he wishes to say that the United States' Senate cannot be left to settle alone the future of Cuba, he pens the following: 'The ultimate destiny 'of Cuba is not one to be settled only by the gladiators of issues 'in the dome-crowned Capitol on the banks of the malarial 'Potomac.' This is a comparatively inoffensive specimen of a style which is prolonged throughout 450 pages. Nevertheless his book is invaluable for a close study of this particular branch of American history.

We must now turn to consider briefly the development of Monroeism in other directions where its application can hardly be defended on the grounds that made it a legitimate weapon so far as Cuba was concerned, for the safety of the United States undoubtedly called upon her statesmen to prevent the introduction of a foreign Power into that country. If any instance had been required by a hostile Government for ridiculing the constant protests of non-aggressive temper made by the United States, no more apt one can be produced than that of the Mexican War. But here again, as in the case of Cuba in the forties and fifties of the nineteenth century, the offenders were the slave-holding States which directed at that time the policy of the Republic. Texas had been invaded before 1845 by large numbers of the inhabitants of the Southern States, who took their slaves with them; and when Mexico, in 1829, abolished slavery, Texas revolted. In 1836 it declared its independence and claimed admission into the Union. To grant this demand on its real grounds was more than the North could stomach or advance as the ground for a war with Mexico. President Polk, to meet the difficulty, devised the ingenious theory that, if the United States declined to accede to the demands of Texas, there was a grave danger of her becoming an ally or dependency of some European State. This pretence was not even colourable, but was sufficient for its purpose, and the Mexican War followed, which was purely a war of aggression and resulted in the loss to Mexico of New Mexico, Texas, and California. The employment in Polk's Message of December 1845 of all the thunders of Monroe to cover this glaring act of spoliation was the most ignoble purpose to which the Monroe



Doctrine has ever been perverted. In the same year occurred the Oregon Boundary dispute with this country, in which the same high tone of principle was adopted to frighten the British Government into unconditional surrender. But England was an enemy rather more formidable than the unfortunate Mexicans, and the battle-cry of the Democratic party, 'The whole of Oregon 'or none' and 'Fifty-four forty or fight,' soon toned down into a sensible compromise, and British Columbia was secured by mutual arrangement for our Empire. Polk's rodomontade was mainly electioneering flummery and was resented by large sections of American opinion, but the interesting point in this case is the use he tried to make again of the Monroe Doctrine to enforce his position. He maintained that our contention with regard to Oregon was a claim to establish a new colony in North America and was therefore *ipso facto* barred by the Monroe Doctrine. As Mr. Henderson very properly points out in his able and impartial survey of this question, Oregon was not 'res nullius' and Great Britain was only seeking to retain what she believed was her own, and if such a contention as Polk's were admitted by us no Power could complete its title to any territory it claimed in the Northern continent so long as the United States contested that claim. The application of this theory to the Southern continent of America by President Cleveland led to the dispute with us over the Venezuelan boundary. It is a long stride from Monroe to Polk, but hardly so great as that from Polk to Cleveland or from Cleveland to Roosevelt.

During the Polk régime occurred the interesting declaration by Senator Calhoun regarding the Monroe Doctrine, which shows how much less sweeping were the theories as to its general application held by those who were responsible for its inception than was the interpretation imported into it by their successors. Calhoun was the sole survivor of Monroe's Cabinet, and he held (as Adams had done) that the Declaration was made to meet a particular crisis and not to obtain for all time as a general rule of practice. With regard to the 'colonisation' paragraph, which originated with Adams and had never been discussed by Monroe's Cabinet, he used these remarkable words :

'If that declaration had come before the cautious Cabinet (for Mr. Monroe was among the wisest and most cautious men I have ever known), it would have been modified and expressed with a far greater degree of precision and with much more delicacy in reference to the feelings of the British Government.'

For it must be remembered that at the time when Monroe's Message was delivered Great Britain and Russia held a much larger

portion of the continent than did the United States. 'We are not,' he continued, 'to have quoted upon us, on every occasion, general declarations to which any and every meaning may be attached.' This statement was made in the Senate and arose out of a petition from the whites of Yucatan, imploring the Government of the United States to save them from the Indians, who threatened to overwhelm them, and in return to assume the sovereignty of the country. The same appeal had been made to England and Spain, and Polk in his Message had again held up the bogey of European intervention. The Senate resolved not to interfere and the matter dropped, while matters in Yucatan were amicably settled with the natives.

Calhoun's speech shows as clearly as Adams's had done that the originators of the 'Doctrine' were anxious to limit rather than extend it, but they had put a weapon into the hands of their successors the full capacity of which for aggressive use has only been revealed in our own days.

Oddly enough, in the one historical instance where the Monroe Doctrine might have been quoted with unanswerable logic, it was never brought forward at all by the representatives of the United States. This was in the case of the French occupation of Mexico. When Napoleon III. invaded and conquered Mexico and set up the ill-starred Emperor Maximilian during the American Civil War, the United States remonstrated but could do nothing until their own troubles were at an end. They then dealt immediately with the menace at their doors. No impartial mind can deny that the establishment of a great military Power in Mexico would have involved the necessity for the United States to embark at once upon the construction of a vast navy. But a great army they had at hand, set free by the recent capitulation of Lee. The French Emperor saw the necessity for immediate retreat. The despatches of Secretary Seward were unanswerable from the American point of view, though they contain neither quotation from nor reference to the Monroe Doctrine. Indeed he saw that no appeal to authority was required. It was a matter of national interest and safety which might be a dispute in theory, but would be refuted only by force. The next and last instance we shall quote shows clearly that Monroeism is most ostentatiously paraded when the logical claim to take action is weakest, and principle is then evoked to justify what would otherwise appear as wanton aggression or interference.

President Cleveland's famous Message of December 1895 affords the most striking instance in modern times of the latent capacities of the Monroe Doctrine. The whole circumstances of the dispute are too well remembered to need recapitulation

now, but the respective despatches of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney enshrine all the reasoning which can be adduced on either side for and against the applicability of the 'Doctrine' to disputes between European Powers and the States of South America. A quotation from the admirable argument of Lord Salisbury presents the question as it undoubtedly stands in the eyes of European Governments :

'Mr. Olney's principle that "American questions are for American decision," even if it receive any countenance from the language of President Monroe (which it does not), cannot be sustained by any reasoning drawn from the law of nations. . . : Though the language of President Monroe is directed to the attainment of objects which most Englishmen would agree to be salutary, it is impossible to admit that they have been inscribed by any adequate authority in the code of international law ; and the danger which such admission would involve is sufficiently exhibited both by the strange development which the doctrine has received at Mr. Olney's hands, and the arguments by which it is supported in the despatch under reply.'

Thus wrote Lord Salisbury in reply to Mr. Olney, who had advanced the following startling propositions :

'That three thousand miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between a European and an American State unnatural and inexpedient will not be denied. But physical and geographical considerations are the least of the objections to such a union. Europe has a set of primary interests which are peculiar to herself. America is not interested in them, and ought not to be mixed or complicated with them. : : : Thus far in our history we have been spared the burden and evils of immense standing armies and all the other accessories of huge warlike establishments, and the exemption has highly contributed to our national greatness and wealth as well as to the happiness of every citizen. But, with the Powers of Europe permanently encamped on American soil, the ideal conditions we have hitherto enjoyed cannot be expected to continue.'

President Cleveland submitted the correspondence to Congress, and gave his own views of the Monroe Doctrine in the following words :

'The doctrine upon which we stand is strong and sound because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation, and is essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government. It was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures.'

Polk had attempted to maintain that for Great Britain to occupy territory which she claimed as her own in the Far West

would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. Cleveland now stretched it so as to mean that for her to act in a similar way in South America, thousands of miles from the nearest shores of the United States, would be to menace the 'peace and safety' of the nation and the 'integrity of their free institutions.' Surely this was to assume a position which would have made Monroe turn in his grave! But it was wildly applauded in the United States, and Mr. Olney's contention that any European Power 'permanently encamped' on American soil was a danger to the United States, is essentially the same view differently expressed as that of President Roosevelt quoted above, to the effect that every true American patriot looks forward to the day 'when no 'European Power shall hold a foot of American soil.' It is very easy to see that the day may come when the theoretical objection to the existence of European sovereignty in America may be conveniently wedded to an assumed threat of immediate danger resulting from it. It is of no use blinding ourselves to the fact that we are practically the only Power which is to any extent in that position.

We have now briefly sketched the rise and progress of the Monroe Doctrine as an effective instrument of American foreign policy, and have already called attention to the logical but startling development of Mr. Cleveland's intervention arguments foreshadowed by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root. But some further considerations call for attention before we can close the record and endeavour to gauge the results.

The last thirty years have seen the steady growth of an American Empire over seas. Hawaii, Samoa, Porto Rico, and now the Philippines have passed under the sway of the United States. They have also established a protectorate over Cuba and practically over the new Republic of Panama, and they are exercising financial control over San Domingo. It can only be a matter of time for those States to pass under their sway. The familiar signs which almost invariably precede such absorption have already begun to show themselves in Cuba. At the end of the month of November last, the American inhabitants of the Isle of Pines, a portion of the Cuban Republic, revolted and demanded annexation to the United States. If we may judge from analogy, this is only the beginning of the end for the existence as an independent State of that most desirable acquisition. As for San Domingo, we have already alluded to the position of financial dependence in which it now stands to Washington. During the Presidency of General Grant, in the year 1869, it offered to come into the Union, and a treaty was signed to that effect and approved by

the President, which, however, the Senate declined to ratify. It is not surprising that a large accession of coloured citizens was not desired, but in the position of a dependency that island might present great attractions. An analogous course of events has led to the ultimate partition of Samoa between the United States and Germany, and to the acquisition of Hawaii. In the latter case the American residents set up their own republic and demanded to be taken over. President Harrison, in February 1893, expressed his entire willingness to accede to their demands, but, before anything could be done in the direction of official ratification, he gave place to Cleveland, whose policy, save in the one incident of the Venezuelan dispute, was one of great moderation and opposition to national expansion. He refused to sanction the annexationist offer, and the matter stood over till another President, McKinley, succeeded him, who took advantage of the Spanish War then proceeding, as a pretext, and invited another application from Hawaii. But the Senate, true to its old traditions, still hesitated, and finally only accepted this the first colony of the Union by one vote—forty-two to forty-one.

This, indeed, is the starting-point of a new era in the history of the United States, who had for the first time to inaugurate a colonial civil service, and to undertake the administration of a dependency. The partition of Samoa was effected shortly after, and demanded the further developement of these novel functions. Porto Rico and the Philippines soon followed.

Therefore, when President Roosevelt was unexpectedly installed at the White House on the deplorable assassination of President McKinley, he found himself in a different position from that which any of his predecessors had occupied and with widely extended powers. The office of President, originally modelled on that of a constitutional king as it presented itself to the political theorists of the eighteenth century, was also in fact that of Prime Minister, and now includes, in addition, that of a ruler of tropical dependencies. It is he who appoints the Administration and supervises the execution of its duties, and is also responsible for its policy in a way that no purely constitutional monarch can be. He has also at the present time the nation behind him in an almost unprecedented manner. We have already alluded to his tour in the Southern States, but the success of this enterprise is a factor in national politics difficult to gauge adequately in this country. Perhaps it might be compared with the strange rearrangement of our own political chess-board which would follow from the triumphant tour of some great Conservative Minister in Wales. The South has



hitherto been consistently and persistently Democratic. It would now seem as if the personal magnetism of Mr. Roosevelt were to sweep it from its old political moorings and carry it along with the North in the irresistible current of his popularity. Undoubtedly the immediate object of the recent campaign was to enlist Southern support in the attack upon trusts and their methods which will be made under the attempt to put the control of railway rates and their rearrangement in the hands of the Legislature, but, if the tug of war really comes between President and Senate, the former will almost certainly have the country behind him and the machine against him. The old constitutional arrangements of the United States are no longer suited to the wants of an empire with a world policy. We do not anticipate any revolution in the forces of the Constitution, but we feel sure that the personal factor of the President will yearly loom more largely. We do not expect to see Mr. Root proffering a crown to his chief on Independence Day, but it is quite clear that the difficulties of conducting the government of dependencies and negotiations with foreign Powers through the instrumentality of the Senate will press more severely as time goes on. The present condition of Porto Rico is deplorable, and this is entirely due to well-meant but mistaken legislation. That island, which is capable of producing annually half a million tons of sugar, only turns out about 100,000, a good deal less than during its best days under Spanish rule. There is to-day more trade with the United States, but much less total trade than under Spain. The great production of coffee, which formerly found a market in Spain and is now kept out by heavy duties, has not been compensated for by an increase in the export to the United States. No new railroads have been built in the island owing to restrictive legislation, which prohibits any corporations from engaging in business there. The origin of this was a healthy objection to see the formation of trusts in the new dependencies and a fear that those islands might ere long be 'run' by corporations over which the Government might lose control; but if Porto Rico is not to be ruined, and if the population is to be rescued from a state of dangerous discontent, the President must devise some means of relieving them from the effects of the hastily devised legislation by which they are being fettered.

With regard to the Philippines, Congress appears to have meant well, but has gone about its business in a blundering fashion. It has proceeded on the lines that Englishmen in the nineteenth century often took in advising other European countries to adopt a Parliamentary system as the cure for all

their woes. A Commission has been appointed which is unable to do anything effective without the sanction of Congress. So long as the Legislature insists upon interfering in details, the government of tropical dependencies will be almost an impossibility. The dangerous assumption has been made that the inhabitants of those islands, who are really in every essential Orientals, are fitted for democratic government and must be at once prepared for it. Of course the assumption is ridiculous, and from this arise many of the more serious difficulties. This fact will sooner or later be discussed and brought home to Americans, and then we shall find the authority of Congress loosened and that of the President taking its place; for, up to the present, the interference of the Legislature in these matters, though well meant, has done nothing but harm.

A democracy governing vast possessions over seas tends in the course of its rule to become less and less democratic. Our own manner of conducting the management of India and Crown Colonies has in it nothing democratic. Where interference takes place with the decision of those on the spot, the interference is rarely that of the democracy. The choice of means and the men to carry these out are the act of the Cabinet or of one Minister who is more or less controlled by the Prime Minister, who is perhaps in fact and is in theory responsible. It may be the theory of our Constitution that the affairs of India are regulated by the House of Commons, but the more democratic our Constitution has become by the extension of the suffrage, the less have the representatives of the people actually interfered in them. So far as is possible, India is governed on the spot, and the Viceroy is, in fact, far more of a real ruler than some European monarchs. Until the government of the Philippines reaches some such stage as this—and the same may be said of Porto Rico—the results will not be satisfactory. We hold that the wise warning of Thucydides as to the difficulty of combining democracy and empire is true of all time, and that it is only possible that States so governed can control distant provinces when they delegate their rights or prerogatives to one man or few men as the case may be, controlled, of course, ultimately by the right judgement of all citizens embodied in their representatives, but left to use their own in the general conduct of affairs. The acquisition of empire must in time, therefore, profoundly modify the system of government in the United States, though the constitutional form may resist for years to come. But nothing can avert a fierce struggle for mastery between President and Senate. Every foreign entanglement that appeals to the imagination of the

people and awakens their enthusiasm will add to his power at the expense of the Legislature. The great increase in the armaments of the United States, now in progress, will not tend to diminish the Presidential prerogatives, for he is the constitutional commander-in-chief of both army and navy, and his appeals in every Message to the Legislature to grant money for a larger fleet are singularly similar to those of the German Kaiser to the Reichstag. But the ostensible aims of the President are not only to preserve the possessions of the Republic from external attack, but also to act as a police force for the whole Western world. He, indeed, makes it his business to read lectures to the other communities that divide the continent with his own country. In his Message of December 1902 he says :

‘It is earnestly to be hoped that all these countries will do, as some of them already have done with signal success, and will invite to their shores commerce and improve their material conditions by recognising that stability and order are the prerequisites of successful development. No independent nation in America need have the slightest fear of aggression from the United States. It behoves each one to maintain order within its own borders and to discharge its just obligations to foreigners. When this is done, they can rest assured that, be they strong or weak, they have nothing to dread from outside interference. More and more the increasing interdependence and complexity of international political and economic relations render it incumbent on all civilised and orderly Powers to insist on the proper policing of the world.’ \*

No one can quarrel with the theory here laid down, but there are two points of view from which it may be rightly criticised. The South American Republics regard the claim to keep them in order with resentment, and, in truth, as nothing but a covert attack on their independence. The manner in which the mighty neighbour in the North is suspected had an amusing illustration not long ago in the dispute that took place over the enclave of Acre between Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru. The everlasting boundary quarrels which agitate South America are a sign of an imperfectly developed existence as civilised States. This district was almost entirely covered with virgin forest, prolific in india-rubber, and none of the three States in question cared much or inquired to whom it belonged until indiarubber became a valuable commodity. Then thousands of Brazilian subjects invaded it and Brazil claimed sovereignty. The subjects of the other claimant States protested, and a Boundary Commission was appointed, but while it was at work Bolivia sold her rights,

---

\* Addresses and Presidential Messages, p. 360.

sovereign as well as commercial, to an American syndicate. There was at once an explosion of rage in the Latin Republics, and all the latent suspicion and hatred of the Anglo-Saxon flamed out. Brazil threatened force to prevent an American chartered company from settling on its confines. 'If,' the Brazilian Government argued, 'it is right to warn European Governments 'off from South American soil, it is equally just that South 'America should not be recolonised from the north.' A Monroe, Monroe *et demi*. The American adventurers withdrew, and the American Government laughed away the incident, which was none the less significant.

It will be interesting to see what the developements will be in the matter of Venezuela if there is trouble owing to the persistent defiance by President Castro of every principle of just and civilised government. If the United States undertake to bring him to order and police his country into good behaviour, do they also claim the right of occupying his territory temporarily or permanently? And everyone knows how easily the occupation of half-savage lands tends to become permanent even though begun as a temporary measure. President Roosevelt is not the man to shrink from difficulties or to neglect to prepare against them. He was himself witness in the Spanish War of how nearly difficulties ended in disaster, and he will do his best to make his preparations adequate, but the world will watch with interest his first attempts at dragooning a Latin Republic into what he considers good behaviour.

From the point of view, then, of Latin South America, these threats of interference by the United States and the actual attempts to infringe their liberties are bitterly resented.

The second point of view from which this claim of the President's may be criticised is that of the European Powers, who may well look at it thus. If it be right that the United States should claim exclusive jurisdiction in the Western Hemisphere, is it tolerable that they should also take any part in the affairs of Europe? Logically such a claim cannot be supported, yet in recent years we have seen American interference in European affairs, twice, it is true, in the form of verbal remonstrance only, and on the other occasion in that of a naval demonstration. Whatever view we may hold about the Russian Jews, it was certainly a surprise to the world when the American Government thought fit to remonstrate with the Tsar on the behaviour of his subjects at Kishineff. An American subject being captured in Morocco, the American Secretary of State threatens Tangier with a visit from their fleet and actually carries out the threat in the case of the alleged murder of an American consular

agent at Beyrout. As things turned out, it would have been more expedient, as well as more correct, to await fully authorised statements in this matter and to have learned first whether or no the murder had been perpetrated. As a matter of fact, it had not, and the American squadron was not required. But the following is the explanation afforded by the President of this incident, which, on the part of any European Power, would have been considered in every way unjustifiable :

‘ Although the attempt on the life of our vice-consul had not been successful, yet the outrage was symptomatic of a state of excitement and disorder which demanded immediate attention. The arrival of the vessels had the happiest result. A feeling of security at once took the place of the former alarm and disquiet, our officers were cordially welcomed, and ordinary business resumed its activity.’ \*

It may be that no European Power has the right to protest against the appearance of an American squadron in Turkish waters, an apparition only excused because disorder exists which ‘ demands immediate attention ’ ; but these incursions of the United States into European confines, when the original reason for their despatch has disappeared, and therefore only because matters in some Turkish port are disorderly, is surely to challenge European acquiescence in the theory of American exclusiveness in highly provocative fashion. We cannot see why in logic the Turkish and Russian Governments should not have remonstrated on the lynching scandals too often prevalent in certain Southern States of the Union. The danger of President Roosevelt’s undue activity in all parts of the world seems to us to lie in the fear that he may arouse a resentment that only slumbers in many European Chancelleries, partly provoked by American commercial competition and partly by a too restless temperament claiming a right to be heard on all and every question of international importance. If America claims to reserve one vast enclave of the civilised globe for her own, mankind will grow restive at her uninvited apparition on the slightest excuse in other quarters. After all, as Mr. Roosevelt is well aware, the Monroe Doctrine is not accepted by any civilised people as part of the law of nations. The arguments advanced by Lord Salisbury on that head are indeed irrefutable, though American interference may be admitted from time to time in matters affecting the well-being of American States, either because it is inexpedient or useless to resist it. This country is wedded to the Anglo-American ‘ entente,’ from weakening which at the present juncture of events we have so much to lose that it would be folly to disturb it. But it would be worse than folly

---

\* Addresses and Presidential Messages, p. 399.



to imagine that its roots have struck deep into American soil far west of the business community of New York. On this point Mr. Bullen's evidence, in his fascinating volume of travel, is unfortunately not far wide of the truth, though perhaps at times expressed with a crudity which we will not repeat in terms. Should both countries continue in their present mood, the more the agreement between them is strengthened and extended, the better for the peace of the world, yet it is impossible to forget two facts. The more noisy demonstrations of goodwill which are so conspicuously paraded in our newspapers are almost exclusively confined to the East, and the temper of the Centre and the West of the United States is by no means so emphatically pro-British as we are left to assume. There is sufficient latent ill-feeling smouldering to burst forth into flame whenever some ambitious leader, less scrupulous than Mr. Roosevelt, may think the occasion propitious for launching another thunderbolt of the Cleveland-Venezuelan temper. It has already been shown that the Monroe Doctrine may be forced, like Liberty, into the service of aggression, and we cannot afford to forget that our colonial empire in America must disappear if the ideals of the 'true American' are to be fulfilled. Again, we foresee that grave dangers may arise if the spirit of Canadian patriotism be overstrained by concessions on our part to American exigencies. The result of the Alaska boundary decision—rather, perhaps, the reading given by Mr. Roosevelt to the phrase 'three impartial jurists of repute'—has been to stereotype for some time to come the anti-American sentiment so unhappily prevalent in the Dominion. Indeed, that particular incident was by no means encouraging to those who have learned that Mr. Roosevelt conceives arbitration to be an excellent thing for minor States in territorial matters, but not for his own country when similar questions are in dispute. Without repeating it in so many words, he seems to endorse his predecessor's flamboyant declarations at Ocean Grove in April 1899, that 'where the American flag has once been planted, there it shall remain.' The Marquis de Barral-Montferrat, whom we have sometimes found too harsh a critic, is surely justified in invoking here the 'mournful shades of Washington and Monroe,' who was, according to Mr. Calhoun, 'the most cautious of men.'

In his Message to Congress delivered last month, Mr. Roosevelt emphasises and reinforces the position he has always taken up. It is in great measure a reiteration of his warnings about the necessity of keeping the peace by preparing for war, a truism no doubt in one sense, but so was the motto of the young Napoleon that 'the face of Liberty must sometimes be veiled.' In the same message allusion is made to one great question, on which

we have not dwelt, but which is intimately bound up with the future of the United States as an Imperial Power, that of the Panama Canal.

It is not our purpose here to pursue to its sources the story of the Inter-Oceanic Canal and its various vicissitudes. It was a dream of Goethe's \* and is yet far from being translated into fact, but it is at last on the way there, though the loss of life and money which has been involved both by the experiments of the French Company and more lately by those of Mr. Roosevelt's Government would startle the world could the full statistics be set before it in all their appalling volume. One or two of Mr. Roosevelt's Messages are devoted to explaining and defending the conduct of the United States Government or their agents in that region. International purists and also many Americans, non-partisans of the 'forward' policy, felt that the affair needed explanation. When the Columbian authorities refused to ratify the arrangement made with the United States and a revolution immediately broke out and Panama was proclaimed a separate Republic, American war-ships were at once upon the scene and refused to allow any attempt on the part of Columbia to recover the seceding province. The new State thus set up at once acquiesced in the making of the Canal. It is not our business to inquire how an outbreak so singularly convenient for the United States was brought about, but the language of the President would have given some cause for jesting comment had it been employed by a European potentate on a similar occasion. He claims to have acted on behalf of the interests of mankind, and states that the position of the United States as 'the mandatory of civilisation has been 'by no means misconceived' † because other Powers followed immediately in the recognition of the new Republic. This may well have been done without involving any approval by 'civilisation' of the methods pursued. We are not charging the United States with being any less virtuous than other Powers, but they claim to be judged by too high a standard. The general doctrine of human evidence, 'ille fecit cui prodest,' cannot be ignored in political inquiries any more than in judicial, and the historian cannot form his judgements upon Utopian sentiments which conflict with the obvious explanation of self-interest. The South American Republics for their part, with persistent ingratitude, refuse to recognise disinterested altruism as the foundation of United States policy any more than of England's or Germany's.

\* Gespräche mit Goethe, iii. 83, 84. Brockhaus, Leipsic, 1876.

† Addresses and Presidential Messages, pp. 458, 459 et seq.

But with the future of the Panama Canal is closely bound up that of the Caribbean Sea, and also of our own West Indian possessions. It is not easy to trace the origin of the rumours set afloat not long ago as to the intention of Great Britain to abandon those islands to the United States for some equivalent not defined. It was of course without foundation, and indicated a state of mind in some quarters rather than a project of policy. But we may yet have trouble before us in Jamaica arising out of the hold now being acquired over that island by a gigantic American trust, 'The United Fruit Company.' Mr. Bullen's charges \* are not yet, according to his own statement, fully substantiated by available evidence, and therefore we do not pretend to accept them, though we have an unconquerable suspicion of the devious and sinister ways of these monster combinations which Mr. Roosevelt himself is so courageously attacking. But the Government of the United States has never hesitated to profit by the enterprise of its traders in acquiring new territories any more than we have spurned that of our chartered companies, and it possesses in the Monroe Doctrine a sentimental armoury. Nothing would be easier than to cite it and the safety of the Canal as a reason for eliminating British power from the Caribbean Sea.

To-day the material interest of those islands is clearly becoming more and more bound up with the trade of the United States. It is mainly centred in fruit-growing, and is not to be diverted to ourselves for reasons geographical. The latest statistics available are instructive :

## 1903: BERMUDA.

|                      | United Kingdom<br>£ | United States<br>£ |
|----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Exports to . . . .   | 3,806               | 112,249            |
| Imports from . . . . | 172,347             | 289,239            |

## 1904. TRINIDAD.

|                      |         |         |
|----------------------|---------|---------|
| Exports to . . . .   | 603,981 | 924,282 |
| Imports from . . . . | 944,804 | 675,769 |

## 1904. BARBADOS.

|                           |         |         |
|---------------------------|---------|---------|
| Imports from . . . .      | 362,250 | 291,459 |
| Exports to . . . .        | 26,672  | 254,669 |
| In 1863 they stood at . . | 629,256 | 69,205  |

## 1904. JAMAICA.

|                      |         |         |
|----------------------|---------|---------|
| Imports from . . . . | 948,315 | 856,973 |
| Exports to . . . .   | 282,412 | 908,028 |

\* Back to Sunny Seas, p. 47.

These statistics are clear evidence that while in some cases the imports of these colonies remain higher from the sovereign State than from the United States, yet the exports to the latter vastly exceed their trade with ourselves. Of course, we do not argue from this that these islands are likely in the near future to share the fate of Hawaii or Porto Rico, but no impartial observer with a grasp of historic sequence can fail to apprehend that, granting any condition of affairs straining the relations between the United States and England, we might find ourselves face to face with some movement engineered by American enterprise which might involve a very complicated diplomatic situation.

In the future of the Caribbean Sea and the Inter-Oceanic Canal is involved also the question of the mastery of the Pacific Ocean, a subject dealt with fully in this Review in October 1902.\* At present there is no probability of Britain and her colonies taking a second place in those waters, and, at all events, until the Isthmian Canal is finished, we are not likely to find Manila substituted for Hong Kong as a more convenient centre for trans-Pacific trade. The treaty with Japan secures for ten years the integrity of China. Predictions on such matters are mere speculation, but there is sufficient food for thought in the immediate possibilities involved by the new departures in American policy, though, as we have tried to indicate, they are in great measure merely the natural developement of the past history and aspirations of the United States.

---

\* Vol. 196, p. 210.

## ART. XI.—THE FALL OF MR. BALFOUR'S GOVERNMENT

MR. BALFOUR'S resignation on December 4 marks an important turning-point in our political history. It is something more than the fall of a Minister brought about by the veering of popular favour—by the so-called 'swing of the pendulum.' It is the latest and most significant sign, of all the many indications furnished in the course of the past two years, that political forces are ranging themselves on a new battlefield, and that a political question other than that which has been the test of parties since 1885 now 'holds the field.'

Mr. Balfour's resignation, and the patent disintegration of his party, have forced men at last to recognise the facts. The late Prime Minister, since the summer and autumn of 1903, has been struggling hard to keep up appearances inconsistent with the actual facts, and he has failed. The triumphant march of the Unionist party was not, if he could help it, to be deflected by the fiscal fancies of theorists and doctrinaires. He was himself quite ready to decry Cobden, to sympathise with and to encourage Mr. Chamberlain, to make Mr. Austen Chamberlain Chancellor of the Exchequer, to declare for a fiscal revolution; but all these things were, in his opinion, beside the purpose of the time. What he was interested in was the union of the Unionist party, and its continuance in power. Some future day, perhaps, these troublesome tariff questions might really become of practical importance; but who was he that he should read the future? For the House of Commons to discuss those problems of Protection and Free Trade with which every platform in the country was ringing, with which his own Ministers (if they were favourable to Mr. Chamberlain) were permitted to concern themselves outside the doors of Parliament, upon which election after election was seen to turn, would be to make itself into a mere debating society, in which the time of the country would be wasted by Free Trade representatives of the people delivering what he imagined they conceived to be speeches on political economy! Himself he took but little interest in these things. He was a Free Trader, he said, but he could not stand Mr. Cobden, and his heart went out to Mr. Chamberlain in his noble 'crusade.' He was willing that his Government should call itself a Free Trade one, but he would not for a moment oppose the projects of Mr. Chamberlain, though he doubted whether the country was yet ripe for them.

This was, of course, to adopt a line admirably calculated to serve the ends of the Protectionist leader. And Mr. Chamber-



lain was not slow to avail himself of his opportunities. Mr. Chamberlain himself has the great merit of being seldom obscure. About the main outlines of his policy he has never varied since he opened his crusade in October 1903. Colonial preference founded on import duties on corn and other foodstuffs coming to us from foreign countries, and an import duty on manufactured goods, have been throughout his specific remedies for a national distress caused, in his opinion, by the largeness of British importations from across the seas. As the crusade proceeded his arguments became identical with those of the Protectionists of sixty years ago. The Protectionist systems of the United States and Germany were praised. Whenever those countries had prospered it was due to Protection; whenever our own had suffered it was due to Free Trade. In a memorable sentence at Welbeck he declared that 'Free Trade has been 'disastrous to British labour.' Still, he had no objection to Mr. Balfour calling himself a Free Trader if he chose. For that matter, rightly understood, Mr. Chamberlain was also a Free Trader! What he cared about was his *policy*, not the name which was given it. As Mr. Balfour had frequently confessed sympathy with him in his efforts to press it forward, he was content.

Time went on. Mr. Chamberlain proved himself singularly successful in spreading throughout the country from Birmingham a great political organisation. He captured, by skilful management, the Liberal Unionist Association, and straightway converted it into an organisation for the promotion of his fiscal schemes, whilst it still retained its old name. He succeeded in winning great influence with local Conservative caucuses, and he acquired the support of a large proportion of the metropolitan and provincial Press. To people who were not blind it was clear enough that Mr. Chamberlain and his organisation would very soon be in a position to dispute the political supremacy within the Unionist party of Mr. Balfour and the orthodox councils and caucuses of the Conservatives themselves. Few people probably remember the capture of the Conservative organisation by Lord Randolph Churchill in 1883, against all the weight and influence of Lord Salisbury—a success on the part of Lord Randolph which gave him for a time extraordinary ascendancy in the innermost councils of the Conservative party.\* Lord Randolph and Mr. Chamberlain have excelled all other English statesmen in the arts of so fashioning and managing

---

\* The story is now told in the recently published 'Life of Lord Randolph Churchill,' by Mr. Winston Churchill.

political organisations as to make them subservient to a controlling will. It is only in very recent times, and with the spread of democratic methods, that English statesmen have much concerned themselves with matters which were left in earlier days to very subordinate members and agents of their respective parties. The elaboration of the caucus system is still somewhat of a novelty on this side of the Atlantic, and the general public have scarcely yet become familiarised with the place now occupied in English politics by 'the machine.'

Mr. Chamberlain's organisation<sup>5</sup> had its eye on the elections. At every contested election till very lately the Conservative candidate declared himself in favour of the 'fiscal policy of 'Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.' There were here and there Conservative members who protested against Mr. Chamberlain's schemes; but they had no support from Mr. Balfour. With his full cognisance these gentlemen were opposed by Mr. Chamberlain's friends; the recognition of the party of which Mr. Balfour is the head was withdrawn from them; and too many have in consequence felt compelled to announce their early withdrawal from political life. Men who had been lifelong Conservatives could not, however strongly convinced of the danger of Free Trade, in many instances bring themselves to accept Liberal support. That would not be consistent with their idea of party loyalty. Yet Mr. Chamberlain, the quondam Radical of Radicals, was now the supreme authority in a party to which every degree of Liberalism was odious, and from which every Conservative who had leanings towards Free Trade was to be excluded! The Tariff Reform method of engineering Free Trade out of the Unionist party was delightfully simple, so long as it could be played under the ægis of Mr. Balfour. A local caucus, or very often only a small portion of a local caucus, was persuaded to invite some gentleman recommended by the Tariff Reform League to visit a constituency represented by a Unionist Free Trader. Put before the constituency, often without any real local responsibility for his selection, the candidate produces from Mr. Chamberlain a testimonial of his *loyalty to Mr. Balfour*! Then he becomes the accepted candidate of 'the party.' At all this Mr. Balfour has placidly looked on!

But as time passes a portentous discovery is made, which forces itself even upon the notice of the many politicians who, however indifferent to the struggle on the merits between Free Trade and Protection, are, with Mr. Balfour, profoundly desirous that the Conservative party should remain in power. Beyond all doubt, as Mr. Chamberlain has been increasing his hold upon the Conservative party, that party has been losing

its hold upon the country. The Tariff Reform League, backed with immense resources, with its system of committees and agents in every district, with the newspapers for the most part writing strongly in its interest, is nevertheless seen to be to the last degree unpopular in the constituencies. Outside the Birmingham area, where 'Tariff Reform' simply means the political leadership of Mr. Chamberlain, Conservative candidates on the platform can hardly be induced to support the great objects of 'the crusade.' They declare helplessly that they are in favour of the policy of both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, supporters, therefore, of Mr. Chamberlain's imperial projects, without pledging themselves to vote for the Protectionist doctrines, and to concur in the necessary steps upon which these projects are frankly founded, but which have not so far received the direct approval of Mr. Balfour. British electors are, however—though this is constantly forgotten by too ingenious politicians—for the most part sensible and practical men. And they know perfectly well that to elect a Conservative who refuses expressly to disapprove Mr. Chamberlain's policy is to send to Parliament a representative who will, as soon as he can safely do so, give Mr. Chamberlain his support. Accordingly, throughout a long series of bye-elections constituency after constituency has broken away from its party allegiance in order to return a Free Trade candidate; and even in the rare case of the return of a supporter of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain the figures of the poll have afforded an ominous warning that the party candidate has lost, to a very considerable degree, his popularity with the electors.

What was an unfortunate Prime Minister to do? It was evidently little use expressing in speeches and letters in 1905 those strong sympathies for Mr. Chamberlain's policy which had been so freely lavished in 1903 and 1904. Moreover, the Board of Trade in its monthly and quarterly returns was simply annihilating and even making ridiculous the lugubrious prophecies of his late colleague that British exports were decaying, and that, like the tower of St. Mark's, our trade was tottering to its fall. Mr. Balfour could not with a solemn countenance urge that, as regards trade, the nation was *in extremis*. It had become advisable for the late Prime Minister rather to lean on the differences than on the coincidences between the policies of himself and Mr. Chamberlain. But the worst of it was that Mr. Chamberlain, who had originally boasted that the new policy was specially his own, was now claiming, and with no little evidence to support his claim, that his policy was also the Prime Minister's, and, indeed, was the recognised policy of the Unionist party, which it was political heresy to oppose.

When the late Lord Tennyson was asked to say what was his religion, he used to answer 'Read "In Memoriam"; I have written it there'—a sufficient answer, doubtless, for all but the very dull! When Mr. Balfour is interrogated as to his fiscal faith, we are told to read his 'Economic Notes,' his 'Sheffield Speech,' his 'Edinburgh Speech,' the 'Half-Sheet of Note-Paper,' the 'Newcastle Speech.' 'It is written there.' He does not want comment; he refers us direct to the approved text of the classics themselves. But here is no question as to the private fiscal faith of Mr. Balfour. What has been the practical action of the Prime Minister, the leader of the Conservative party, with reference to the policy which Mr. Chamberlain had started, and which had been for many months past dividing the country into two political camps? In his own presence Mr. Balfour allows Mr. Chamberlain, unchecked, to claim him as a supporter. In the country Lord Hugh Cecil describes Mr. Balfour as the earnest and fundamental opponent of the policy of the Tariff Reform leader; and Mr. Balfour makes no public sign of dissent. It is with Mr. Balfour's own consent that he is interpreted as substantially in agreement with, and opposed to, Mr. Chamberlain's policy!

No one can justly blame Mr. Chamberlain for pressing forward his own policy, and for running candidates in its support. But for the last year he has been doing much more than this, for he has been putting forward Tariff Reform candidates as the authorised exponents of the policy of the party, of which not he, but Mr. Balfour, is the head. Thus, in writing (March 22, 1905) to support Mr. Benn as Tariff Reform candidate at Greenwich in opposition to Lord Hugh Cecil, he declared that 'the National Union of Conservative Associations, the only organisation authorised to speak for Conservative opinion as a whole,' was in favour of his—Mr. Chamberlain's—policy. It is therefore, he urges, incumbent on Lord Hugh to justify his dissent from what loyal Conservatives ought to accept as the creed of the party. His action has been the same with regard to Liberal Unionists. Loyal Liberal Unionism, in his view, involves acceptance of Mr. Chamberlain's Protectionist policy!

Last autumn it became clear that Mr. Chamberlain and his followers felt themselves strong enough to take more decided measures to force the hand of the Prime Minister; and when Lord Londonderry actually ventured, whilst still a member of the Cabinet, to show some Free Trade leanings, and even to doubt the wisdom of the Tariff Reform policy, Mr. Chamberlain could stand it no longer. At a meeting at Birmingham on November 3, he, as a loyal supporter of Mr. Balfour, took Lord

Londonderry sharply to task for his want of loyalty to his chief on the fiscal question. Lord Londonderry, if he was a consistent statesman, should resign. 'Had not Mr. Balfour declared,' said Mr. Chamberlain, 'that fiscal reform stands in the forefront of Conservative policy?' And here was one of Mr. Balfour's Ministry, not, it was true, a Minister of any importance, venturing to sympathise with Free-fooders! Mr. Chamberlain was so much upset by all this that, in spite of his loyalty, he very nearly lost patience with Mr. Balfour, whose recent leadership of the party in the House of Commons he referred to as follows: 'The proceedings in the last session of Parliament were more humiliating to ourselves and to a great party than he could recollect in his political experience. . . . I do not like running away from my political—from our political—adversaries.'

Mr. Chamberlain was evidently becoming dangerous! Mr. Balfour did not defend Lord Londonderry beyond saying on a public occasion that that statesman was one of his oldest friends; but as to suggesting that he had been unwarrantably attacked by the Tariff Reform leader he uttered not a word. To defend Lord Londonderry would have been to offend Mr. Chamberlain, and to do this would be to lose the Chancellor of the Exchequer and break up the Ministry. The Ministry, it was very clear, was not in a state of equilibrium, and might topple over at any moment. Mr. Chamberlain had felt his ground. He had gone far without public remonstrance. Was there any point at which Mr. Balfour would withstand him? If not, how could the public look on the Prime Minister as anything but an ally, or, indeed, a follower, of Mr. Chamberlain in his fiscal policy? Mr. Chamberlain, with renewed confidence, determined to press forward. The action of the delegates at the meeting of the Conservative Associations at Newcastle on November 15, and that of the conference a few days afterwards of Liberal Unionists at Bristol, were merely the crowning victories in Mr. Chamberlain's march to the complete capture of the two organisations. In each case the resolutions of approval of the Chamberlain policy were based largely on the statement that Mr. Balfour was in substance giving it hearty support—a statement, as we have seen, repeatedly made, and never yet publicly disavowed by Mr. Balfour himself.

The two meetings at Newcastle and Bristol were important from the consequences which almost immediately ensued, and not from anything in the slightest degree novel or remarkable in the speeches of either Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain. At Newcastle Mr. Balfour appealed, as he had often done before,



for unity in the party. As regards 'what is properly and 'technically known as Protection, he was not on the Protectionist side.' He had, on the other hand, never approved of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. He saw the danger that threatened our trade, and the fiscal policy that he advocated was one upon which all Unionists might unite. The whole party might, he thought, 'enthusiastically co-operate in carrying out what had 'been rather unfortunately called retaliation.' This was his proposal, accompanied, it is true, with some startling observations as to the necessity of protecting the huge capital industries from foreign competition, and of the advantage of having a Unionist Government 'with its hands free' to give them the requisite protection. What the Prime Minister thought of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, which had just been enthusiastically approved by the Conservative Associations, and for which they boldly claimed his support, he did not say; nor whether his policy of retaliation was to be a step towards, or a barrier against, the more elaborate proposals of Mr. Chamberlain. Without any explanation he invited the Unionist party to rally in the cause of 'retaliation.'

The appeal to the party fell flat, as well it might! No one was pleased. To Free Traders retaliation seems no policy at all. Absolute 'freedom of negotiation' is enjoyed by the British Government at the present time, subject only to the will of Parliament. On the other hand, Protectionists had hoped at least for some words of encouragement to the great cause with which, as Mr. Balfour was pointedly reminded, he had shown in the last two years so much sympathy. Free Traders and Protectionists were equally disappointed by a speech which was intended to rally the whole party in enthusiastic support of the Prime Minister.

Just a week later the Tariff Reform leader spoke at Bristol at a meeting at which several members of Mr. Balfour's Ministry were present. He said nothing in substance really new; but the fact that he professed to be speaking 'on the very brink of 'a General Election,' and that he was following at so short an interval the Prime Minister's appeal to his party to unite on a policy of retaliation, gave additional importance to his words. He spoke with no uncertain voice. The manifestoes of the great gatherings at Newcastle and Bristol showed that

'the Unionist party are substantially agreed upon the two main objects of the future constructive policy. We are agreed upon retaliation; we are agreed upon preference. You cannot have retaliation without a general tariff. You cannot have preference . . . unless you give to colonies, in return for a preference on your

manufactures, a preference on their chief product, even though that product may be described as a principal part of the food of this country. It is useless to hide yourselves in the sand.'

And he proceeded, in familiar fashion, to dilate upon the advantages of a corn tax, the mischief caused by free imports, and his confidence in the Imperial Instincts of the British working man. It was nonsense, he declared, to talk about divisions in the Unionist party. The party was substantially and enthusiastically united in the policy of Tariff Reform which he had laid before the country.

As an answer to Mr. Balfour's appeal Mr. Chamberlain's speech was sufficiently remarkable. It had about it a ring of conviction. A great policy is before the nation to accept or to reject. The authorised councils of the Unionist party have almost unanimously approved it. The question cannot be trifled with any longer. There is no reality in the suggestion of 'retaliation' apart from Preference and Protection. This was the burden of the speech. He, claiming the full authority of the Conservative party on the brink of a General Election, invites the electorate to decide broadly for or against the great policy of Tariff Reform. There is no other way of treating the fiscal issue. 'It is useless to hide yourselves in the sand.'

This speech was published in the newspapers of November 22, and on the following day the 'Times' and the 'Daily Telegraph' came to the conclusion that the time for Mr. Balfour's resignation had arrived; and though the usual official disclaimers were made of anything in the nature of a Ministerial crisis, subsequent events have proved that since Mr. Chamberlain's Bristol speech the Government were only continuing to hold office till the most convenient moment for their resignation should come. On December 4 Mr. Balfour resigned, and next day the King appointed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Chamberlain's speech had turned out Mr. Balfour, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman reigned in his stead.

On December 8 Mr. Chamberlain spoke at Oxford, and, as had been generally anticipated, he was found to be overflowing in his admiration of the great qualities and the brilliant services of the late Prime Minister. The Liberals were 'Little Englanders' absolutely wanting in the patriotic instinct. In his fiscal utterances there seemed once again to be some uncertainty whether, as a consequence of his policy, the nation was vastly to increase its commercial and industrial prosperity, or whether, as 'patriotic Britons,' we were to plume ourselves on the sacri-

fice of mere material advantages for the greater needs of the Empire. We should learn patriotism, he told Oxonians, from our Colonies, and he quoted a Canadian poet by whom 'the true idea' had been happily expressed :

'Strong are we ! Make us stronger yet:  
Great ? Make us greater far:  
Our feet Antarctic Ocean's feet,  
Our crown the Polar star.'

Of poetry and of patriotism Mr. Chamberlain is doubtless an equally competent judge. But surely the suggestion of this sublime passage is a considerably extended 'Monroe Doctrine' for Canada, on which her southern neighbour, and indeed the world in general, would do well to keep an eye !

On the day following (December 9) the ex-Prime Minister made his first public deliverance after his resignation. His attitude had hitherto been to disregard the external symptoms of general popular dissatisfaction with his administration, and to assert that he had the support of the country, so long as within the walls of the House of Commons he could count upon a majority. That that majority had been returned years ago in utterly different circumstances to support a different Prime Minister, united for the most part with other colleagues, seemed to him of no importance. So long as Mr. Balfour had a majority in the Lobby, he was the chosen of the nation ; and his Whips were still able to assure him that his majority there mustered nearly seventy votes. This attitude of Mr. Balfour seems hardly consistent with modern constitutional practice, Ministers having usually felt that a House of Commons which has ceased to be representative of the will of the nation has lost its authority, and that in such circumstances the sooner a new Parliament be elected in which the House of Commons will truly represent, and be known to represent, the people, the better for the national welfare.

Why, then, did Mr. Balfour resign ? The reason he gives to his constituents is that there was a lack of enthusiasm and unanimity in his party which would make it impossible for him to carry through the present Parliament a Redistribution of Seats Bill ! This, then, has been the cause of the crisis. He had, he said, been quite satisfied with the rally to him in response to his appeal for unity at Newcastle. He had apparently not heard of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Newcastle. At least he made no reference to it, nor to the effusive loyalty displayed the preceding day at Oxford. About the Fiscal question he said not a word. He would lead the party in Opposition in its great

object of averting Home Rule, and preventing the disintegration of the Empire.

'It is useless,' says Mr. Chamberlain, 'to hide yourselves in 'the sand.' The world has not become blind because you have shut your eyes. There is no division in the Unionist party, says Mr. Balfour. There is no division, says Mr. Chamberlain, except in the sense that there is a division when a thousand men think in one way, and only one man in another. It is monstrous therefore, he declares, 'to whittle away' a great policy of Tariff Reform, in order to reconcile a scarcely perceptible minority, till that policy has lost its meaning. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, now that they are in Opposition, treat themselves as allies working for a common purpose. 'What is that purpose?' is the question that electors will ask themselves before they cast their votes into the ballot-box. Mr. Chamberlain is perfectly explicit. His policy is fully before the country. Is it Mr. Balfour's real intention to promote the policy of his ally, or, as is contended by many of Mr. Balfour's followers, to destroy it? Are Unionist Free Trade electors to support Mr. Balfour as a bulwark of the Free Trade system so vigorously attacked by Mr. Chamberlain, while Tariff Reform Unionists also support him on the ground that he is willing to take the first steps towards Mr. Chamberlain and Protection? Let us leave all this miserable manœuvring, all this studied ambiguity, to inquire how opinions and parties really regard the great issues before the electorate.

In 1886 the Liberal party took office in order to carry a Home Rule Bill. In 1892 it again took office for a similar purpose. The two attempts were equally disastrous to that party, though on each occasion it was led by its greatest leader of modern times. The first Bill excluded Irish members from Westminster, the last Bill endeavoured to retain Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament. It is difficult to say which Bill was the more distasteful to 'the predominant partner,' and to that minority which contains almost every element of prosperity and well-being in Ireland.

The acceptance of the Home Rule policy by the Liberal party broke it in pieces, and for twenty years political power has belonged to its opponents. The policy which brought such disasters to its supporters when English and Irish Home Rulers were led by men of the calibre of Gladstone and Parnell does not look very formidable to clear-sighted Unionists of to-day. The last two Liberal Governments were formed to carry into effect the creation of separate National Legislatures, with Executive Governments depending upon them in Great Britain, and Ireland.

It is certain that the new Liberal Government will propose no such legislation, and that if it did it would be immediately turned out of office. So far have Unionist principles prevailed ; and for the first time for twenty years the Liberal party has come into power unpledged to Home Rule.

The elimination of Home Rule from practical Ministerial policy is, of course, not the only great change that has tended to obscure the lines that have recently separated political parties. Anyone who has had the slightest acquaintance with the Liberal Unionist party in the country knows that for years past, as Home Rule has seemed to recede further and further from the view, Liberal Unionism has lost much of its old distinct political character. On the one hand, many Liberal Unionists became indistinguishable from Conservatives ; on the other hand, very many either rejoined Liberal Associations or gave them tacit support. The tendency of British politics, on the whole a beneficial one, that draws men into two opposed political camps, was at work ; and though separate Unionist organisations were still maintained, they ceased very largely to represent different political sympathies. When Mr. Chamberlain opened his fiscal campaign there was, of course, nothing in Liberal Unionism as hitherto understood that would incline it to take a more favourable view of his Protectionist policy than was taken by Liberals in general. Amongst Conservatives there had always been a minority of Protectionists, held in check indeed by Conservative statesmen, but nevertheless not an altogether negligible element in the Party. Mr. Chaplin represented many a Tory squire of the older stamp. And the Fair Trade movement of twenty years ago had found some support in certain manufacturing districts. In the Liberal and Liberal Unionist parties Protection was equally dead ; and in the latter, when it first allied itself with Conservatism, there was a feeling that it would probably be one of its functions to stiffen the Unionist party as a whole against a recrudescence of the Fair Trade folly. At the great Liberal Unionist Conference in the Westminster Town Hall in December 1887 Lord Hartington, the leader of the party, used words which it is worth while to recall after the lapse of more than eighteen years. He had pointed out the necessity of Liberal Unionist organisation in the constituencies to co-operate with Conservatives against the return of Home Rule candidates. That was the first duty of Liberal Unionists ; their second duty was to urge upon the Conservative party the necessity of avoiding reactionary policy and of pressing forward necessary reforms.

‘I have seen,’ he proceeded, ‘that some exultation has been



expressed at the prospect of some division in the Unionist ranks on account of the renewed activity of the disciples of Fair Trade. I admit that this is a danger to which we ought not to shut our eyes. I do not see, however, that this Fair Trade agitation has received support or countenance from any of the recognised or responsible leaders of the Conservative party. We heard a good deal about Fair Trade in the election of 1880, and something about it in the election of 1885, and no doubt as long as the depression which exists in many parts of the country continues, we shall from time to time hear of suggestions of all kinds, however impracticable, which will be held out in the hope of reviving commerce, industry, and prosperity in the country. I do not think it would be possible for us to speak in too strong terms in deprecation of the adoption of a feeling such as this by the Conservative party. I fully admit that I do not put the two questions of Fair Trade or Home Rule on an equal footing. I may say that I should look upon the adoption of some foolish retrograde measure in the direction of Fair Trade, which step could probably be soon retraced again without much mischief being done, as a much less grave misfortune than the separation of the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland—a step which could never be retraced, at all events not without a great political convulsion. At the same time I fully admit that the possibility of a majority being returned which could force upon the Government a retrograde policy with regard to commercial matters would be a danger so great as would threaten to endanger the strength of the Unionist cause, and I hope the leaders of the party will weigh well the consequences before they give to it any countenance or support. *At all events, if any such calamity were to occur as the disruption of the Unionist party, then upon those who provoked that disruption, and not upon us, would rest the responsibility.'*

The disruption has come, not indeed from the quarter from which Lord Hartington anticipated it, and fortunately not before the Home Rule danger had fallen back to a position very different from that in which it stood in 1887. Nevertheless the Unionist party might have continued to-day a great instrument for good, had not Mr. Chamberlain, by embracing the policy of Protection, shattered it to its foundations. Home Rule in itself, it is true, is a greater danger than Protection in the sense that it would probably produce more direful results. But account has to be taken in practical life of the imminence not less than the magnitude of dangers. Protection has been of late much more *threatening* than Home Rule. And it is by no means clear that steps once taken in a Protectionist policy could easily be retraced. And is there really any reason for believing, as extremists on the one side and the other tell us, that Home Rule and Protection are alternative policies, and that if one be rejected the other

must be accepted? Was not Lord Hartington right to advise his countrymen in 1887, as the Duke of Devonshire advises them in 1906, to stand both by the Union and by Free Trade? For our part we venture to prophesy that when another eighteen years have passed over our heads, the United Kingdom will still be ruled by a single supreme national Parliament and Government, and that its commercial and industrial system will still remain based on the firm foundation of Free Trade.

Experience has shown how difficult it is for a political party to clear itself in public opinion from the unhappy reputation which the mistakes of its leaders have fixed upon it. By the Government that has just come into office, it is certain that the Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893 will never be revived. Opinion in the country goes further than this, and vehemently repudiates not only those specific measures but the principle of the distinct political nationhood of Great Britain and Ireland upon which they were built. The growth of Unionist principles amongst those who supported Mr. Gladstone's Bills is reassuring. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Sir E. Grey, and Mr. Fowler were all responsible as Ministers for the Bill of 1893, and Lord Rosebery now declares that they will all of them resist to the uttermost any attacks, direct or insidious, upon Unionist principles. It is clear that any tampering with the Irish Nationalist vote, likely to result in the revival of a Home Rule policy, will prove immediately fatal to the new Administration. Much may be done, as regards local government in Ireland, by a Liberal Government; just as much has been done by a Unionist Government, without in any way trenching on the national unity of the three kingdoms. It will naturally take time to dispel completely all distrust from men's minds as to the Irish policy of a Liberal Government. The party, not less than the Government, is on its trial, and its conduct alone can reassure the British people on this all-important subject. The changed position, as regards British parties, in which Home Rule stands to-day, can be judged from the fact that, instead of being the rallying-cry of Liberals, it is by their strongest opponents such as Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain that it is pressed to the front of the battle. These leaders of Conservatism will do their very utmost to insure that Home Rule shall still 'hold the field'!

Each great party has assuredly much to learn from the experience of the other. The Liberal party has been excluded from power for nearly twenty years, because its principal policy was seen (not perhaps by party caucuses, but by men who looked below the surface of things) to be entirely unsuited to

the political, social, and geographical conditions of the United Kingdom at the end of the nineteenth century. To a great industrial and commercial people like our own, to whom modern facility in exchange of produce has brought untold prosperity, the proposal to raise fiscal barriers is, in the opening years of the twentieth century, not a greater anachronism. It is easier for a political party to hang a millstone round its neck than to cast it off again. Mr. Chamberlain may recant Protection, as he has recanted Free Trade; but it will be many a long year before the party he has misled will regain the high reputation for fiscal wisdom and sound finance impressed upon it by so many of its leading statesmen, from Sir Robert Peel to Lord Salisbury.

Each party in the State charges the other with internal divisions; and, to tell the truth, each party is open to the charge. But there is a great difference in this respect to-day between the condition of the Liberals and that of the Conservatives. After a painful and prolonged experience, the fatal political blunders of 1886 and 1893 have been recognised as such by many of the chief men in the Liberal party. Such internal division as still exists is due to the survival of sentiments caused by a state of things that has passed away. Among the best of Unionists in 1906 are statesmen who were responsible for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of twenty years ago. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform, in the division that it causes amongst Conservatives, is only beginning its unhappy work of disintegration. It has upset a Conservative Ministry; it has wrecked in a few months the Conservative party; but it has unfortunately been embraced by the majority of that party as one of the planks, if not the first plank, in its platform, and the Conservatives will now have to pay the inevitable penalty of espousing a policy incompatible with the essential conditions of our time and country. If the Conservatives, as seems too probable, are, under Mr. Chamberlain's leadership, to reconstruct their party on a basis of Protection, they will lose the confidence of the country as completely as did the Liberals in the final years of Mr. Gladstone's career.

The country has condemned Protection, root and branch, and Mr. Balfour's resignation before dissolution has not enabled him to escape the inevitable and deserved penalty for the encouragement and support which in practice he has given to Mr. Chamberlain's policy. A new Government with a majority behind it is in power, and men turn their thoughts willingly away from the political manœuvring, the continual shirking of the true issue, the purposely ambiguous language which have characterised the last two years of Mr. Balfour's Ministry.

Tactics such as these have been seen by the people in their true light. With a change of parties and a Cabinet largely composed of new men, it is the present and future, not the past, which claim public attention. Already the ludicrous assertions of the late Ministry, that with their fall the State itself would totter, have been falsified. Lord Lansdowne was a successful Foreign Minister; but there is no reason to anticipate that Sir Edward Grey will show less ability and wisdom. Mr. Asquith, Lord Elgin, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Haldane have succeeded Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Brodrick, and Mr. Arnold-Forster. In these changes in five of the most important departments of the State we see far more reason for hope than for fear. Nothing but actual administration can test men's capacity for administration, and the new Ministers will be keenly watched and criticised.

The Cabinet undoubtedly contains an unusual number of men of marked ability and individuality. Departmentally we venture to prophesy that the new Ministry will be no whit inferior to its predecessor; but a Ministry is not merely a collection of heads of departments; it is the exponent of the national political sentiment and aspiration of the day. Will Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government by its prudent conduct of affairs give assurance to the British people of that steadfast, rational, and progressive spirit of statesmanship which it would willingly once more welcome amongst the leaders of the Liberal party? It was a bold, and on the whole a wise, step to include Mr. Burns in the Cabinet, and it lies with Mr. Burns himself to justify the choice of the Prime Minister. The appointment was well received by the public, who, rightly considering Mr. Burns to be a representative man, rejoiced that he should take upon himself the responsibility that attaches to high office. But that responsibility he must show that he feels. As an agitator his career was necessarily over when he accepted office. His usefulness now depends upon the practical fashion in which he grapples with the difficulties of his department, and the assistance he is able to afford as regards a general policy to the administration of which he is a member. His responsibility for his words is no longer an individual one. He speaks as a Cabinet Minister, and it is from the speeches of Cabinet Ministers alone that the people learn the views and objects of the Cabinet itself. The foolish address which Mr. Burns has lately issued to the electors of Battersea shows that, notwithstanding his long apprenticeship to municipal work, he has much to learn in the higher plane of national politics. When he declares himself in favour of a whole string of democratic fads for which he knows that his colleagues would not dream of

making themselves responsible, he does an injury both to his fellow ministers and himself. The excuse made for them and him is that 'it is only Mr. Burns;' but this is hardly what the public hoped for from the first admission of a Labour member into the governing council of the nation!

In its composition the new Ministry is undoubtedly more Radical or democratic in spirit than any Ministry that the country has yet known; but it will make a fatal mistake if it supposes that its advent to power has been mainly brought about by a great wave of advanced Radicalism passing over the people. Neither the Ministry nor the majority can hold together for many weeks unless they can satisfy the country that the charges of revolutionary violence brought against them by their political opponents are without foundation. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Ministry and the Liberal party are on their trial. They have ample work before them calling for the exercise of the highest qualities of statesmanship. National Finance, Local Government and Rating, Poor Law Reform, afford a wide field for the energies of capable administrators. If they prefer to aim at burdening the people with the payment of salaries to members of Parliament, at establishing adult male and female suffrage, at shortening Parliaments to three years, at the abolition of the House of Lords and all hereditary authorities, as recommended by the President of the Local Government Board, they will of course lose the respect of the people, and hasten their own downfall. Surely the Liberal party can hardly have wandered for so many years in the wilderness without learning something!

For the time being there is not in the Ministry, nor in the Liberal party, any one statesman of greatly predominating influence, whose personality has deeply impressed itself upon the national imagination. There is no one in the position of Mr. Gladstone, or of Lord Salisbury in his later years; no one to whom men turn with confidence, irrespective of party, in times of stress and trial, as they have been accustomed for many years to turn to the Duke of Devonshire—a confidence which fuller knowledge of the inner history of recent years, acquired from the valuable biographies by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and Mr. Winston Churchill, still further justifies. There is again no one great cause to which the party is so passionately attached as to make men willing to compromise a little on matters of less importance. There is thus the evident risk that men of vigorous character and strong individuality may find themselves unable to co-operate in the work of progressive legislation. The course of the new Government is not likely to be a smooth one in or out of Parliament, and it will take time for



the rather heterogeneous majority in the House of Commons to settle down to practical work. Difficulties of this kind are inevitable when a party, after many years of opposition, accedes to power and has to intrust the business of the country to comparatively untried men. Mr. Chamberlain in all probability will endeavour to realise his prophecy that a Liberal Ministry would in a very short time be hissed off the stage by an indignant people. At present popular indignation is against the late Ministry, and against Mr. Chamberlain himself, and Conservatives thoroughly appreciate the fact that it is due to that statesman's reckless crusade that the Unionist party has been broken in pieces, and that the most Radical Ministry of modern times is in office.

The attack on Free Trade has failed as the attack on the Union has failed. If there is still danger to the latter 'it lies 'in a more remote future,' says the Duke of Devonshire (in his letter to Mr. Arthur Elliot, published in the *Times* of Jan. 1), 'and would consist in the possibility of its defenders becoming 'identified with an unsound or unpopular policy on some other 'great national question.' The danger of the moment, he goes on to assert, is the attack made on the fundamental principles of Free Trade. These principles have been vindicated by the results of the General Election. There may be in the future much party confusion, but at least our statesmen have now unmistakably before them the view that the nation holds on the great question of Free Trade, just as they have already learned beyond all doubt the view that the British people holds as to establishing a separate national parliament in Ireland. Free Trade and the maintenance of the Parliamentary Union of the United Kingdom are fixed principles with which any statesmen who aspire to govern England had best lay their account.

The great Free Trade victory of 1906 decides the controversy against Mr. Chamberlain, who raised it, as effectually as the Unionist triumphs of 1886 and 1895 decided the fate of Home Rule. Mr. Chamberlain has ruined his party; but Englishmen of all parties have united together to prevent the havoc extending further. The electorate by an overwhelming majority has declared that it shares the fiscal opinions of authoritative English statesmanship. Corn and the ordinary food of the people will still reach our shores untaxed; and with Free Trade we shall still hold our pre-eminent position amongst the commercial and industrial nations of the world.



THE  
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL, 1906.<sup>1</sup>

---

No. CCCCXVI.

---

ART. I.—THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

*Hansard Parliamentary Debates, 1906.*

SINCE the publication of the few remarks on 'The Fall of 'Mr. Balfour's Government' which we made in our last number, events have proceeded with startling rapidity. A wave of revolution has swept over the country; the great Unionist party—which occupied so prominent and powerful a position during the last twenty years—has suffered an overwhelming, an almost irretrievable, disaster. Their leader owes his seat in the House of Commons to the courteous self-sacrifice of one of his followers; his chief lieutenants are out of Parliament, and have no immediate prospect of gaining admission to Westminster; and his party—reduced to less than half its former proportions—is numerically inferior to that which rallied round Sir Robert Peel after the great Reform Act.

We need not enter, at any length, to-day into the immediate causes of this great revolution. It may no doubt have been partly attributable to the unpopularity which inevitably awaits all public men who have had a long tenure of power; to a growing consciousness that, with an inordinately increased expenditure, the nation was not getting its money's worth; to the irritation which Mr. Arnold-Forster's administration of the Army provoked; to the annoyance at Mr. Balfour's almost undisguised contempt of the House of Commons; and to the belief that the Ministry was using power, entrusted to it for the conduct of a war, to force controversial and unpopular legislation through Parliament. But we think that no one who took any part in the general election can doubt that, in almost every constituency, the issue which determined the result was the issue of Free Trade. A little more than three years ago any speaker

VOL. CCHII. NO. CCCCXVI.

U

<sup>1</sup> All rights reserved.

at a Liberal meeting who wished to carry his audience with him had to dwell chiefly on the policy (or impolicy) of Mr. Balfour's Education Act. More recently, Liberal audiences, both in the metropolis and in the provinces, have cared for little or nothing but the question of Free Trade.

In the three years which have passed since Mr. Chamberlain announced his policy, there has, moreover, been a remarkable change in the attitude of the people towards the movement. In the earlier Free Trade meetings, during the summer and autumn of 1903, the audiences—so far as a speaker could judge—had come to listen : they had not made up their minds. But, as the months and years wore on, the men and women who were collected at these gatherings came to them the convinced opponents of Protection. The stories which had been told them by their older neighbours of the days when food was dear and work was scarce ; the arguments which had been addressed to them from the platform, and through the Press, had done their work. The labouring classes were no longer hesitating, as they hesitated in 1903 ; they were determined to secure cheap food. ' I be 'protected and I be starving : ' with these words a Sussex labourer is said to have clinched the argument at one of Mr. Cobden's meetings. ' No, sir, I have too many at home to vote 'for a dear loaf : ' so a Sussex working man announced his intention to vote for the Liberal candidate at the general election.

We have alluded to this change in the attitude of the people because it emphasises the hopelessness of the Conservative position if the leaders of the party persist in their present policy. We are not ourselves surprised that Mr. Balfour has swallowed the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's tenets. We have always thought that the middle way—on which he proposed to travel—led ultimately and inevitably to the goal of Protection. But we have as little doubt that if the party—as a party—adhere to this course, it must abandon every hope of a return to power. Whatever may be the case in Birmingham, the cause which Mr. Chamberlain has espoused has lost ground in the United Kingdom generally. If, however, the most popular and eloquent of modern statesmen—the one man alive whose personality attracts and galvanises an audience—has been unable to make any progress in the crusade, what hope can remain for the cause when the weight of increasing years deprives it more and more of such advantages as it still derives from his advocacy ? The present Government may, no doubt, in course of time, fall upon evil days : the country may become weary of its rule, as it has shown itself weary of the rule of its predecessors. But, whatever lot may be reserved for Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman

and his colleagues, the people—in their present temper—will not replace them with a Protectionist Administration. The chance of the Conservatives may come five, six, or ten years hence, but it will not come at all unless their leaders frankly acknowledge the mistake which they have made and abandon the cause of Protection, which they should never have adopted.

Unfortunately for the Conservative party, their leaders seem strangely to misunderstand the temper of the country and of the present House of Commons. Just as Mr. Balfour fought the General Election on the worst possible ground, deliberately avoiding in his speeches the issue of Free Trade, and unnecessarily dwelling on such questions as 'Chinese Labour,' which—even if his own opinion on them was right—were exceptionally unpopular; so he seems unable to adapt himself to the new House of Commons. He apparently thinks that the Liberal majority in the new House is to be cajoled or swayed by the devices with which he played on the Conservative majority in the old House. His attitude, for example, on Sir James Kitson's motion made us almost despair. Accustomed as we have become to his constant evasions, we were not prepared for the unworthy manner in which he met that motion. He may have amused himself, but he irritated the House by evading the main issue, by dwelling on details of no practical importance, and by trying to extract from the Government an explanation of the course which they would take if certain things should happen which no one expects to happen in the near future. The division list must have shown him that the course which he thus took discouraged his own friends. And we cannot affect surprise at the result. For a great political party, like the House of Commons itself, desires a leader who knows his own mind: who speaks what he believes and who believes what he speaks. We regret Mr. Balfour's attitude the more because it is neither good for the country, nor for the Liberal party itself, that Conservatism should be blotted out of practical politics. In this country, the most important political institution, after His Majesty's Government, is His Majesty's Opposition; and we do not wish to deprive the former of the advantage which the effective criticism of a powerful Opposition supplies even to the best of Ministries.

Before we leave Mr. Balfour we have one observation to add, which we make with regret. In our experience, no Minister has ever fallen with so little dignity. The last resort of the beaten advocate is abuse of the plaintiff's attorney: the latest expedient of Mr. Balfour is abuse of his successors. It was not thus that the great men of a previous generation accepted defeat.



Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli—in the hour of disaster—knew how to bow to the decision of the country, and to show that they recognised that their opponents and successors had a right to a fair trial. But, if we are to judge Mr. Balfour from his speeches and his actions, he apparently thinks that a fair trial is the last thing which the present Government should receive. His attitude is an attitude of protest against the verdict of the country. It is not, we venture to think, by such conduct as this that he will regain the confidence which he has lost, or restore the fortunes of the great party which he has, for the time, destroyed.

It may perhaps be thought that the misfortunes of the Conservatives may be the opportunity of the Unionist Free Traders, and that men may rally to them who are discontented with the alliance between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour. While, however, it would be impossible to estimate too highly the great services which the Duke of Devonshire and his friends have rendered to the country during the last three years, they seem to us to occupy the position which Sir Robert Peel's followers held in the middle of last century. The Peelites then, like the Unionists now, formed a group by themselves: a group which, then as now, commanded confidence from the ability and experience of its members. But, with the possible exceptions of Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, the Peelites were sooner or later absorbed into one of the great parties of the State. The course which events followed half a century ago seems to us almost certain to be repeated. The Unionist Free Trader must ultimately act either with the one party or with the other. For the time there are no doubt strong reasons for his standing aloof. But in this country earnest men, with opinions which they are anxious to enforce, cannot afford to work by themselves. The same reasons which induced Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Cardwell to join the Liberal party under Lord Palmerston, will, in course of time, sweep the Unionist Free Traders either into the Liberal or into the Conservative ranks.

In the meanwhile both the new Parliament and the new Ministry have made a good beginning. We are told that the present House of Commons is the most democratic of modern times. If this is so, it is creditable to democracy that it should be displaying a self-restraint and a capacity for work which are as new as they are welcome. The new House of Commons is much more attentive to its duties than the old; it is much fuller on the ordinary evenings when no matters of special interest are before it; it devotes less time to talk than its predecessor;

and it consequently disposes of business more rapidly than the old House. Its assiduity and self-restraint are no doubt partly due to the fact that it is largely composed of new members animated by the enthusiasms of Parliamentary youth. But they are also attributable to the circumstances of the time. The late House of Commons had exhausted its powers, and, under Mr. Balfour's guidance, was chiefly occupied in finding pretences for avoiding discussion on the one subject which was engrossing attention. The present House of Commons has a mission to fulfil, and is anxious to fulfil it.

The self-restraint which has so far characterised the new House of Commons seems to us to be also a characteristic of the new Ministry. The composition of the Cabinet formed the best answer to what three months ago we called 'the ludicrous 'assertions of the late Ministry that with their fall the State 'itself would totter.' Time alone can show what the new Government may or may not do. But the country is apparently satisfied that, if it has changed horses at a critical period of history, the new team are as trustworthy as the old. We are far from disparaging the value of the services which Lord Lansdowne rendered at the Foreign Office. On the contrary, the good understanding with France which he was instrumental in establishing compensated for some of the errors of his less prudent colleagues. There is no reason, however, to fear that Sir Edward Grey may not be trusted to pursue a policy equally beneficial and equally sane. In the appointments which have been made to the other great departments of the State, there is a prevalent impression that the country has gained by the changes which have been made. Lord Elgin is universally regarded as a competent successor to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton; and the majority of persons, on both sides of politics, have experienced a sense of relief on learning that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Brodrick, and Mr. Arnold-Forster have been replaced by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Haldane.

If the composition of the new Government inspires confidence, its actions have so far tended to confirm the impression that was thus made. Its members were, of course, known to disapprove many of the administrative and legislative acts of their predecessors; but they show a disposition to inquire carefully before they alter anything which they have found. They resemble, in this respect, Mr. Haldane, who avows that he approaches the problem of Army reform—with a sense of the difficulties with which he has to contend, with a desire to keep up 'the continuity of things,' and to lay a foundation which all may accept. We observe, indeed, that the reluc-

tance of the present Government hurriedly to reverse the decisions of their predecessors is regarded by their opponents as an occasion for reproach. Mr. Chamberlain tells the Birmingham electors that

‘Already events are showing how hollow were the pretences by which the people were deluded in other constituencies. We know now that the Government do not themselves believe in the cry of Chinese Slavery by which they profited so greatly. We have yet to see whether the pretensions by which they won the Irish, the Nonconformist, and the Labour votes are more sincere; and meanwhile they are finding out that the promises made in haste may have to be repented of at leisure.’

We have rarely read a more unjust and ungenerous paragraph. The Liberal party, and, as far as we know, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s Cabinet, have never swerved from their opinion that the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal was a lamentable mistake; they adhere to their conclusion that the conditions on which the coolies have been introduced are not compatible with the freedom which it is the boast of this country to extend throughout the British Empire. But they recognise the impossibility of cancelling thousands of contracts which—they still think—ought never to have been made, and the difficulty of abruptly withdrawing from the mineowners a supply of labour on the faith of which they have extended their workings. Instead, therefore, of terminating a system which they still dislike, they have—as we think wisely—decided to divest it of its worst features; and to give an opportunity to any discontented coolies to return home. We can easily understand that many of their most earnest supporters may be disappointed to find that they have not felt justified in doing more. But we cannot understand how any Unionist who believes, or professes to believe, that the future of South Africa depends on the Chinese can either rightly or fairly reproach them with their decision. We wonder what our opponents would have said if the new Government in its first three months of office had torn up some 80,000 contracts, and summarily ‘repatriated’ some 50,000 Chinese.

The unfortunate decision of the late Government to sanction the importation of Chinese labour has led indirectly to another difficulty. It is almost universally acknowledged that the future of the question must be determined by the Colony itself; and it logically follows that—in order that it may be able to decide the issue—the Colony must be invested with autonomous government. It would, perhaps, for some reasons have been better if the grant of a responsible Ministry

could have been delayed for a few years, or until time had done something to obliterate the racial differences which the war unhappily did so much to accentuate. After all that has been said, the position of South Africa cannot be compared with that of our other great autonomous Colonies. For a colony in which it is thought necessary to maintain a garrison, not as a defence against external danger, but as a precaution against disaffection and internal disorder, does and must differ in its circumstances and in its treatment from Canada and Australia ; while a colony the majority of whose people are not of British extraction does offer problems different from those which self-government has overcome elsewhere. But the determination of the late Government to disregard the remonstrances which reached it from this country and from some of its most important Colonies on the subject of Chinese labour has practically forced the present Ministry to promise responsible government at the earliest possible opportunity. But, here again, they have taken what seems to us the eminently sane and wise precaution of instituting an inquiry into the manner in which the due representation of the various interests in the Transvaal can be most properly secured. By taking this course, indeed, they have again exposed themselves to reproaches from the Conservatives. People who forget that 'one man one vote' and 'one vote one value' have never been adopted in this country talk and write as if these principles were as sacred as the Decalogue ; and politicians who did not object to Mr. Balfour's appointment of a committee to inquire into the basis on which political power should be redistributed at home seem to imagine that it is almost an act of treachery to the Empire to inquire into the more complicated problem which the representation of the Transvaal undoubtedly involves. Mr. Lyttelton, no doubt, may have arrived at a solution of it which may have been satisfactory to his own mind. But Mr. Lyttelton is no longer in office ; his successor, and not he, is responsible for the settlement ; and it appears to us simply ludicrous to contend that, on such a subject, fraught as it is with the gravest consequences to South Africa and the British Empire, Lord Elgin is to accept Mr. Lyttelton's conclusions, without satisfying himself by such inquiries as he is able to institute that they form the best and most just arrangement which it is possible to devise.

The composition of the Commission to which this important question has been referred seems to us admirable. Lord Sandhurst has had experience, both in the government of a dependency, and in the administration of a department ; Sir Francis Hopwood is one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of our rising

Civil Servants ; Colonel Johnston has special knowledge which should be serviceable to his colleagues ; while Sir West Ridgeway—the Chairman of the Commission—has rendered important services to the country in many capacities, and has succeeded in settling various difficult matters which a man of less resolution and less ability might have failed to arrange.

In commending the course which the Government has thus taken, we are far from desiring to underrate the difficulties which have still to be overcome before our new South African Colonies become prosperous, contented, and loyal portions of the Empire. But we do contend that success is much more likely to reward our efforts if our statesmen are, at last, persuaded to proceed with caution. The cardinal fault in our dealings with the Transvaal is that we have always been in a hurry. Twenty-nine years ago we annexed the Transvaal in a hurry ; four years later we abandoned it in a hurry. In our own time we broke off the Bloemfontein conference in a hurry ; we made war in a hurry ; we introduced Chinese labour in a hurry ; and we devised a brand-new electoral scheme in a hurry. We are old fashioned enough to rejoice that there is a prospect of more deliberation in our proceedings in the future ; and we shall certainly blame neither Lord Elgin nor any other Minister for taking every precaution to ascertain the facts before arriving at any decision upon them.

If South Africa presents one of the chief problems which the new Ministry has to solve, its predecessors have bequeathed to it other tasks of great difficulty ; and the difficulty is, in one sense, enhanced by the composition of the new House of Commons. History teaches us that any radical alteration in the franchise by which a Parliament is elected is certain to affect the legislation and policy of the country. Before the great Reform Act, for example, the tendency of Parliament—we do not state the fact as a reproach—was to legislate in favour of the landed classes. The country gentlemen, who sat in numbers in the unreformed House, knew, or thought they knew, the laws which were required in their own interests, and they assumed that what was good for themselves would be good for the country. The enfranchisement of the middle classes in 1832 led to the reversal of much of this legislation ; while the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884 accelerated the process which the Act of 1832 had initiated. But, in the last few months, we have witnessed, without any extension of the franchise, a revolution quite as remarkable as the changes which were effected by these Reform Acts. The working classes, assisted by the efficiency of their organisation, and deriving confidence in themselves from their



improved education, have asserted their power. For the first time in our history the direct representatives of labour sit in the House of Commons, not in twos or in threes, but in scores ; and, however dangerous political prophecy may be, it seems safe to predict that future Parliaments will contain strong bodies of men recruited from the ranks of manual labour. We do not ourselves regret the probability of this result. The great masses of the population of this country are dependent on labour for their subsistence ; the wages of the labouring classes, in the aggregate, probably equal and certainly approximate to the incomes of their more fortunate, or less fortunate, fellow-countrymen who are required to pay income duty. On the ground therefore both of population and of income, the working classes have never obtained, they have not even now obtained, that share in the government of the country to which their numbers and even their incomes entitle them. When a great class or great classes in the community find themselves unable to make their voices effectually heard in Parliament, they are naturally driven to adopt other methods for obtaining a hearing. But there can be no comparison between the advantages of a calm and temperate consideration of the case of labour on the floor of the House of Commons, and its uncompromising assertion in public meetings or by public demonstrations specially arranged for the purpose. The violence and disorder which occasionally accompanied these gatherings in the days of our forefathers largely disappeared with the enfranchisement of the working classes in 1867. The meetings themselves, we venture to predict, will become less frequent when the working classes appreciate the importance of their leaders' presence in Westminster. They will recognise that their objects can be secured much more effectually by argument in the House of Commons than by declamation in Hyde Park.

We are inclined then to regard with almost unmixed satisfaction the presence of a large number of labour members in the new Parliament ; but we do not conceal from ourselves that their presence at Westminster must affect, in many ways, both the procedure and the proceedings of the House of Commons. So far as procedure is concerned, it is already clear that the regulations which were convenient to the old House do not commend themselves to members drawn from another class. The reasons which have of late years induced the House of Commons to meet when pheasant-shooting ends and to desist from work when grouse-shooting begins have not much weight with men who have other use for their holidays than the pursuit of game. But it is not merely in the procedure of the House

that a change is probably impending. The solid phalanx of working men which already sits in Parliament, and which will in all probability increase in numbers after every fresh dissolution, will have opportunities of promoting the views of its own order which the labouring classes have never enjoyed before. We are not going to enter into the advantages or disadvantages of old-age pensions, paid members of Parliament, or even of the propriety of defraying the cost of Parliamentary elections out of public funds, and of supplying gratuitous dinners to necessitous children. We are simply concerned to point out that these and analogous questions occupy a different position in the new House of Commons from that which they filled in the old. In the old House they were resisted on principle; in the new House they are simply postponed on the ground that ways and means are not available for dealing with them.

The importance attaching to such questions as those which we have just indicated may, in one respect, increase the difficulties in the path of the new Ministers. They are pledged to economy, and we earnestly trust that they may slowly but surely reduce the expenditure of the nation, which in the last dozen years has increased by fifty per cent., and which is necessitating the retention of taxation objectionable in principle and oppressive in degree. But we do not conceal from ourselves that the task which Mr. Asquith has to undertake is one of no ordinary difficulty. The House of Commons, as a body, is no doubt in favour of retrenchment; but the individual members of the House of Commons are all advocating some fresh expenditure. Democratic government is rarely economical, and we are sometimes disposed to think that economy in this country passed away with the ten-pound householder. The wage-earning classes are tempted to conclude that any reduction in the national expenditure must involve a diminution of employment, and they fail to see that the money which is, in consequence of such reduction, left in the pockets of the taxpayers must be employed by them in setting in motion other kinds of labour. The distaste for retrenchment which the working classes entertain is increased by the knowledge that the taxation which expenditure necessitates is usually provided by wealthier classes than themselves. A working man must have very high ideals, or a much more than usually accurate knowledge of economical science, who resists an expenditure calculated to benefit his own class, on the ground that it may add another penny to the income tax. We are so sensible of this difficulty ourselves that we have sometimes thought that the pressure of direct taxation should in some way be brought home

to the masses of the people. We should be sorry, indeed, to advocate any higher taxation of the poorer classes. On the contrary, we recognise that the old principle that each man should contribute to the State in exact proportion to his income rests on a misapprehension; for the man with 100*l.* a week is much more able to afford a contribution of 500*l.* a year than the man with 1*l.* a week can afford 5*l.* But if it were possible largely to reduce some of the indirect taxation which now falls with exceptional weight on the working man, we see no reason why some such course as that which we are advocating should not be adopted. Suppose, for example, the house tax was extended to all houses of a value of 10*l.* and upwards, and that, instead of being fixed at ninepence, it rose and fell with the income tax. If some such arrangement were practicable, it would bring home to every 10*l.* householder in the country—and many working men live in 10*l.* houses—the effect of any increase or decrease in the income tax, and would give in consequence a stimulus to economy which, at the present moment, does not exist. We do not ignore the objections to any such scheme. On the contrary, we recognise that the pressure of taxation falls at the present moment with exceptional severity on the lower middle classes who occupy houses rented at from 10*l.* to 20*l.* a year, and that it would be highly undesirable to add to the weight of their existing burdens. But if they could be relieved of a corresponding proportion of the indirect taxation which they now pay, we contend that there would be some advantage, in the interest of economy, in giving them a direct and sensible interest in the reduction of direct taxation.

Mr. Gladstone once said that ‘no man wants so much sympathy as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, no man gets so little’; and we fear that Mr. Asquith may find that what was true thirty or forty years ago is equally true now. The new Minister must deal not merely with the vast expenditure to which his predecessors have committed him, but he must concurrently revise the whole system of local taxation, with which no man is content, and for which few men have ever suggested an adequate remedy. The late Government was guilty of a grave dereliction of duty in taking no steps to deal with the elaborate report on the subject which was presented to Parliament in 1901, and which we reviewed in our own columns in the following year. It is not likely, however, that the readjustment of our local burdens will diminish the demands of the local authorities or the Imperial Exchequer. On the contrary, if the views of the Commission are to be adopted, some charges which are now

met out of the rates will be thrown on the taxpayer. This consideration affords another strong reason for Mr. Asquith's plea that the new Parliament should carefully weigh 'the relative urgency and the relative importance of the different reforms on which their hearts are set.' With an expenditure of 140,000,000*l.* a year we are not in a position to afford many things which, in more prosperous times, we might have been glad to adopt. The reckless expenditure of the last ten years has imposed on us the duty of marking time, and we must be content to wait till the growth of our resources and the reduction of imperial burdens enable us to address ourselves to new experiments which, at the present moment, we are not in a position to undertake.

If finance presents a serious difficulty in the path of the Ministry, there is another element in the political situation which we must not overlook. The present Parliament affords a singular spectacle. In the one House we have the largest Liberal majority which this country has ever seen; while, in the other House, the Liberals are so few that they are practically powerless in a division. No one can doubt that this state of things is capable of producing considerable embarrassment. Those who recollect the conflicts which arose between the two Houses during Lord Palmerston's second, and Mr. Gladstone's first, Administration will not be disposed to underrate the difficulty which may arise in consequence; and it should be recollected that, during the two Ministries which we have just mentioned, the Liberal party was not so weak in the Lords as it is now, and that it was led by a man like Lord Granville, and supported by debaters like the Duke of Argyll, who could hold their own against the ablest and readiest of their brother peers. It is no reflection on the present Cabinet to say that they have no one in the Lords endowed with the exceptional qualities of tact and experience which, on more than one occasion, enabled Lord Granville to achieve success and avert disaster. If the inconvenience of grave differences between the two Houses is to be avoided, the Peers will have to exercise great moderation and the Commons to display some patience.

It must be recollected that the legislation which is certain to commend itself to the new House of Commons is not likely to be acceptable to the Conservative party in the Lords. The Government is already dealing with the difficult questions relating to trade unionism, which partly turn on the decision in the Taff Vale case. It is bound to amend and in some measure to reverse the Education Act of 1902; while in the near, though more distant, future it has undertaken to deal with

the position of the Church in Wales. On the first of these subjects it fortunately enjoys the advantage which it derives from the recent report of the Commission appointed by the Unionist Ministry. The Conservative party can hardly resist legislation which a Commission constituted by themselves has recommended. But it is already evident that the Government is prepared to go much further than the Commission; and that the majority of the Liberal Party is pledged to even stronger legislation than the Cabinet was, in the first instance, prepared to adopt. The settlement of this grave and difficult problem, however, is not likely to create so much difference of opinion as the new Education Act. Mr. Balfour, in attempting to solve this most complex of problems, has raised an issue which may possibly be as embarrassing to the Church as it is certain to be to his own friends. No Liberal Ministry can avoid insisting that schools supported by the rates shall be managed by the representatives of the ratepayer; that no teacher shall be under a disqualification, either for appointment or promotion in a rate-supported school, from any religious opinion which he may or may not happen to entertain; and that every parent must have the opportunity, if he wishes to do so, of sending his child to some school free from the bias of denominational teaching. Subject to these main principles, we believe that the majority of our fellow-countrymen are anxious that education should not be divorced from religion, and that some religious instruction, free from the dogmas of any sect, should either be given at the school, or that the ministers of each sect should have the opportunity of imparting it at some convenient hours to the children of their own faith. But we are convinced that if the Church is not able to accept such a compromise we shall be compelled logically to fall back on purely secular teaching as the only available alternative. It may rest with the Lords, or the episcopal bench in that House, to determine how this grave issue shall be ultimately settled.

It is possible that the future of the Church in Wales may become a source of still graver embarrassment. The opponents of that Church have been strengthened in their opposition to it by the passage of the Education Act. Its supporters may possibly hope that, in the last emergency, the House of Lords may be trusted to come to its protection. The Peers themselves may be encouraged by the success of their action in 1893 to throw out any measure affecting it which the Commons may pass. And we do not deny that the Upper House has the right to refuse acceptance of a measure on which it may have reason to think that the country has not made up its mind. A second



chamber would be deprived of its chief use if it shrank from affording the electors an opportunity of reconsidering a verdict which their representatives had given in haste and without due consideration. Those even who are in favour of Home Rule in Ireland may frankly recognise that the opinion of the country on that subject had been pronounced with too uncertain a voice to make it incumbent on the Lords to accept it; and, if the Peers have any doubt about the views of the country on the future of the Welsh Church, they may possibly be justified in imitating in 1906 or 1907 the course which they adopted in 1893. But we hope they will refrain from any such course unless they are sure of the ground on which they are standing. It will not answer in the twentieth century to refuse a Welsh measure, as, unhappily, in the nineteenth century the House of Lords, over and over again, refused Irish measures, from an impression that 'the predominant partner' in the union does not care for any legislation which does not affect some English interests. Such a course will only precipitate a crisis between the two Houses; and a crisis between the two Houses is the one thing which prudent men on both sides of the political stage ought to desire to avert.

There are three reasons, however, which induce us to hope that any serious conflict between the two Houses may be avoided. In the first place, the Liberal majority in the present House of Commons is so large that the Peers will feel the hopelessness of contesting any matter on which it speaks with a clear and certain voice. Mrs. Partington—we do not revive the simile in any offensive sense—may realise that, however vigorously she plies her mop, she is powerless against the advancing ocean. In the second place, the character of the men who either lead or influence the Conservative party in the House of Lords will indispose them from entering into any unnecessary conflict with the House of Commons. Lord Lansdowne is too wise and too cautious a statesman to risk the consequences of any rupture which it is possible to avoid. Sir M. Hicks Beach, or Lord St. Aldwyn, as we must now call him, is certain to support Lord Lansdowne; and the Duke of Devonshire may be trusted to use his great influence on the side of moderation.

And, in the third place, the composition of the present Cabinet seems to afford a reasonable guarantee that no rash proceedings shall be taken. In forming his Administration, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman apparently determined to give adequate representation to the two branches of the Liberal party. The presence in the Cabinet of advanced thinkers like Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Burns and others is a guarantee that the views

of extreme Liberals shall receive adequate consideration. But the association of these men with Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and Lord Elgin implies an assurance that progress, however earnest and continuous it may be, shall be conducted on safe and constitutional principles. It is true, of course, that differences might ultimately arise in the Cabinet itself, which might radically alter its composition. Some Conservative politicians, who have no other ground for confidence, are, we see, already predicting the disintegration of the Liberal party. And there is no doubt that the party of progress must always be more liable to internal differences than the party of resistance. For, while the latter has only to put on the drag, the former has to determine the pace at which the coach of state, with or without a drag, may safely travel down hill. But, so far as we are able to foresee, there are, at present, no symptoms of serious differences arising among the members of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet. And it is certain that no Ministry of recent times has had stronger reasons for union. For, on the one hand, many of its members must recollect the unfortunate consequences which resulted from the differences which distracted Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet of 1880, and the still more serious disaster which followed the break-up of the Liberal party in 1886. And, on the other hand, the catastrophe which has overtaken the Conservative party in the last few months is a warning of the effects of disunion which responsible statesmen are not likely to forget. With such examples before them statesmen will hardly push their differences to an extreme, or bring upon themselves and their friends the ruin which has overwhelmed their opponents.

We do not, of course, forget that issues may be raised in the next few years, which are not visible at the present moment on the political horizon, but which may require tact and ability to overcome. In politics nothing ever happens except the unforeseen; and it would be illogical to suppose that the present Ministry may not be exposed to trials which cannot be anticipated at the present time. But, whatever else may happen, we think it in the last degree improbable that the issue which Mr. Chamberlain unhappily raised, and which Mr. Balfour has unwisely adopted, will obtain the serious support of any large sections of the electors. Protection, like political economy, may not be banished to the planets; it may linger in foreign countries or even in that imaginary island which Mr. Balfour created in the Economic Notes. But whatever the fate of other countries may be, the British people are determined to secure for themselves cheap raw materials and cheap food. They

see plainly that these things can only be secured under a system of free trade ; and neither Mr. Balfour's dialectics nor Mr. Chamberlain's eloquence will move them from their resolution to maintain the system on which they and their fathers have prospered for the last sixty years.

So far, then, as we are able to gauge the political situation, we see no ground for supposing that the present Government may not have a long and successful career before it. And there is one reason, it must be recollected, which will gain for it the good wishes of every reasonable man. For, at the present moment, it is difficult to see how any other Government could by any possibility be formed. While the present Parliament lasts it is certain that the Liberal party, and the Liberal party alone, can command that confidence in the House of Commons which is essential to every administration. Neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Chamberlain could form a Ministry which could last for a week. The time may come, the time must, we suppose, come, when the political pendulum may again begin to swing, and when its swing may ultimately lead to new changes. But there are no signs, at present, that the reaction which ultimately follows action is likely to arrive in the near future. If Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain retain their present convictions it may be almost indefinitely delayed.

## ART. II.—'IN MEMORIAM' AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

1. *In Memoriam*. By ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Edward Moxon. 1850.
2. *An Index to In Memoriam*. London: Edward Moxon. 1862.
3. *A Key to Lord Tennyson's In Memoriam*. By ALFRED GATTY, D.D. London: George Bell & Sons. 1881.
4. *Tennyson's In Memoriam*. By JOHN F. GENUNG. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.
5. *A Companion to In Memoriam*. By ELIZABETH RACHEL CHAPMAN. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.
6. *In Memoriam*. With an Analysis and Notes by the REV. H. C. BEECHING, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1900.
7. *A Commentary on Tennyson's In Memoriam*. By A. C. BRADLEY, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1901.
8. *In Memoriam*. With a Commentary by L. MOREL, LL.D. London: Hedder & Stoughton. 1901.
9. *In Memoriam, The Princess, and Maud*. By JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. London: Methuen & Co. 1902.
10. *In Memoriam*. Annotated by the Author. London: Macmillan & Co. 1905.

THE appearance at Christmas-tide, in the familiar green cloth so dear to lovers of Tennyson, of the modest little volume last named in the list which heads this article, was in its quiet way something of an event in the literary world, and an event without a parallel. That a poem should be published either in its first or second edition with notes by its author during his lifetime, is not unknown. That it should be annotated after his death by another hand is still more common; indeed, it may be said to be the appointed fate of a classic. But that a series of annotations by the author himself should be given to the world after he has passed away is a thing unprecedented, and it is an unexpected piece of good fortune that this should have happened in the case of 'In Memoriam.'

When a poem is famous the poet's talk or that of his intimate friends about it is often preserved. The professional commentator, who may be a friend himself, collects and compares such remarks and adds to them from other sources. In Tennyson's case this has already been done to a considerable degree.

Tennyson was at once shy and sincere, retiring and outspoken. He was anxious to be rightly understood, but he did

not think that everything in poetry should,<sup>2</sup> or could, be made readily plain to the meanest intelligence. With those whom he knew and liked, he was very willing to talk about and explain his poems, and he would even spontaneously point out special features in them which he thought worthy of note, with much amiability and readiness. But notes he disliked. As readers of his volumes will doubtless remember, the one note which they contained, conspicuous by its singularity, was that upon the berry of the Spindle-tree,

‘The fruit  
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.’

He held with Gray.

‘I do not love notes,’ wrote Gray to Horace Walpole, who was printing his Odes for Dodsley, the bookseller, ‘though, you see, I had resolved to put two or three. They are signs of weakness or obscurity. If a thing cannot be understood without them it had better not be understood at all.’ And again, in a delightfully humorous letter, ‘I would not have put another note to save the souls of all the owls in London. . . . It is extremely well as it is; nobody understands me, and I am perfectly satisfied.’

Gray inscribed on his title page two words from Pindar—*φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι*, ‘With a voice for the wise.’ He was delighted when to those who called his verses obscure the witty and charming Miss Speed repeated this magic formula, as she frequently did, no doubt with an arch air of oracular *intimité*. ‘This is both my motto and my comment,’ he said. He even affected to be pleased when a ‘peer of the realm’ understood his allusions to Elizabethan times to apply to Charles I. and Cromwell. ‘It is very well,’ he wrote; ‘the next thing I write shall be in Welch.’

There were originally four notes to the ‘Bard’ and none to the ‘Progress of Poesy.’

But later on, when the ‘Critical Review’ suggested that he might have continued the quotation from Pindar which runs thus, ‘With a voice for the wise—but for the general, needing interpreters,’ Gray adopted the suggestion, cited Pindar in full on his title page, and added some further explanatory notes. Tennyson has done the same. He was persuaded to leave a body of notes on his collected poems which might be given to the world by his son, if and when his son thought fit.

All through his life, and especially in his later years, he was constantly being plagued and pestered, orally and by letter, with inquiries, often of the most foolish kind, as to the meaning



and allusion of phrases. Assertions as wild and wide of the mark as those of Gray's 'peer of the realm' were made with regard to his pieces. The 'broad-brimmed hawker of holy things' was said to be John Bright; the Northern Farmer and Mariana were identified with special persons and places near his home. Even so good a critic as Lord Coleridge stated categorically that the Pilot in 'Crossing the Bar' was Lionel Tennyson, while others said it was Arthur Hallam. Such statements he found himself obliged to correct. So again those who, to give a new application to Shakespeare's line, delight to

'Delve their parallels in beauty's brow'

were constantly suggesting that he had borrowed phrases or ideas from books which he had never read.

To these inquiries and statements and suggestions he made answer in different ways. Some of these answers have long ago been published, as, for instance, the long and most interesting letter he wrote in 1882 to Dawson, the Canadian editor of 'The Princess.' Palgrave's edition of the Lyrical Poems contains some notes based on remarks made to him by the poet. Dr. Gatty's 'Key' was, as he says, 'glanced at by Tennyson himself, who made some invaluable corrections, but did not, of course, give his *imprimatur* to all he did not alter.' Not very long after his death Mr. (now Sir) James Knowles published a 'Personal Reminiscence,' in which *inter alia* he gave his recollection of the poet's talk about 'In Memoriam,' and in particular the natural groups into which it falls. Some of these recollections the annotations confirm. To such partial and piecemeal comment the 'Life' was to add a great deal more. But meanwhile in his lifetime the poet had at last yielded. He did so with much reluctance. 'I am told,' he says, in a brief preface to these annotations, 'that some of my young countrymen would like notes to my poems. Shall I write what dictionaries tell to save some of the idle folk trouble? or am I to fit a moral to each poem? or to add an analysis of passages? or to give a history of my similes? I do not like the task.'

Another reason for his reluctance was that he held that poetry was not an exact scientific statement. 'It is like shot silk,' he said, 'with many glancing colours.' 'You must not say 'this means this, and that means that, and no more.' Poetry, he thought, suggests rather than defines, and 'every reader must find his own interpretation according to his own ability and according to his sympathy with the poet.'

As he had sung long ago

'Liberal applications lie  
In Art, like Nature, dearest friend,'

as he sings in 'In Memoriam' itself—

'Words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.'

Still he was ultimately persuaded. And there can be no doubt that he was right, and that his son was right then in adding his weight on that side of the scale, and that he is right now in publishing these annotations and in beginning with 'In Memoriam.' The case was somewhat the same with the biography. Tennyson himself was much averse to allowing his life to be written. Yet we cannot be too grateful that he gave permission for the task to be essayed by his son, who, with whatever drawbacks, as he himself admitted, of close kinship, knew the facts as none else could, and, what is more, inherited, both physically and mentally, the tradition, spiritual and intellectual, of his illustrious father.

That 'Life' was in itself a comment at once general and special on the poems. And it may further be said that the brief notes here given are an extension of the 'Life.' In particular they are an extension of the noble central chapter on 'In Memoriam,' chapter xxv., which is very appropriately used again as an introduction by the editor of these annotations.

The Life and the notes together indeed afford us an opportunity quite unique. Of no poet of equal importance has the career been written with such fulness and authority. The story of Gray has already been told. Gray's contemporary Collins added notes to his own poems. Matthew Arnold did the same in some instances. To the poems of Shelley, Lady Shelley has appended here and there authoritative annotations. But no poet has hitherto lent with his own hand such aid to his readers as is afforded by these annotations on 'In Memoriam.' What would we not give for annotations as brief, yet as illuminating as these, by the author, on the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' or the 'Sixth Æneid,' or Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' or Shakespeare's 'Sonnets,' or Goethe's 'Faust'?

'In Memoriam' in itself calls for note and comment. It is a high and difficult poem. As Professor Bradley says in his very judicious preface, 'To those who think all commentary on "In Memoriam" superfluous I will venture to reply that they can never have studied the poem.' It is also in a sense Tennyson's central poem and the key to half the others. To under-

stand 'In Memoriam' it is necessary to understand Tennyson. The whole of his life led up to it, and is in various ways represented in it.

It is well briefly to remind ourselves what that life was. Tennyson's career, which ended so gloriously, did not indeed begin exactly 'in low estate.' On the contrary he was of a well connected family. But he had the immense advantage of starting in a quiet, unobserved way, in touch with the lowliest and humblest. His life began on a 'simple village green,' in a modest home, under the shadow of an ancient church, beside a pastoral rivulet, in a sequestered hamlet, nestling in the green depths of the English country, quiet and far from men even now, still more so at the beginning of the last century. Here, among village folk, farm hands, ploughmen, shepherds, blacksmiths, playing with their children, hearing their talk, the great problems of life stole softly upon him, in field and churchyard, by wood and wold.

'Know I not Death ? the outward signs ?

'I found him when my years were few ;  
A shadow on the graves I knew,  
And darkness in the village yew.'

He studied Nature in herself and in books. He watched the dragon-fly bursting his husk, drying his gauzy wings, and flying a 'living flash of light' through the dewy crofts, the 'sea-blue bird of March' flitting by under the 'barren bush,' the grayling hanging in the stream. He listened to the 'low love-language of the bird, in native hazels tassel-hung,' the boom of the bittern, the 'sudden scritchings of the jay,' the nightingale's 'long and low preamble,' the rare notes of the mounted thrush ; he spent the night with shepherds on the hills gazing at the stars, or lay on the dunes at Mablethorpe listening to the league-long breakers.

He went to school in the neighbouring town of Louth, marked the manners of the *bourgeoisie*, came home again and continued his pursuit of scholarship and science, especially astronomy and geology. The early poems by 'Two Brothers' which belong to this period, interesting in themselves, are still more interesting in their significance. They show a curious combination of these two elements of study. Quotations from Martial and Horace, and Virgil and the 'Araucana,' are interspersed with references to 'Baker on Animalculæ'; poems on Persia or Apollonius Rhodius, with pieces on phrenology and on 'Love the Lord of Nature.'

Then he went up to Cambridge. Small, provincial, clerical, narrow, unreformed, Cambridge had yet that peculiar privilege of the English Universities, the college life, the intercourse of

young men, at once free and close. Neither Tennyson, nor Darwin, who was there at the same time, derived much from the set studies of the place; but whereas Darwin, oddly enough, fell in with a sporting set, hard-riding, jolly, almost, as he says, too jolly, who no doubt 'crashed the glass and beat the floor,' Tennyson consorted with a very different coterie. 'Ils avaient 'vécu ensemble,' says a French writer, speaking of Tennyson and Hallam, 'une de ces magnifiques jeunesses que connaissent 'seules dans le monde moderne les universités anglaises. On 'dissertait de *omni re scibili*, sans faire fi d'ailleurs des *quibusdam aliis*.' They

'held debate, a band  
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
And labour, and the changing mart  
And all the framework of the land.'

'They had among them,' says Carlyle, in his 'Life of Sterling,' 'a debating society called the Union, where on stated evenings 'was much logic and other spiritual fencing and ingenious 'collision, probably of a really superior quality in that kind.' But the esoteric circle which Tennyson's lines depict was not the Union but the Conversazione Society, commonly known as the 'Apostles.' Chief of this society was Hallam, the 'master-bowman,' the hero and the friend of all. In particular he was the bosom friend of Tennyson. Together they pursued the same studies, literature, science, philosophy. Plato and Milton and Dante were among their favourite authors. They acted Shakespeare together.

'Say, for you saw us, ye immortal *Lights*,  
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights?  
Till the *Ledæan Stars*, so famed for *Love*,  
Wondered at us from above.  
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,  
But search of deep *Philosophy*,  
*Wit*, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry*,  
Arts which I loved, for they, my *Friend*, were *Thine*.

'Ye fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, say,  
Have ye not seen us walking every day?  
Was there a *Tree* about, which did not know  
The *Love* betwixt us two?'

If any poetry but his own were needed to illustrate Tennyson's relation to Hallam, these lines from an earlier 'In Memoriam,' written by a poet of his own Trinity, just two centuries earlier, the lines of Cowley on the death of Mr. Harvey, might be cited.

They travelled together, first in 1830 to the Pyrenees and the Spanish border in aid of Torrijos and his insurgents. Together they paced the valley of Cauteretz,

'Beside the river's wooded reach,  
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,  
The cataract flashing from the bridge,  
The breaker breaking on the beach.'

Later, in 1832, they went to Rotterdam, Cologne, and Bonn.

'You leave us: you will see the Rhine,  
And those fair hills I sail'd below,  
When I was there with him; and go  
By summer belts of wheat and vine.'

They wrote poetry together and intended to publish in one conjoint volume. Hallam went down to Lincolnshire, stayed at Somersby, and became engaged to Tennyson's sister Emily. Tennyson went up to London and was a guest at 67 Wimpole Street.

An amusingly naïf and simple notice of the last of these visits, recorded in the 'Life,' is very significant of Tennyson. Hallam and he visited together the Elgin Marbles, the Tower, and the Zoological Gardens! Together they looked through microscopes at moths' wings, gnats' heads, and at all the lions and tigers that lie *perdus* in a drop of water. 'Strange,' said Tennyson, 'that these wonders should draw some men to God 'and repel others. No more reason in one than the other.' Nothing is more interesting than to trace their interchange of interests and ideas—Hallam widening Tennyson's interest in literature, Tennyson imbuing Hallam with science. Then came the shock:

'Within Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touched him, and he slept.'

It is always difficult, in a sense it is impossible, for art to preserve or imagination to recover the first poignancy of actual present grief, as of any other living emotion. More and more as time goes on the personal becomes impersonal, the individual general. It is their appeal to the general heart as much as the personal passion which throbs through them that keeps alive Catullus's lines with their

'Ave atque Vale, of the Poet's hopeless woe,  
Tenderest of Roman poets, nineteen hundred years ago.'

The voice of Horace, when he calls Virgil 'a white soul' and 'half his own,' sounds faintly from the far ages. We are tempted



to regard these as only happy literary phrases borrowed from some earlier source which never had any personal meaning. Probably we do Horace wrong. So to-day the echo in turn begins to grow more distant—

‘I, the divided half of such  
A friendship as had mastered Time.’

When ‘In Memoriam’ appeared, the critics thought its passion excessive, extravagant, unreal. The poet met, as he expected, with ‘scoffs and scorns.’ Yet the grief, the passion was very real in Hallam’s circle when, in Carlyle’s phrase, ‘the days and the hours were.’ His loss cut deep, and went hard, with everyone of them. Gladstone, Lord Houghton, Alford, Brookfield, Kemble, all bear the same witness. With Tennyson it cut deepest, and went hardest, of all. He was at first absolutely stunned. Arthur Hallam died at Vienna on September 15, 1833. But in those slow-moving days it was three months before the remains were brought home by sailing ship from Trieste, and the funeral actually did not take place till the next year, January 3, 1834. As the winter wore on Tennyson began to write, and jotted down some fragmentary lines which, as his son says, proved to be the germ of ‘In Memoriam.’

‘Where is the voice I loved? ah, where  
Is that dear hand that I would press?  
Lo, the broad heavens, cold and bare,  
The stars that know not my distress!’

They are also, it may be noticed, the germ of that wonderful threnody ‘Break, break.’ To the same epoch belongs the beginning of the ‘Two Voices’ or ‘Thoughts of a Suicide,’ and on this followed the first sections of ‘In Memoriam.’

‘Fair ship, that from the Italian shore.’  
‘When Lazarus left his charnel cave.’  
‘It draweth near the birth of Christ.’\*

He also began the ‘Morte d’Arthur’ and ‘Ulysses,’ which last, these notes tell us, ‘gave especially his feelings about the ‘need of going forward and braving the struggle of life.’ Though probably he little realised it at the time, it was to be long before any complete poem on Hallam was to appear. Seventeen years actually elapsed, a long interval, carrying him

---

\* They were known among his set as separate poems, ‘The Fair Ship,’ ‘The Christmas,’ &c.

from first youth far into manhood, and even middle age. This long period of the gestation of 'In Memoriam' needs to be realised. It contained many ups and downs of mood and fortune, many changes of place and domicile. When he began to write, Tennyson was living quietly in the old house at Somersby, with his mother and sisters, roaming solitarily by wold and marsh and sea-shore, working at science, German, Italian, and theology, diving deeper into the classics, reading Dionysius of Halicarnassus, correcting and adding to the 1832 volumes. Two years later he met, acting as bridesmaid to her sister his brother's bride, his own future wife, of whom he had once before had a glimpse, a vision as of 'a Dryad or 'an Oread' in the Holywell Wood, near his own home. An understanding, a half-engagement, grew up between them. Joy began to blossom again. He wrote too to his friends and visited them occasionally. But he was poor, he had to sell his Cambridge medals. Letters were expensive, travelling almost impossible. Then in 1837 came the break-up of the old Somersby home, in itself no slight sadness. Tennyson went to reside first with his mother at High Beech and then at Tunbridge Wells and Boxley, near Maidstone, then to London and the 'dusty purlieus of the law.' He continued, as Miss Thackeray beautifully says, 'living in poverty, with his friends 'and his golden dreams.'

Gradually he regained tone and vigour. His friendship with Edmund Lushington, and Lushington's marriage with his sister Cecilia, replaced to some extent the double loss incurred by the death of Arthur Hallam. In 1842 he published the two volumes, the old volume recast, with many new and noble pieces. He became a world-poet, known in America and in Germany, recognised at home by Rogers and Carlyle.

But the end was not yet. The failure of the 'earnest-frothy' Dr. Allen, the philanthropic pyroglyphic pirate, the loss of his own and much of his sisters' and brothers' patrimony, the necessity of breaking off his engagement with Miss Sellwood, sunk him again in the depths. Something of the bitterness of his heart in this trying crisis speaks in the scathing lines wrung from him by the inconsiderate sneers of the New Timon, the only bitter lines of Tennyson's ever published, and then not by himself. After this he began once more to climb slowly, and this time surely. The pension which 'Dicky' Milnes, stung by Carlyle's strong language, obtained by making Sir Robert Peel read 'Ulysses,' lifted him from the ground. He was able to travel, went with his publisher-friend Moxon to Switzerland in 1846, came back and published 'The Princess' in 1847, and travelled again in

Cornwall, Scotland, and Ireland in 1848. In 1849 he wrote the Prologue. At last, in 1850, 'In Memoriam' was completed, and he was content to give it to the world. The poem shows again and again the marks of its manner of composition. It is a golden chain of many curious links, interspersed with shining jewels. Each individual link is most highly wrought. The jewels have been collected and polished in various spots and at different moments. The original chain has been lengthened. Either end has been finished off with a special added ornament. Some, and those not the least lovely of the links, have been introduced late and as by after-thought.

In other language, the songs were given to the singer as the word of inspiration to the prophets of old, in 'many ways and 'many portions.' They echo many places, many moods. Some came to him in the deep and leafy lanes of his own Lincolnshire, or as he stood on her high wolds looking over the marsh to the sea; some in Wales; some in Gloucestershire; others at High Beech or Tunbridge Wells; some by the 'silent level' and 'osiered aits' of Shiplake; others yet again amid 'streaming 'London's central roar.' The beautiful canto—

'The Danube to the Severn gave,'

which, as Canon Beeching so happily says, 'has given to the 'Wye a place and character among poetic rivers,' was, like the lovely blank verse lyric in 'The Princess,'

'Tears, idle tears,'

composed in that most romantic of ruins, which inspired Wordsworth to one of his noblest strains, Tintern Abbey. The stanzas beginning—

'Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,'

came wafted on the evening breeze which swept up the estuary of Barmouth, where the 'hornèd flood,' between its high-peaked promontories, pours into the sea. The terrible early days, the home-bringing, the funeral, the succeeding Christmas-tides, which recall once and again this first sad season, with varying moods; his brother's wedding, his sister's wedding—all are reflected. The Epilogue is in a sense his own as well as his sister's epithalamium. Its festal happiness and glorious hope echo his own return to friendship, joy, and confidence, and his deepening sense of love.

The mode of composition was queer and unmethodical. He kept a 'butcher's ledger' sort of book, and in its long columns wrote these immortal poems as they came to him. At first

they were a scattered sequence of songs. 'Elegies' or 'Fragments of an Elegy,' the poet thought of calling them. Tennyson says himself, 'I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication, until I found I had written so many.' But gradually it came together. He also called it sometimes the 'Way of the Soul,' and it has indeed an organic unity. This has nowhere, perhaps, been more distinctly or authoritatively stated than in a letter, too little known, which the author himself addressed in October 1877 to an Italian admirer, Count Saladino Saladini Pilastri of Cesena. This gentleman had translated some of the less difficult cantos of 'In Memoriam' into Italian, and asked the poet's approval of his publishing them. Tennyson replied, 'I thank you for your very interesting letters and for the honour you have done me in translating some of the poems in my "In Memoriam." You are doubtless aware that though in the form of distinct poems it is a consecutive whole.' Count Pilastri proceeded to translate the whole poem, and in 1901 gave it to the world.

It is now more than seventy years since Hallam passed away. It is more than fifty since 'In Memoriam' was published. In the seventeen years between the conception and the birth the passion gradually took an altered character. It did not, indeed, yield to the 'Victor Hours'

'That ride to death the griefs of men,'  
but it became

'A grief, then changed to something else.'

And in the crowded and hurrying half-century since its appearance it has necessarily assumed a different aspect. 'In Memoriam' has had an immense vogue and popularity, which is still strongly maintained. Messrs. Macmillan alone have sold some 40,000 copies of the separate editions since the book came into their hands, besides the sale of the collected works. The moment it came out of copyright it was pounced upon, and almost every publisher has now produced an edition of it, either alone or with other pieces of Tennyson. Innumerable selections from it have appeared. In 1856 came the first American edition, published at Boston, to be followed by many others. It has been translated into Latin, French, German, and Italian. It was first translated into German three years after its publication; there are now in that tongue three complete translations and many more renderings of selected pieces. The French translation, a very careful one,

with an introduction and notes by M. Léon Morel, appearing only six years ago, affords evidence that the interest in France increases rather than diminishes. It is also significant of a further phenomenon.

Around 'In Memoriam' there has grown up a whole literature of elucidation, illustration, and commentary. When it first appeared F. W. Robertson of Brighton, the well-known divine and preacher, hailed it as containing 'to my mind and heart the most satisfactory things that have ever been said 'on the future state,' and began almost at once to lecture on it. A little later he wrote an analysis for the use of his hearers. About the same time the author of 'Alice in Wonderland,' Mr. Dodgson, at Oxford, with the aid of his sister compiled an index or concordance to the poem for their own use, which they afterwards published. Dr. Gatty's 'Key' appeared in 1881, and went through several editions. In 1884 came the thoughtful, careful, and still valuable study by Mr. John F. Genung. In 1886 a young lady, rarely gifted and deeply read, Miss Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, included in a striking volume called a 'Comtist Lover, and other Studies,' a series of 'arguments' to 'In Memoriam,' which she afterwards published in 1888, as a separate 'Companion' to the poem. This the poet pronounced to be the best he had seen. A little later, in 1900, followed a very dainty and delicately appreciative edition, with notes, by Canon Beeching, and then in the two succeeding years two very important works by two professed and indeed professorial English critics of much experience, Mr. Andrew Bradley and Mr. Churton Collins. These two may be said to complement each other.

Both are scholarly and able, and make valuable contribution to the understanding of the poem. Professor Collins is the more copiously illustrative, Professor Bradley the more analytical. Professor Collins's marvellous memory and large learning suggest to him innumerable parallels which are extremely interesting as illustrating the phenomenon of literary resemblance or coincidence, but the majority of which, it may be pretty certainly said, were not present to Tennyson's mind.

It would be very easy to multiply them still further. An ingenious and suggestive little book by an American scholar, Professor Mustard, of Haverford College, entitled 'Classical 'Echoes,' has already done this as regards the Greek and Roman poets. But as Professor Collins and Professor Mustard themselves say, ever so many of these parallels are parallels, but no more. To accuse Tennyson of plagiarism is, as Browning finely put it, to 'accuse the Rothschilds of picking



'pockets.' The light thrown on this long-vexed question of Tennyson's borrowings by these new annotations is very interesting. He himself, or his son for him, indicates parallels and perhaps debts to Alcman and Pindar, to Lucretius and Catullus, to Virgil and Horace, to Dante, to Shakespeare and Milton, and to Goethe. Some of them had already been pointed out before. The ingenuity of Professor Collins had discovered the key to the 'great Intelligences fair' of 'In Memoriam,' LXXXV. vi., in Dante's 'Convito,' ii. 5. This is confirmed by the editor. So again is the reference to the Brocken Spectre in

'His own vast shadow glory-crowned.'

More often his silence seems to verify Professor Collins's and Professor Mustard's surmise. Some again of the most beautiful, such as the parallel between 'the life that lives melodious days' and Statius's '*Pieriosque dies et habentes carmina somnos*,' indicated in this volume by Tennyson himself, had escaped the notice of previous commentators. As to occasional paraphrases from certain Latin and Greek authors to be found in 'In Memoriam,' as elsewhere in Tennyson's poem, the poet himself says frankly and once for all, 'They seem too obvious to be mentioned.'

Tennyson's language is so vivid and so luminous, so rich in life and colour, to use Milton's famous formula, even when it is not 'simple' it is so 'sensuous and passionate' that it produces a very distinct and direct impression, so distinct and direct, indeed, that the reader does not ask himself whether it is exactly and in detail clear. He is not, therefore, usually considered a difficult poet, in the sense, for instance, that Browning is difficult. 'In Memoriam' contains perhaps a dozen lines as difficult as scores in 'Sordello.' But it has these difficult lines. What exactly, for example, are the 'howlings from forgotten fields'? If we turn to these annotations we find that this phrase, which fills us with confused horror and seems to suggest ever so many things all at once, refers primarily to the 'eternal miseries of the Inferno,'\* but it is coloured by associations with Virgil's 'Mourning Fields,' perhaps also with Tennyson's own doctrine of lower lives left behind in the scaling of man from brute life upwards.

Again, there are difficult phrases, such as those over which commentators like Professor Bradley have spent endless trouble. 'God shut the doorways of his head' (XLIV. i.). The notes tell us this means no more and no less than the time when the sutures of the infant skull close up. There are difficult con-

\* Especially perhaps to Dante, *Inferno* iii. 22-51.

structions, as, for instance, 'Could I have said,' &c. (LXXXI. i.). The editor confirms a note of James Spedding on the MS. of 'In Memoriam,' 'Could I have said,' meaning, 'I wish I could have said,' and 'Love then . . .' does not mean 'Love in that case would have had,' but 'Love actually had at that time.' The famous, much-debated expression 'the larger hope' meant, it seems, the hope to which Tennyson's loving nature clung, that in the end the whole human race would reach salvation and happiness 'at last—far off—at last to all.'

An example of language of a different kind, calling for a note, is to be found in the couplet in LXXXIX.—

'Before the crimson-circled star  
Had fall'n into her father's grave.'

The lines are, no doubt, allusive, an allusive description of the planet Venus, which, according to La Place's theory, was evolved from the sun, and which sets so soon after the sun as to dip into the crimson of his setting. Professor Bradley finds fault with them as marring a beautiful passage, and Professor Collins thinks them over-Alexandrine. But it is the sort of ornament that abounds in Virgil and still more in Dante. For instance—

'La concubina di Titone antico  
Già s' imbiancava al balzo d' oriente.'  
(Purgatorio, ix. 1-2.)

Canon Beeching, again, in the famous opening passage which, as we now know, echoes Goethe—

'That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things'—

finds fault with the use of 'stepping-stones,' which, he says, is 'curiously inaccurate.' Why it should be inaccurate is not easy to perceive. It is a very natural use, and if it was once novel, this passage has made it a household word, as Canon Beeching might see if he had noticed a certain very amusing caricature in the 'Daily Graphic' a few weeks ago, entitled 'Stepping-Stones to Office.'

But this is only one example of the risk of finding fault with a great master. It would be easy to multiply instances. One thing specially noticeable about these annotations is the way in which they disregard ever so many such criticisms. Their brevity and terseness are remarkable. They do not overload or overlay the poem. They err on the side of telling too little rather than too much. We can see now why Tennyson liked

Miss Chapman's 'Companion.' It did not go too much into detail. Tennyson's beauties and difficulties are of the Virgilian order, and of him it is true what Virgil's most famous commentator said of that author, 'Virgilium difficile est et cum interprete recte legere et sine interprete.' But at least the effect of these notes is to leave the exquisite original, so fine, so chaste, so chiselled in form, unspoiled, to let it tell its own tale as before.

Many beautiful poems have been written on the death of a friend. Indeed, few subjects have called out poetry more beautiful in all literatures. The lament of David over Jonathan, the famous dirges of Theocritus, of Bion, and of Moschus, with their imitation by Virgil, Ovid's lament for the death of Tibullus, are among the most memorable. English literature displays Milton's 'Lycidas,' the 'Adonais' of Shelley, Arnold's 'Thyrsis,' all different, each original, yet all conforming to a common traditional type. 'In Memoriam' holds a place apart from all these. 'Thyrsis' in some ways approaches it most nearly. It was written at various times during two years, and different portions, e.g. the passage about the cuckoo on the wet June morning, or the stanzas beginning 'Where is the girl,' are, as Arnold records, reminiscent of different places and moments. But 'Thyrsis' was not written till long after the early companionship with Clough, on which it was based, had come to an end.

'In Memoriam' is in a sense 'Lycidas' and 'Thyrsis' in one; or rather it may be said to begin by being like 'Lycidas' and to end by being like 'Thyrsis.' 'Adonais,' again, marks one moment, the moment of the death of a genius, to some extent but not very specially a personal friend. The theme, therefore, is far more restricted. There is, as Professor Bradley acutely points out, the same general movement, the same 'transition' 'from gloom to glory,' but it is effected with 'a passionate rapidity' that suits the one concentrating hour and thought, of a premature and deplorable death.

The closest parallel to 'In Memoriam' is to be sought perhaps, paradox as it may sound, not in poetry at all, but in a piece or pieces by the greatest poet that ever wrote in prose, in the 'Dialogues' of Plato which deal with the death of Socrates, more especially the 'Phædo.' It is true the friendship is different. The friendship of Plato for Socrates is that of a young for an older man, not that of two youthful compeers. But it is an intellectual friendship, sustained over a considerable time, pushing itself into, and filling with personal emotion, many deep places of human thought. When Socrates was torn from him, suddenly, sharply, unexpectedly, Plato was thrown back upon those speculations which he had shared with his adored master,

which he had delighted to pursue step by step and side by side with him. He asked himself anew, with poignant personal interest, 'Where is my friend now? What is the soul? Is it immortal? Where and what will be the existence after death?' This is the natural cry of passionate yearning:

' Ah, Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be.'

Stunned at first, like Tennyson, Plato, too, slowly 'beat his music out.' He goes over again all the arguments of religion, of tradition, of the newest philosophy and science, all the evidence of psychical and cerebral phenomena; he pieces them together; despair and desolation gradually give place to hope and happy confidence. At first he says only, 'They rest,' and 'their sleep is sweet.' Then his voice 'takes a higher range.' He suggests that the noble dead are living on in some happier state, and ends by saying in effect, 'So he has fulfilled the will of God, this wisest, and justest, and best of men I ever knew.' And the ultimate basis is not science, but faith and love, born particularly of high aspiration and pure life.

It is not accident that has coupled 'In Memoriam' with the 'Phædo' as one of the great utterances on Immortality. It traverses the same ground, uses many of the same arguments and topics. It is a philosophical as it is a religious poem. But it is not a philosophical treatise or a religious tract. It is a poem. If the substance suggests Plato's 'Phædo' the form, as has often been said, suggests Shakespeare's Sonnets. Nor, again, is it a biography. Like Plato the author allows himself large liberty in dealing with dates and places and persons. The arrangement is only partly logical or chronological. It is artistic. Further, 'In Memoriam' is not involved with any system. It is not a religious or philosophical poem in the sense that 'Paradise Lost' is a religious poem, or the 'Essay on Man' a philosophical poem. These, it has been said, live in spite of their tenets and their systems, by virtue of their incidental poetry. It has been prophesied that the same will be the fate of 'In Memoriam.' How far is this true? Two great factors there are undoubtedly present in 'In Memoriam,' two great factors found side by side in the age to which it belongs—Christianity and Evolution. The doctrine of Evolution is the great paramount doctrine of the nineteenth century. It was in the air with Lamarck and Cuvier in the early years of the century. It was hinted at by the 'Vestiges of Creation' in 1844, and was finally

definitely promulgated by Darwin and Wallace in 1858 and 1859. The rest of the century was filled by its gradual absorption and acceptance. 'In Memoriam'—the date is striking—appeared in its central year, 1850. When the poem was published, still more when it was begun, it was, as Mr. Andrew Lang has pointed out, far before its age. The 'ape and tiger' was not yet a household word. The 'Origin of Species,' the duello at Oxford in 1860 of Bishop Wilberforce and Professor Huxley, like the famous speech in which Disraeli in the Sheldonian theatre sided with the angels, were still to come. So were 'Essays and Reviews' and the 'Vie de Jésus.'

For the rest of the century it remained well abreast of it. How does it stand now? The exact moment of collision, the conflict of these then new doubts with the old faith in its old form, has perhaps past. It has at least taken a new phase. But Tennyson at any rate went right to the bottom and the bed-rock. No one has put this more forcibly than Henry Sidgwick. Nowhere is the real service rendered by Tennyson to the hopes and hearts of men expressed so well as it is in the searching letter which will be found in the 'Introduction' to these notes, and which gains yet a new light as reproduced in the 'Life' which has just appeared of that profound and rare spirit.

The questions raised by 'Essays and Reviews,' the problems of the Higher Criticism, the questions with which Browning and Matthew Arnold were so much preoccupied, were bookish questions, deep, yet in a sense superficial. They made 'God's gift hang on grammar.' When they had cleared away, as they did clear away, for Sidgwick and his generation, the deeper difficulty was found still remaining. And in Sidgwick's view 'In Memoriam' still held good, because of Tennyson's truth to Nature and to Natural Science, because he was the poet of Natural Religion and of Natural Science, the poet 'who above all others who ever lived combined the love and knowledge of Nature with the unceasing study of the causes of things and of Nature's Laws.' \*

The fact is, Tennyson is at once a highly artificial and also a strongly natural poet. He is at once, like Catullus or Virgil, scholarly, artistic, almost Alexandrine, charged with learning and allusion, with philosophy and science, and yet at times direct as Catullus himself, and even more elemental than Virgil. It is so in his dealing with man; it is so in his dealing with nature. He studies his books, but he also and far more often 'looks in his heart and writes.' Like Dante, while filled with

---

\* Nature, October 13, 1892.



all the learning and science of his age, he has yet the 'new, 'sweet style which consists in following even as love inly dic-'tates.' Walt Whitman, the poet of democracy, 'non-literary and 'non-decorous,' as he styles himself, felt this. He calls Tennyson 'feudal,' but he quotes as a specimen of simple directness, parallel to that of Burns, the 'old, eternally told passion of 'Edward Gray':

' Love may come, and love may go,  
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree ;  
But I will love no more, no more,  
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.'

So it is as regards nature and life in the largest sense. Tennyson was a great natural force, a simple, sincere, childlike disposition, face to face with the realities of the universe. And what were they? Around him, the material world, 'star and 'system rolling past,' and within his own heart, the conviction of God as more near, more real than the realities of the material world, the conviction of his own personal immortality, the conviction of God's love ruling the universe,

'Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shrieked against his creed.'

It was from this side that he approached Christianity. The love of God appeared in the human heart, in godlike men, above all in Christ Himself—His whole life with its 'splendid 'purity,' the embodiment of His message—and in His disciples, especially in the beloved disciple who preached Love, and whose language, as these notes tell us, colours 'In Memoriam.'

It has been said that 'In Memoriam' is not Christian. It is not dogmatically so. Yet when it appeared Frederick Denison Maurice, like F. W. Robertson, hailed it as a gospel. He dedicated his Theological Essays to Tennyson, as having taught him to enter into those deepest thoughts and feelings of human beings with which true theology must correspond; and touching on the meaning which he and his set attached to Tennyson's words, he said how they had longed that the bells of our churches might indeed

' Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be !'

And a republication of Maurice's 'Essay on Inspiration' along with this letter, as one of the 'Faith and Freedom' pamphlets, seems to show that there are still those who find this a living pronouncement.

What are the essential factors of Tennyson's faith? That

the universe moves, and man with it, towards some grand and good end, some 'one far-off divine event;' that there is an elemental process from lower to higher, from worse to better. This may be obscured by temporary or local variations.

'No doubt vast eddies in the flood  
Of onward time may yet be made.'

But the spirit of man is immortal: 'From state to state the 'spirit walks.' It will see the good end, perhaps, in the next world, perhaps many worlds and æons after this. That the law of the universe is a law of love. This we can know only by faith. Here was Tennyson's great mainstay. Of no one in modern times can it more literally be said that he 'endured 'as seeing Him who is invisible.' He had then the elements in his own being which make Christianity seem natural and probable, and 'the creed of creeds.' The one question he asked Darwin on the one occasion when they met was whether his theory of evolution made against Christianity, to which Darwin answered, 'Certainly not.' His latest poems strike the same note as his earliest.

'That Love, which is, and was  
My Father, and my Brother, and my God.'

'This,' says his son, 'was the ultimate expression of his own 'calm faith at the end of his life.'

If this is not Christianity it is something very near and very like it; if it is not all Christianity it is a large part of it. Moreover, Christianity to Tennyson was part of the upward process. How the process began we know not; we know not how or why it was necessary. What was the origin of evil? This too was one of the problems which constantly exercised Tennyson. He leaned to the old Platonic doctrine of the Demiurge. What we do know is that we are called on consciously, willingly to follow the law.

'Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.'

Love made us free, gave us free-will. Did love as part of this gift also make sin? On this too Tennyson had pondered.

One of the most important of the notes in this new volume is that which tells us that the 'Living Will' of the memorable closing canto—cxxxI.—is not, as so many, as even Miss Chapman, at first thought, the Divine Will, but 'that which we 'know as free-will in man.'

And a variant of the noble and splendid verse from the Prologue, just quoted, a variant which Tennyson allowed intimate

eyes to see, and which might well have found a place in this volume, ran—

‘Thou seemest human and divine,  
Thou madest man, without, within,  
But who shall say thou madest sin?  
For who shall say, “It is not mine”?’

Sneers have been levelled at ‘In Memoriam’ as weak doubt confronted by weak faith. Nothing could be more beside the mark. Henry Sidgwick did not think so. The concluding lines of the culminating passage, he says, ‘I can never read without ‘tears.’ ‘In Memoriam’ was a veritable ‘fight with death.’ The doubt, the despair, we have seen, were intense. All through the first half they sound and sigh, agonising, shattering. Only a faith as strong, helped by love, that ‘countercharm to space ‘and hollow sky,’ could have made head against them when,

‘Like a man in wrath, the heart  
Stood up and answered, “I have felt.”’

‘Old Fitz,’ Tennyson’s early friend and a privileged grumbler, did not like ‘In Memoriam’ partly because others liked it—‘Alfred has published his elegiacs on A. Hallam,’ he said; ‘these sell greatly, and will, I fear, raise a host of elegiac ‘scribblers’—partly because he did not like anything new of Tennyson’s—he had not liked ‘The Princess’ or the songs in ‘The Princess,’ except the ‘Bugle Song’—partly because he had fallen into a desponding, pessimist mood and thought England’s day was waning and that Tennyson ought to play Tyrtæus rather than Simonides. A few years after ‘In Memoriam’ came out he published his own ‘Omar.’ Tennyson too was sad about England, but he was not a pessimist. ‘Omar’ and ‘In Memoriam’ are like the Yea and Nay in ‘The Two Voices.’ ‘Omar’ too has had, is having, an immense vogue; it answers to one side of human nature. But both sides are contained in ‘In Memoriam.’ FitzGerald said of ‘Omar,’ with sadly true self-criticism, that it was ‘a desperate sort of thing, unfortunately at the bottom of all thinking men’s minds.’ So it is, but at the bottom of thinking men’s minds too, deeper still, perhaps, in the Pandora casket of the heart, is Pandora’s last treasure—hope. Evolution at least is hopeful; it looks upward. It may be only part of a cycle, but man is *ex hypothesi* at present on the ascending road.

No poetry can be the same to two generations. Above all, no poetry can speak to later ages quite as it speaks to its own, to those who share in their own personality the influence and impulse of the epoch, who come under the living form and

pressure of the time. There is, as Professor Mackail well puts it, a 'progress of poesy' in these matters, by which its power and function seem to change to us from era to era of the world as they do between youth and age in our own experience.

A very tender and touching passage in the Life of the late Archbishop Benson describes his reading 'In Memoriam' with his children. He contrasts his own intense personal feeling about it with his children's literary appreciation. He had taught them to love it, and they loved it, as poetry. But his own feeling was something very different. "In Memoriam," he says, 'was inexpressibly dear to me for the best part of my life. It came out just when my mother's sister died. I sank in it and rose with it. They loved it as I did, but they were quite unconscious of the passionate and absorbing interest with which it had gone with me through the valley of the shadow of death.'

Yet this it has done for many, from the late Queen to the humblest of her subjects. It may be said, indeed, that there are two classes of readers of 'In Memoriam'—those who read it as a poem and a work of art, and those who read it for its inner message, to whom it has been a sacred book. Will it so continue? What really is it, after fifty years, and in the light of all we now know about it? It is a message of hope. Like the other great scientific poet of modern times, of whose beautiful words spoken towards the close of his life 'In Memoriam' makes such signal and happy use, 'von Aenderungen zu höhern Aenderungen,'—like Goethe, Tennyson 'bids us to hope.' 'It's too hopeful,' he is reported to have said, 'this poem, more than I am myself.' More perhaps than he sometimes was, not more than his habitual temper, shown as in the earliest so in the latest of his poems.

What did he write towards the close of his days to Mary Boyle?

'What use to brood? this life of mingled pains  
And joys to me,  
Despite of every Faith and Creed, remains  
The Mystery.

'Let golden youth bewail the friend, the wife,  
For ever gone.  
He dreams of that long walk thro' desert life  
Without the one.

'The silver year should cease to mourn and sigh—  
Not long to wait—  
So close are we, dear Mary, you and I,  
To that dim gate.'

What did he write yet later when he was nearer still, when life's 'long walk' was over?

Browning, that noble brother spirit, had passed away with an exultant note, as one who

'Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake,'

and who bade his fellows

'Greet the unseen with a cheer! . : .  
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever  
There as here!"'

Tennyson, if less boisterously optimistic, is not less fearless and confident.

'Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,  
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is  
great,  
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the  
Gate.'

In a very interesting Letter given in the 'Life' just published Henry Sidgwick describes how he has just been re-reading 'In Memoriam.' What strikes him is the 'balanced rhythmical fluctuation of moods.' 'A certain balancedness,' he goes on to say, 'is the most distinctive characteristic of Tennyson's mind among poets. Perhaps this makes him the representative poet of an age whose most characteristic merit is to see both sides of a question.' This is true, but it must not be forgotten how the balance finally inclines, as in 'The Two Voices' so in 'In Memoriam,' so everywhere in Tennyson.

'Mourn in hope!' These are the last three words of the last poem in Tennyson's latest volume. 'Mourn in hope!' No words could better summarise the meaning and the message of this deep and lofty and exquisite 'spiritual song,' 'In Memoriam.'



ART. III.—THE *JARDIN DES PLANTES* BEFORE AND DURING THE REVOLUTION.

1. *Projet de Réorganisation de la Ménagerie du Muséum.* Par M. GUSTAVE LOISEL. Paris : Lahure. 1906.
2. *Correspondance de Buffon.* 1729–88. Édition de Lanessan.
3. *Livre du Centenaire du Muséum.* Paris : Imp. Nat. 1893.
4. *Bernardin de St. Pierre.* Par MAURICE SOURIAU. Paris : 1905.
5. *Lettres de B. de St. Pierre à Félicie Didot.* Paris : 1905.
6. *Lettres sur la Botanique à M. de la Tourette. Notes sur la Botanique de Regnault.* Par JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

A LONG garden, lying low and flat for the most part, planted with inconsiderable trees, it rises imperceptibly from the left bank of the Seine to the further eastern slope of the Montagne Ste. Geneviève; crowned there by a twy-peaked monticule (not unlike the Dane-John at Canterbury), planted with a labyrinth of cedars and evergreen trees, some of them old and fine. Everyone knows the Jardin des Plantes and has felt its superannuated charm, composed of mouldy retirement and popular delight. That part of it which butts on the Latin Quarter, with its cedared mount and bronze temple, and a certain homely grace in its eighteenth-century buildings (of which not a few remain), is pleasant with its plots of wild flowers and clumps of peonies among the grass. From this end, right in front of the handsome modern buildings which house the Natural History collections, an avenue of lime-trees sweeps across the flat to the river, dividing on either hand the world of beasts and the world of plants. The Zoological Gardens are among the poorest and the most popular in Europe. Here, in Paul Bourget's novels, amorous young poets escort the married ladies with whom they are laboriously in love; here, in real life, the learned invalids of the University come to seek a quieter breathing space than the Luxembourg Gardens afford; at every step, nursemaids and soldiers pursue a humbler idyll; a group of students watches the heavy-headed catoblepas in his den, half expecting him to munch and crunch, instead of the grass, his own front paws, in a fit of abstraction, as he did when Flaubert's St. Antony exclaimed: 'Sa stupidité m'attire!' Schoolboys throng on Thursdays to see the lions fed. What French child does not treasure a slice of bread for 'Martin' in the bear-pit? The animals are few, and not rare, but their captivity gives pleasure to the public. And the Jardin des Plantes is a place of recreation.

Among the naturalists of France some zealous spirits, impatient of this state of things, would fain see their gardens become that school of higher studies, that 'lieu pour l'étude générale de la Nature' which Bernardin de St. Pierre had in mind when he added the ménagerie of Versailles to the stones and trees and plants collected by his great predecessor, Buffon. They would turn these pens and dens and cages into a laboratory of zoology, or experimental farm. Here they would invent crosses and hybrids, rejoice at the appearance of a happy monster, and try to propagate his lineage, study the social and sexual relations, the adaptability to new environments, the capacity for education and developement of the different families of reptiles, birds, and beasts. In brief, they would try experiments in evolution. One of them has quoted a weighty word of Buffon's: 'L'homme ne saura jamais assez 'ce que peut la Nature, ni ce qu'il peut sur elle.' To study just this, to learn the limits of man's power over Nature, would be, it seems, a worthy end for the garden which Buffon virtually created.

Who knows the limits of that power? Buffon reminds us in one of his most famous passages that our wheaten loaf, our staff of life, is no mere natural object, but the result of choice and cultivation :

'Le blé, par exemple, est une plante que l'homme a changée au point qu'elle n'existe nulle part dans l'état de nature ; on voit bien qu'il a quelque rapport avec l'ivraie, avec les gramens, les chiendents, et quelques autres herbes des prairies, mais on ignore à laquelle de ces herbes on doit le rapporter ; et, comme il se renouvelle tous les ans, et que, servant de nourriture à l'homme, il est de toutes les plantes celle qu'il a le plus travaillée ; il est aussi, de toutes, celle dont la nature est le plus altérée. L'homme peut donc non seulement faire servir à ses besoins, à son usage, tous les individus de l'univers, mais il peut encore, avec le temps, changer, modifier, et perfectionner les espèces ; c'est même le plus beau droit qu'il ait sur la Nature.'

Buffon was the forebear and precursor of all those who think they descry in Nature, behind the shifting variability of species, a certain unity of structure, an indescribable parentage allying stone and tree and wing and hand. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Lamarck, Darwin, De Vries, are of his lineage. But, in the race of naturalists, there is another tribe who cannot endure the new ideas of the Transformists, and these also have their great ancestor at the Jardin des Plantes—no less a name than Cuvier.

So round the harmless lions in their dens, and where the fang-oblivious cobras play, specialists and evolutionists let their

angry passions rise. Some of those in possession regard as a senseless impiety so radical a change in a garden whose history is gloriously inseparable from the advance of knowledge. But the Jardin des Plantes has traversed many changes in a long evolution towards its present form. Who shall imagine that, at the point which we have reached, the progress of science is practically complete, or say as Condorcet affirmed (some three-score years ago) that '*le Jardin n'aura plus à craindre les vicissitudes de décadence et de renouvellement qui composent jusqu'aujourd'hui son histoire*'?

## I.

Like the French Academy, the Jardin des Plantes was decreed into existence by Richelieu. It was then a garden for the study of medicinal herbs, under the direction of the King's physician, the botanist Guy de la Brosse, who furnished not only the science but—giving up to this object his own country-house and grounds, a little to the east of Paris as it then stood—the very acres which ensured its establishment.

Although botany was still regarded merely as a branch of medicine, the first days of the Jardin des Plantes were useful and brilliant; but Guy de la Brosse, having paid the debt of nature, was succeeded by a line of Court doctors with no peculiar turn for science. And the garden dwindled to a desert of dust and disorder. The brilliant generation of Louis XIV. paid scant attention to a herb garden. They loved Nature with a difference, seeking her rather in the relation between star and star. The hundred years that witnessed the birth and death of Galileo, Kepler, and Descartes (1564–1650) inaugurated as it were a religion of the general laws of Nature, and the abstract minds of that period were wont to glance in passing at natural forms merely as at so many signs and symbols; Nature for them was a great collective synthesis. 'Give me space and movement, and I will make the world,' exclaimed Descartes. 'Motion is the one reality,' said our English Hobbes. Imagine such men, like Rousseau, shedding tears of delight over a periwinkle! A primrose by the river's brim, a yellow primrose was to them, and it was nothing more. Seeking for natural knowledge they walked with their eyes fixed on the heavens, but the infinite spaces of the stellar universe perplexed their sense, and their vision lost in accuracy more than it gained in amplitude.

With the experimental method Newton restored the sense of detail. It would require a volume to describe the influence of Newton in France; sometimes we are tempted to call him the

first Romantic; for what is the romantic spirit if not the love of parts, the sense of the individual? By enjoining the study of parts in themselves, and attention to things as they are, Newton renewed a sense of the interest and beauty manifest in flowers and stones and every humble part of the visible world. The philosophers were wise in preferring Descartes, since theirs is a world of deduction and relation; but without a sense of detail there can be neither experimental science nor lyric poetry. The savants and the men of letters were wiser in exalting Newton.

With Newton they dropped from the cosmic rush of Hobbes and Descartes to the grass of that orchard where Sir Isaac's apple fell; they rose, with something of a shake, and began to look about them. These humble forms of Nature, after all, are interesting and even pretty! And the second quarter of the eighteenth century in France inaugurated a race of botanists and students of natural history, who one day turned their attention to the long-neglected Jardin des Plantes, began to dream of the chemistry of vegetable life and to turn their attention to the organic structure of a substance which hitherto they had chiefly cultivated as herbs to dry in bunches, or grains to bray in a mortar.

It was in 1732; Dr. Chicoisneau, the King's physician, had just died, leaving behind him a wilderness, a little east of Paris. The Académie des Sciences rose to the occasion, and, pointing out the scandalous state of things, suggested that the post be taken from the hands of the doctors, and confided to a man of science. The chemist Dufay, an Academician and a student of Newton (whom he had visited in England), was chosen as director. A man of forty years of age, he was full of plans and projects when, suddenly stricken by a fatal illness, on his death-bed he designated as his successor Buffon:

‘Il fit son testament [writes Fontenelle], dont c’était presque une partie qu’une lettre qu’il écrivit au Ministre, M. de Maurepas, pour lui indiquer celui qu’il croyait le plus propre à lui succéder dans l’intendance du Jardin royal. Il le prenait dans l’Académie des Sciences, à laquelle il souhaitait que cette place fût toujours unie; et le choix de M. de Buffon qu’il proposait était si bon que le Roi n’en a pas voulu faire d’autre.’

As a matter of fact, the course of Buffon's nomination did not run quite so smooth. In 1739, although a member of the Académie des Sciences, he was but a young man of property and parts, the son of old M. Leclerc of Montbard, Laird of Buffon. Better known for his taste in landscape gardening and his knowledge of geometry and physics than for any special attain-

ments in botany, he was engaged on a translation of Newton, had already published a French version of Hales, had travelled in England as well as in Italy, whither he had accompanied the Duke of Kingston, and was acquainted with the experimental method. He appeared a respectable but not an eminent candidate, and would probably never have been appointed to the post but for a fortunate letter which he wrote, just in the nick of time, to Hellot, the chemist, his colleague at the Academy. Buffon was eager for the place. While deploring the 'pauvre Dufay . . . qui a fait des choses étonnantes pour le Jardin du Roi,' he admits with ingenuous egoism, 'qu'il 'aurait grand plaisir à lui succéder dans cette place'; he fears his age, or rather his youth, will be against him, but protests: 'Si on faisait réflexion on sentirait que l'intendance du Jardin 'du Roi demande un jeune homme actif qui se connaisse en 'plantes et qui sache la manière de les multiplier.' Buffon, the too stately Buffon, is here as modest as an under-gardener seeking for a situation.

His letter convinced Hellot, who was aware of what Buffon (freshly home from his travels in England) did not know; the succession of Dufay was promised already to another Academician, Duhamel, fortunately absent on a scientific and Newtonian tour in England, the Mecca, in those days, of scientific France. Hellot made short work of Duhamel's claims, sat down and wrote at his own bureau the touching letter to M. de Maurepas, which Fontenelle admires as the intellectual testament of Dufay, put it in his pocket along with that received from Buffon, and hurried to the death-bed of the unfortunate chemist. Dufay still had breath in him; from conviction, indifference, or fatigue he yielded to his colleague's eloquence, raised himself in bed, and signed the letter.

On August 1, 1739, Buffon was named Intendant du Jardin et du Cabinet du Roi.

'Que dites-vous de l'aventure de Buffon?' writes his friend the President des Brosses, to a common acquaintance:

'Je ne sache pas avoir eu de plus grande joie que celle que m'a causée sa bonne fortune, quand je songe au plaisir que lui a fait ce Jardin du Roi! Combien nous en avons parlé ensemble! Combien il l'a souhaité! Et combien il était peu probable qu'il l'eût jamais, à l'âge qu'avait Dufay!'

## II.

For close on fifty years Buffon reigned supreme in the Jardin des Plantes, and during that half-century it remained, as it



ever had been, a garden of plants ; neither live lion nor breathing serpent dwelt in that Eden. But within its chosen limits of botanical grounds, and museum thereunto attached, the garden was transfigured. Despite Dufay's improvements, which indeed he had scarcely had time to begin, Buffon found it a poor place enough—an old sixteenth-century country-house with two wings jutting forward in pavilions, a few greenhouses and sheds, the grounds themselves of no great extent, and sorely hedged in and limited by the estates of the Abbaye de St. Victor. In the château, where Dufay had indeed commenced several embellishments, the Royal Cabinet of Natural History consisted of two rooms, one for the herbarium and one for the storage of medicinal plants. A vast depository of dried herbs for the *tisanes* of Versailles, the cabinet still bore some resemblance to the store cupboards of an apothecary's shop. The days still were when Rousseau could write in his Notes on Regnault : ' La plupart des plantes n'ont pas de noms françois, mais toutes ' on un nom anglois. La raison en est que les Anglois étudient ' et aiment la botanique, et s'en font à la campagne une récréa- ' tion charmante, au lieu que les François ne la regardent que ' comme une étude d'apothicaire et ne voient dans l'émail des ' prairies que des herbes pour les lavemens.' (Notes sur Regnault.)

Buffon at once suppressed the private apartments of the Court physicians, who had a sort of country-house in the Garden of Plants, with a view to enlarging his domain, and in the new space at his disposal began to arrange the collections of natural objects, which year by year increased in rarity, interest, and beauty. He entered into communication with naturalists and travellers all over the earth, and by a stroke of genius created an order of Correspondents of the Garden. These botanists *in partibus* vied with each other in sending home rare specimens and herbaries. Commerson sent from China the first hydrangea, acclimatised by Buffon at the Jardin des Plantes ; the dahlia, the sweet-acorned oak, a quantity of flowers and shrubs were thus introduced into Europe ; and the first plane-trees in France were grown by Buffon in his country gardens at Montbard. Commerson in China and Japan, Poivre in Mauritius and the islands of the Indian Sea, Dombey in Mexico and Peru, Magalon in Egypt, Sonnini in Guinea and Cayenne, Guys in Turkey, Asia Minor, and Greece, Lamarck in Germany and Holland, are but a few of the travellers who sent their herbals and cases of plants to the Jardin du Roi ; while Faujas de St. Fond from Scotland, Guys from Hungary, the Kings of Denmark and Sweden from Scandinavia, Frederick the Great from Germany, the Empress

Catherine from Russia, the Emperor Joseph from Austria, and numberless correspondents from every corner of the earth despatched to the great naturalist that which flattered in him an even dearer passion—his love for his ‘chers minéraux.’ It was the fame of Buffon which drew to the Jardin du Roi an unrivalled collection of volcanic matter, stones, fossils, and meteorites—all those dumb witnesses of the world’s dim past which appeal so instantly to the true Nature-lover; and Buffon, like George Sand, might have exclaimed: ‘Why call only some ‘stones “precious stones,” when every pebble is beyond price?’ Not one of these collections of specimens found its way to Buffon’s château of Montbard, so that when the Prince of Prussia visited what he was pleased to call ‘le berceau de l’histoire naturelle,’ he was astonished to find there no cabinet of natural history; ‘Je n’ai pas d’autre que celui de Sa Majesté,’ replied Buffon, who generously abandoned to the Royal Museum the richest collection in Europe. Sometimes, when a valuable set of specimens was to be sold at a price which the King’s Treasury esteemed too costly, Buffon would purchase it, and present it to the Cabinet, saying: ‘Que voulez-vous? Le Jardin du Roi est mon fils aîné!’ His passion for sticks and stones, his disinterested generosity, and something large and loveable in the nature of the man, made him a popular figure in Europe. Cases would come from unknown correspondents, unbreveted at the Garden, addressed to the ‘Historien de la Nature’ at Paris. And during the war with America, the buccaneers and British corsairs, who plundered the packets of the King of Spain, despatched, unharmed and unopened, the crates of plants addressed to Buffon at the Jardin du Roi.

Already in 1766 the collections, accumulating year by year, had threatened to overflow the space at his disposal, and Buffon, who had begun by evicting the Court physicians, saw no course open to him save to evict himself. It was not without regret that he left his home in the midst of his gardens and collections for the poor apartment (a ‘galetas’ he calls it) which he could secure hard by, in an unfashionable neighbourhood.

‘Je ne m’y suis déterminé que pour donner un certain degré de consistance et d’utilité à un établissement que j’ai formé. Tout était entassé! Tout périssait dans nos cabinets faute d’espace! Il fallait deux cents mille livres pour nous bâtir. Le roi n’est pas assez riche pour cela.’ (Lettre au Président des Brosses, 1<sup>er</sup> Sept. 1766.)

Afterwards the greenhouses were entirely remodelled and supplied with massive iron frames forged in the furnaces of

Buffon. Lastly, a new amphitheatre began slowly to rise from the earth. But the direst need of all was for the expansion of the gardens—far too narrow now for their new duties, no longer restricted to the growing of medicinal herbs, but to the gradual acclimatisation of rare specimens and varieties from every corner of the earth. There, as of old in the Paradise of the Talmud, all essences flourished in harmony; the pine-tree and the palm, the live oak and the Peruvian quinquina; there Daubenton's ipecacuanha and Commerson's hydrangea for the first time in Europe unfurled their novel buds; but all these green things of the earth needed room to spread their roots. Like King Ahab from his palace, Buffon from the windows of the cabinet looked out and saw a fine piece of rich marshy land which stretched from the gardens and the Seine. This enviable estate belonged to a monastery—the Abbaye de St. Victor. From the first day of his entrance to the Jardin du Roi, Buffon intended to possess that Naboth's vineyard. But the monks proved tenacious. They liked their marshy pastures, and said they could not sell them, having no right to dispose of glebeland, which (as *main morte*) was possessed by no individual, or set of individuals, but entailed upon the future congregations of the abbey. Temptingly, the pastures spread between the gardens and Paris, between the gardens and the Seine; while, to the east of the cabinet, stretched a wide expanse, known as the Clos Patouillet. This latter piece of land Buffon (not trusting to the parsimonious delays of the Treasury) was able to purchase in his own name, in 1778. But it took him ten years of arduous diplomacy—of endless negotiations, attentions, and courteous perseverance—ere he could bring the Abbot of St. Victor to entertain the idea of an exchange. At last ('sans rien demander à la ville') Buffon entered into possession of his long-coveted dominion, but not without a final appeal to force. When all was signed and sealed, the monks still dallied in their abbey, treating summons after summons with masterly inertia. At last, one day of torrential rain, Buffon, the new owner, despatched a squad of workmen and bade them demolish the building, and to begin with the roof. Before evensong, 'Messieurs de St. Victor' had marched. And now the antelope grazes, the lion seeks whom he can devour, the dreamy catoblepas absently chews up his own front paws, in the cloister meadows where of old the abbey kine were wont to graze.

Buffon, at the Garden of Plants, enjoyed the practically unlimited control of a dictator. He alone fixed every detail of the administration, settled the budget, appointed and directed professors and gardeners alike, and fixed the rate of their remuneration.

neration. With Thouin, his head gardener, on his right hand (son of a gardener, born in the Garden, where he lived for nearly eighty years), with Verniquet his architect on the left, Buffon walked like a god in his paradise, shaped its future, and saw that it was good. We have seen him exchanging estates and raising buildings, evicting tenants (and even himself), spending the moneys he had and the moneys he had not, advancing his own fortune to the State, renewing and rehousing the collections three times in less than fifty years, inclosing his grounds with gates and handsome railings of iron forged by his own workmen at his own foundry of Buffon. His emoluments were twelve thousand francs a year—not quite five hundred pounds—and a residence, but the Garden cost its superintendent far more than it brought him : at his death Buffon was the King's creditor to the amount of six hundred thousand livres, or as we say in modern parlance, francs.

While in correspondence with almost every naturalist in Europe, or indeed on the globe, while visited by kings, while working steadily at a Natural History which, for its union of literature and science, is unlike any other work ever written, Buffon found time to busy himself with the humblest details of his administration. His correspondence with his gardener, André Thouin, shows him eagerly inquiring into the minutest item of repairs, and deciding the thickness of a garden wall, or the partition of an apartment. Not a dried plant or a stuffed bird or stone in the cabinet, not a detail of the humblest hothouse, not an engraving or a proof-sheet in the '*Histoire Naturelle*,' but he ordered it with no less accuracy, no less expense of will, perseverance, and disinterested passion for science and the public good than he lavished on the more apparent glories of his work. In great and small he showed himself the man who wrote : '*Genius is, in fine, a longer patience.*'

### III.

But the chief glory of Buffon is, of course, the '*History of Nature*,' whose publication in 1749 marked an epoch in France. '*C'était un des événements du siècle,*' says Sainte-Beuve. As yet it was hardly an event in science. When, at two-and-thirty years of age, Georges Leclerc de Buffon entered on his duties at the Garden of Plants, he was in no sense a naturalist ; Nature had made him a philosopher ; Education a geometrician ; Patience and the experimental method made him a savant.

Newton was his master ; Newton, whom we have called the first Romantic. And even before he composed his Natural

History, Buffon wrote in his translation of Hales—his ‘Statique des Végétaux’:

‘C’est par des expériences fines, raisonnées et suivies que l’on force la Nature à découvrir son secret. Toutes les autres méthodes n’ont jamais réussi, et les vrais physiciens ne peuvent s’empêcher de regarder les anciens systèmes comme d’anciennes rêveries et sont réduits à lire la plupart des nouveaux comme on lit des romans. *Les recueils d’expériences et d’observations sont donc les seuls livres qui puissent augmenter nos connaissances.*’

His garden of plants, his cabinet of minerals, his cases of stuffed animals and birds from all the world over, presented him (he thought) with unequalled opportunities for research and observation. When in 1739 (some ten years before he published the first three volumes out of thirty-six) Buffon decided to compose a Natural History, he meant it to be a *recueil d’expériences et d’observations*, a sort of catalogue and chronicle of the Museum and the Garden. If Buffon had not been made intendant, Buffon would never have written his ‘Histoire Naturelle’; and without Buffon can we imagine Rousseau, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, all that great race of the sons of Nature? But Buffon became Buffon because the book (taking the bit in its mouth, so to speak) ran away with its author’s convictions, and appeared at last as no mere annals or journal of observations, but a magnificent inconclusive epic, ‘De Naturâ Rerum.’

The very scheme reveals imagination rather than a scientific mind. Buffon shows us mankind personified as some solitary individual, awaking in an enchanted isle or garden, and gradually comprehending his surroundings: distinguishing first of all such creatures as are necessary or useful—the horse, the dog, the ox—and then those which more constantly cross the field of his vision: the hare, the stag, the commoner birds. In this order (which he calls natural, and which we may call romantic) Buffon classifies the world of beast and bird and plant and stone. When, ten years after his appointment to the Garden, the first volumes of his ‘Natural History’ were given to the world, amidst the chorus of admiration which their style and genius naturally evoked, there were some murmurs of surprise or disapproval from Buffon’s colleagues at the Académie des Sciences. For Réaumur and Linnæus were busy at that very time with a very different system of classification. The sexual system of the Swede, and the vast ideas which it suggested, were changing the conceptions of men of science in Europe. But Buffon apparently had never heard of Linnæus.



He had sins of commission, too, and the peculiar mild malignity of Academicians was stimulated by Buffon's statement that 'oxen shed their horns in their third year,' as by his refusal to class the ass in the equine tribe, out of a feeling of pompous respect for the horse. There was, for some time, a quarrel between the 'populace of naturalists' (as he called them) and M. de Buffon, who, for his part, could not understand their extraordinary attention to details. Why should Réaumur spend years in studying the life of insects? Is an insect noble? Is an insect interesting? 'Car enfin une mouche ne doit pas tenir plus de place dans la tête d'un naturaliste qu'elle n'en tient dans la Nature!' Infinitely sensitive to infinite grandeur, Buffon was not by nature accurate or observant; his shortsighted eyes were blind to detail; he possessed that comprehensive turn of mind which conceives the general more easily than the particular, revels in the sense of sequence, and notices less the constitution of any part than its relation to the other factors of a whole. But he was, as Sainte-Beuve has remarked with his usual sagacity, 'un grand esprit éduicable.' The Garden and the Natural History were to prove the educators of his patient mind.

The defect in Buffon's scientific equipment which chiefly shocked his contemporaries—his mistrust and ignorance of classification—is less displeasing to ourselves. Men of science, in our times, are wont to admit that, if they classify, it is in obedience to an inherent law of our intellect, which cannot conceive things clearly unless they be distributed in categories; our savants know their orders to be artificial, a convention imposed from without upon the magnificent anarchy of the universe; they consider their catalogues provisional and hypothetical. We are all nominalists to-day. But Linnæus, but Réaumur, would have gone to the stake for their classes. Beyond these lists and families, far behind them, Buffon had a glimpse, a dim inkling of something all-pervading, infinitely one, yet malleable and diverse, constantly transformed and shifting, which is Nature. And therein, for us, lies his superiority. He saw, he felt, the One-in-All.

Yet in cataloguing his specimens at the Garden, Buffon perceived the advantages of these classifications which he could not bring himself to accept as ultimate truths; and (owing, it is true, to the persistent advocacy of Jussieu) the systems of Linnæus and Réaumur were finally adopted by their great adversary. At last the eyes of Buffon, always a little dim and dazzled from too long gazing on the whole, learned to observe, learned to revere, the infinitely little no less than the infinitely

great ; so that the Garden, which began by converting its keeper into a writer on natural history, ended by making him, in word and in deed, a naturalist.

When Buffon began to write that history, in which he imagines mankind, like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, waking up with new senses in an unsuspected world, he found himself sadly in need of a man Friday. No one brain, not even his own, not even in his own estimation, could furnish forth all the details of the six-and-thirty volumes of the '*Histoire Naturelle*.' Both for the History and the Garden, he was in need of a coadjutor. Ever incurious of detail, he did not look far afield to find this indispensable collaborator. With his usual easy fatuity and regal self-complacency, he, doubtless, attributed no great importance to a mere assistant, and, taking the tool which lay readiest to his hand, lighted by accident on a genuine man of science. Daubenton, his neighbour in the country, was the son of the notary of Montbard. Louis Jean Marie, the most gifted of a gifted family, was a young doctor of six-and-twenty, practising in his native place, when in 1742 Buffon summoned him to Paris to help him with the management of the plants and the production of the History. While Buffon discoursed on Nature and the developement of the globe (founding, we may say, the as yet unformed idea of Evolution on a basis of geology)—while Buffon described, painted, reasoned, and composed of the various phases of earth and the different families of animals a series of brilliant decorative portraits, 'the Doctor' (as Buffon called Daubenton) added to this poem in prose an appendix of useful notes, anatomical researches and analyses. Buffon knew his own worth, and was aware that imagination rather than exactness is the true secret of science, no less than of letters ; in his eyes, the cautious and sceptical Daubenton remained a very pettifogging personage ; and after a score of years spent in partnership, he half destroyed their friendship at last by publishing a popular edition of the '*Natural History*' without the '*tripailleries*' of his colleague's anatomical plates. But among their contemporaries and critics—whose wont it is to distrust the vagaries of genius and set a high price, perhaps even too high a price, on method and accuracy—the fame of the Doctor stood high, and increased year by year. His Shepherd's Calendar, an almanack for farmers, full of instructions for the management of flocks, became classic in an age devoted to scientific agriculture, and earned for him the name of the '*Berger Daubenton*.' For close on sixty years the canny Doctor was to remain a popular figure in France. The Revolution (which cut off the head of Buffon's son and heir) proclaimed Daubenton

a senator, and raised a statue to the introducer of the merino sheep and the plant ipecacuanha, while Camper, the Dutch naturalist, declared that no man could remember the whole string of Daubenton's discoveries and inventions.

Other Daubentons followed the Doctor to the Jardin des Plantes, and dwelt there more or less in the shadow of the omnipotent Buffon, who filled the whole place with Burgundians.

It was currently said of Buffon that any working-man in France out of employment might, by applying to the keeper of the Garden of Plants, earn his bread at a decent rate of wage in any season of the year. On his estate at Montbard, where Buffon had caused the most magical garden to bloom on a barren soil, scaling in tiers of terraces the steep and arid faces of the rock; in his forges and foundries and forests of Buffon; in his improvements and buildings at the Jardin des Plantes, the great naturalist had opened a series of national workshops, which he maintained for more than fifty years. To those who expressed their astonishment that he should cultivate the infertile soil of Montbard, he admitted: 'Mes jardins ne sont qu'un prétexte pour faire l'aumône.'

Such was the man who had made of the King's herb garden a laboratory for the study of Nature. Larger and loftier in mould than Montesquieu or Diderot, who, for mere shrewdness of intelligence, rank as his equals, he has, for sheer grasp and capacity of his mind, no rival save Voltaire and Rousseau; with them he dominates the eighteenth century in France. And he reigned from a throne of genius, charity, and knowledge. He knew it; perhaps he knew it too well. His innocent pomposity irritated his contemporaries, and though Marmontel wrote of him 'son paisible orgueil ne faisait du mal à personne,' Marmontel, like Diderot, like Voltaire, did not love him, whom d'Alembert called unjustly 'Le Grand Phrasier.' His lace frills and his grand manner (of which Hume remarked that 'Buffon appears a Marshal of France rather than a man of letters'), blinded the keen Parisians to his merit. But those who felt the moral and political degeneration of the age, and thought they saw hope in a return to Nature, revered our courtly Adam, naming his stuffed birds and beasts, in his garden east of Paris. One autumn day at Montbard, in 1770, a traveller, quaintly attired as an Armenian, stopped at the castle gate and asked to be shown the study of M. de Buffon; an intimate of the château led him up the steep flight of fourteen terraces which the master of the garden always used to scale at dawn (shutting the fourteen iron gates behind him one after the other with a sonorous clang, as though he loved the echo raised by the metal forged in his

furnaces at Buffon). At last the Armenian and his guide reached the bare hall, adorned only with a fine engraved portrait of Newton, in which the naturalist was wont to work. Here the visitor stopped in the doorway, gazed round him fervently, clasped his hands, and, dropping to his knees, embraced the threshold. The name of this worshipper at a sanctuary was none other than Jean Jacques Rousseau, a constant visitor at the Jardin des Plantes, an organiser of botanical excursions in the woods of Montmorency, which he ransacked for rare specimens in company with the younger Jussieu and André Thouin the gardener.

#### IV.

When Buffon was asked how he had carried through a scheme so tremendous as the '*Histoire Naturelle*,' he smiled and answered, 'By sitting at my writing-table for fifty years.' But there comes an end to the best prolonged activity. On April 15, 1788, Buffon died. He left the Garden deep in debt; chiefly to himself, it is true, for during the last twelve years of his administration he had furnished almost all those necessary funds which the King's embarrassed treasury could no longer advance, so that he died the creditor of the State for six hundred thousand livres. Nor were the buildings which he had undertaken finished. To complete them, to liberate the budget of the Garden, would fall to the lot of his successor, who, therefore, should have been chosen for his experience, his scientific authority, his knowledge of affairs.

Buffon had designed his son for this post. 'Buffonet' (as he called him) would thus have been in the debt of 'Buffonet,' and in no hurry for a settlement of accounts. With this end in view, the great naturalist had spared no pains in the scientific education of his only son, an amiable mediocre youth, who had travelled with Lamarck, visiting in his company the principal botanical establishments of Europe. Nor could any director hope to know the Garden better than this young man, who had spent his childhood there; who had nearly set fire to the great hothouse one night when, in company with young Lucas, he had organised there a clandestine sparrow hunt by torchlight; whose escapades had made him the terror and the darling of the gardeners. But the Ancien Régime never discovered Napoleon's axiom, 'Find me the man who suits the place, not 'the man whom the place would suit.' The brevet rank of such preferments was usually awarded to some favourite at Court. Buffon had never been assiduous at Versailles, and, on a longer absence than usual, during an illness in 1771, Louis XV.

had allowed himself to listen to a mediocre Mæcenas, such as sovereigns love : an Academician of agreeable nullity, a certain Comte de la Billarderie d'Angiviller, who, on his own admission, had only 'les connaissances superficielles d'un homme du monde.' He was, however, a man of tact and amenity. Made aware of the despair and indignation of Buffon when, on his recovery, he learned this fine arrangement, the Brevet-Intendant wrote to him such a letter as only a gentleman could write. In 1771 'Buffonet' was a child ; M. d'Angiviller was forty years of age ; he therefore proposed to maintain his claim to the 'survivance' of Buffon, adopting Buffonet as his own future successor. 'Si M. votre fils s'attachait aux sciences je lui ferais avoir la survivance de la place si dignement remplie par son père.' M. d'Angiviller thus would fill the post *ad interim* and act as a sort of guardian to young Buffon. In addition, as a compensation (for the 'survivancier' received half the emoluments of the post to which he was appointed), the King raised the naturalist's fief of Buffon into a county, and offered him a privilege at Court. The affair seemed settled. Unfortunately, the Comte de la Billarderie d'Angiviller had a brother—a brother who took an interest in nature and science, according to the fashion of the age. By what Court intrigue we know not, the 'survivance' of the 'survivancier' was attributed to him. Thus, on April 18, 1788, the Marquis de la Billarderie was named Intendant of the Cabinets of Natural History and the Garden of Plants in the place of Buffon, deceased, and in his brother's stead.

The new Superintendent apparently regarded his post as a sinecure. He continued to live at the Tuileries, and scarcely occupied himself with the administration of his new domain, leaving the Garden and the buildings entirely in the care of André Thouin, the head gardener, while the scientific management of the cabinets and lectures remained in the hands of Daubenton. M. de la Billarderie drew the salary and bore the title of his office, that was all. And doubtless he felt himself to be, as his brother had said of himself in a letter to Buffon, 'un homme d'un état supérieur à celui des sçavans.' But while he was thus contentedly persisting in the spirit of the Ancien Régime (enjoying his stewardship, since God had given it him) the new ferment of revolutionary ideas was profoundly influencing his subordinates at the Garden, who dreamed of an intellectual republic. Buffon, who had done so much to organise and administrate the Jardin des Plantes, had paid but scant attention to the teaching corps attached to it ; at his death there were but three professors and three demonstrators for all the branches of natural history, and one of these was a professor of



flower-painting. But the question of education was, for the Liberals of France in 1790, one of the burning questions of the age. In opposition to Buffon, who was by nature an aristocrat and a man of genius, Daubenton was a democrat and a man of science and experiment. Buffon had been his life-long friend and benefactor. But when that benevolent dictator was removed, Daubenton and the more audacious spirits of the Garden breathed more freely and revelled in schemes and projects.

While the Marquis de la Billarderie was doing nothing, the wise old Doctor was drawing up a plan for the reorganisation of the Garden and cabinets. The white-haired Daubenton, full of youth and zeal (opposing alike André Thouin, who was eager to continue the tradition of Buffon, and the Marquis de la Billarderie, who preferred to do nothing at all), grouped round him all the more ardent spirits bent on scientific reform, and demanded the transformation of an order of things which had once been vital, but was already superannuated. He proposed to reorganise the King's Garden and royal cabinets as a national museum of natural history ; and, to replace a hierarchy of officials under the rule of a dictator, he drew up a scheme of twelve professors, all equal in rank and pay, under a director chosen from their body and re-elected every year. Buffon should have no successor. One day, lecturing at the College of France, Daubenton had taken for his text a page of his friend's 'Natural History.' 'The lion is the king of beasts,' he began. But he stopped short and thundered : 'Nay, in the wise world of beasts 'there is no king !' And at the Garden he desired no monarch.

André Thouin meanwhile was laying out the grounds in beautiful mazes and gardens, such as his master had loved, making of the place the popular resort it has ever since continued ; on the fine summer nights of 1790 the Parisians used to stream across the bridge, quitting Paris on the brink of revolution for this green paradise. For the patriots of the hour, the real hero of the Jardin des Plantes was Thouin. The wise gardener, born in the precincts of the gardens, son of a delver of the soil, man of science, and man of the people still, appears against the stormy horizons of those times as a survival of an earlier age. In his roomy, smoke-embrowned kitchen, where mistress and maids came and went in snowy caps and fichus, Rousseau and Malesherbes had often sat, bringing their rare specimens, or begging seedlings from the great horticulturist. Artists and patriots admired the Swiss valley which he was beginning to lay out between the mountain of Saint Geneviève and the Seine. Members of the Legislative Assembly, weary with their labours, heart-sick at the persistence of famine,

came to rest by that ample hearth and to question the worthy Thouin as to the value of potato flour and suchlike foreign food-stuffs. After Parliament, on fine summer evenings, they would cross the bridge and sit on the terrace, among the orange-trees in pots, or round the kitchen fire under the mantel, where they might find Van Spaendonck the flower-painter, Méhul the musician, the illustrious Bernardin de St. Pierre, Ducis the tragic poet, or La Réveillère, and other political men of mark. There were too many men of parts, thought Bernardin, who was engaged to his publisher's daughter, a girl barely twenty. And he wrote to her, in the wisdom of his five-and-fifty years, that when they were married they would live in the country, in some unsuspected Eden, 'like Seneca and his Paulina.' 'In the summer I will visit you, in your country cottage; and in winter you shall come and stay with me at the Jardin des Plantes; but only *en passant*, on flying visits, without any expense or trouble of visiting or receiving.'

Many schemes for the future of the Garden were debated round André Thouin's kitchen fire.

Meanwhile the Marquis de la Billarderie, the incapable administrator, continued getting into debt. At the end of 1790 he was compelled to confess a fresh annual deficit of 23,600 francs. There were bread riots across the bridge; the country was famished, the royal treasury pitiably empty.

Economy was the first thing needful. And the Government, after the way of Governments, immediately proposed to diminish the staff and pay of the officials of the Garden; the King could not entertain Daubenton's long-elaborated project of reform. The Marquis, as Intendant and master of the Garden, suggested that the chair of mineralogy, occupied by Faujas de St. Fond, might be suppressed; the Chevalier de Lamarek also, he suggested, was 'peut-être utile, mais pas absolument nécessaire.' Now, if the Garden was proud of any two men in its midst (after the patriarch Daubenton and André Thouin) it was proud of Faujas, the great geologist, the discoverer of the iron mines of the Ardèche, and of Lamarek, who had enriched the cabinet, though he was poor, by gifts of specimens, engravings, rare plants, seeds, and minerals from Holland and Germany. Both were members of Buffon's most intimate circle. He had entrusted his only son to Lamarek; he had left the very substance of his heart to Faujas, in his will. Not in vain across the bridge were the streets seething with revolution; the officials of the Garden also, like one man, rose in revolt. They proposed a counter project; the teaching staff should remain intact ('*en attendant mieux*'), but the Government was recom-

mended to spare the useless and expensive encumbrance of an Intendant and to suppress La Billarderie. In vain the Marquis ('d'un état supérieur à celui des sçavans') appealed to Condorcet, the King being evidently merely bewildered by the situation. It gradually became clear to the Intendant's capacity that times were changed, were indeed continuing to change with relentless velocity. In the summer of 1791 he sent in his resignation, and emigrated to England with all convenient speed.

The Garden was left without an administrator. The professors hoped, with every show of reason, that Daubenton would obtain the post. But in the eyes of the Court Daubenton was something of a Jacobin. Louis XVI. (who liked Nature) had read a recent nature-study, a masterpiece in its way. In July 1792 he wrote to the Minister of the Interior that 'on account of the prolonged absence of M. de la Billarderie he had decided to name a new Intendant of the Garden and Cabinet of Natural History. 'C'est M. Bernardin de St. Pierre, l'auteur des *Études de la Nature et de Paul et Virginie*. Ses livres sont d'un honnête homme, et ses talents le désignent à mon choix comme un digne successeur de Buffon.' This was one of the last acts of an expiring monarchy.

## V.

It is difficult to describe the stupefaction of the professors at the Garden. They had considered Buffon too literary, too little of a chemist or a botanist, they were in full reaction against his tradition, and Antoine de Jussieu had recently introduced into the cabinets the classifications and nomenclature of Linnæus (the great rival of the founder), which Broussonnet was beginning to apply to zoology. They were full of utilitarian schemes; a great part of the Garden was given over to experiments on the potato, which, though already a common and popular article of diet in England—Rousseau remarks the fact with some surprise—was at that time still pronounced uneatable in the provinces of France. The savants at the Garden were engaged in producing a series of seedlings adapted to the different geological districts of the kingdom, where it was hoped that an ameliorated variety might in some decree replace the failing crops of corn. No project could be more useful, for France was in a state of famine. This was but one of a series of similar schemes, for Broussonnet was experimenting on different sorts of mulberry-trees, for paper, or the silk trade. He dreamed of establishing in the Garden a school of rural economy, or agronomical insti-

tute. The utilitarian spirit of the Revolution animated these men of science; man, not Nature, was the object of their researches; or, if they still loved Nature, it was no longer mystically or sentimentally as a divine whole, but as an immense, as yet unclassified, storehouse, out of which it was possible to fetch endless discoveries profitable to humanity. Observation, experiment, utility, were their three watchwords. They mistrusted general ideas and the deductions of philosophers, and they were right. The pages of Buffon (or even of Diderot) may seem to us now extraordinarily modern, almost in line with the subsequent discoveries of Lamarck and Darwin and De Vries. But these are the vague and lambent lightnings of philosophy, illuminating vast districts of the mind, but revealing nothing exactly as it is. General ideas may announce a great discovery, they do not really advance it, unless they inspire experiment and proof. Linnæus and Réaumur, with their narrower but exact intelligences, nay even Daubenton, though almost devoid of the gifts of expression, were really more useful to science and the pursuit of truth than Buffon with his genius and abiding generalities. The Doctor, with his wise ironical smile and desire to see and touch before he surmised, used to irritate his sublime compatriot; but it is not necessary that a man of science should have a wide mental horizon, a vast philosophic outlook; it is only needful that he should fix very clearly and very attentively the series of facts on which he concentrates his mind. Daubenton was the real naturalist; and the professors of the Garden were justified in resenting the appointment of a man of words and ideas, when they required a man of facts and proofs, as their superior and administrator at the Garden of Plants.

Nevertheless, Bernardin de St. Pierre, although especially a man of letters, was not entirely ignorant of natural history. He had been a familiar friend of Poivre in Mauritius—Poivre the well-named—who enriched the French islands of the Indian Sea by the spice-gardens in which he had acclimatised plants and seed borrowed, begged, or stolen from the English in the Indies, and the Dutch in Java, Sumatra, and Malacca. Bernardin had botanised with Rousseau in the woods of Montmorency. He was, in fact, Rousseau's last and dearest disciple; and if he had not learned of his master that intimate intuitive knowledge of the life of plants which no less a botanist than Bernard de Jussieu admiringly recognised in the Genevan philosopher, yet Bernardin was not a careless student; indeed, in our own days M. Félix Le Dantec has compared him with no less a man than Darwin. It is impossible for the most ordinary reader of 'Paul and

'Virginia' not to remark the faithful rendering of exotic nature which stamps the talent of Bernardin de St. Pierre. He has the quick retentive gaze of the born observer. But the brain behind those eyes was not a scientific intellect, registering effects and inferring causes, but the visionary mind of a dreamer, constantly adding to or subtracting from the world that is, in obedience to an inner ideal of beauty. In his travels and solitary meditations he had elaborated a conception of the universe which had nothing in common with the systems studied by the savants of the Jardin des Plantes: Bernardin lived at the opposite pole of the mental globe—in far reaction from the cosmic and determinist theories of Buffon. In our own days Renan has placed it on record that, if his religious faith failed him, it was because he could detect no trace of a direct intervention of any supernatural will in the ordering of the world. Bernardin saw nothing else. He was the champion of *Liberty versus Necessity*; at every turn of events he saw the movement of a divine hand. If he had to explain the melting of the polar ice, he adds:

'On peut me faire ici une très forte objection: c'est que, si les effusions polaires occasionnaient les mouvements de la terre dans l'écliptique, il arriverait un moment où, ses deux pôles étant en équilibre, elle ne présenterait plus que son équateur au soleil. J'avoue que je n'ai rien à répondre à cette objection sinon qu'il faut recourir à une volonté immédiate de l'Auteur de la Nature qui détruit l'équilibre . . . par des lois qui nous sont inconnues.'

And if he admires the ribbed orb of the melon, it is because he traces there the kind intent of a fatherly Providence who shaped the fruit in prevision of the family dinner-table, with a predestined slice for each. When this amiable dreamer proposed to make of the Jardin des Plantes a Poets' Corner or Elysian Fields with sacred groves and statues of great men, we can imagine the indignant despair of the utilitarian Daubenton and his colleagues.

## VI.

Great was the surprise of these worthy men of science at finding that they possessed in Bernardin de St. Pierre an excellent administrator, diligent, economical, exact. Like many idealists, Bernardin was practical to the verge of avarice, and (though, as an individual, eternally hat in hand, extorting favours from all who represented place or power) he was, as a civil servant, too just to profit even by the perquisites of his post. A miser is nearly always sensitive on the point of rectitude and



honour. Sometimes Bernardin strikes us as Quixotic. In 1793, having gone to Chantilly to make an inventory of the Cabinet of Natural History, he describes to his *fiancée* the abomination of desolation which reigned then in that royal palace, abandoned by its owner (an *émigré* in London) and forfeit to the State :

‘Chantilly est dans un état qui fait pitié. Je vais et viens dans ces somptueux appartements dont les bronzes, les porcelaines, les dorures, les riches teintures gisent par terre sur les parquets, pour être successivement transportés dans la salle d’encan et livrés aux avides fripiers.’

And the young girl remarks that, since these lovely things are being sold for next to nothing at a public auction, her betrothed would be wise ‘de trouver dans un château de quoi meubler ‘notre chaumière.’ But he replies : ‘On m’en offrirait tout le ‘mobilier en présent, que je n’accepterai rien, à cause de la ‘mission dont je suis chargé.’

Impeccable, scrupulous, but alert where the interests of the Garden are concerned, Bernardin secured only such objects and curiosities of natural history as served to complete the collections of the National Cabinet in Paris. That hour of disarray and disorganisation was a magnificent opportunity for a collector. Not only Chantilly but Versailles was desolate and deserted. There also, in September 1792, Bernardin had gone to inspect the cabinet of curiosities, and had noticed in the park a small menagerie of six animals : a rhinoceros, a bubalus, a quagga, a Senegalian lion living in society with a hound, and a tufted pigeon from the island of Banda. The keeper at Versailles suggested to the Intendant of the Jardin des Plantes a general massacre of these unfortunate prisoners, who, stuffed, might figure in the Cabinet of Natural History. But Bernardin had the mind of a poet, he longed to transport them living into the beautiful garden recently created by André Thouin, in order to make of it a place for the general study of Nature, where painters, writers, men of science, might resort for purposes of study ‘s’ils ont à ‘représenter des sites d’Asie, d’Afrique, et d’Amérique.’ Fired with this idea, the Director of the Garden composed a pamphlet, ‘Mémoire sur la nécessité de joindre une ménagerie au Jardin ‘National des Plantes,’ and published it in October 1792. The pamphlet was received with popular delight, and although the Convention did not immediately grant the request of our philosopher, did not indeed create the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes until some twenty months later, it is certain that Bernardin de St. Pierre is the veritable founder of the French Zoological Gardens. To the five wild creatures in the cages of

Versailles were gradually added two dromedaries taken from the Prince de Ligny, some head of deer from the parks of Raincy and Gonesse, an elephant and a lion bought at Rouen Fair, and the animals from the gardens of the Stadholder of Holland. These captive beasts in pens did not greatly impassion the professors at the Garden, who considered them probably as a popular equivalent for Bernardin's earlier scheme of a poets' corner in a sacred grove.

But Bernardin had other merits which they did not deny him. He entered into their ideas with intelligence and respect, and became himself so great a devotee of their latest idol that, in his love-letters to his twenty-year old *Félicité*, we find him advising her to cultivate botany and to '*étudier le système de Linnæus.*' Although jealous of his prerogatives, he exercised them with justice and magnanimity. Thus, he refused to appoint a successor to Daubenton, whose great age and frail health at last compelled him to retire, suggesting a competitive examination before a jury of men of science, as the likeliest way to open a career to real merit: '*C'est le seul moyen de couper tous les fils de l'intrigue, qui ne sont pas moins nombreux dans le nouveau régime que dans l'ancien.*' His commentary on the budget of the *Jardin des Plantes* addressed to Roland is, of all the documents that we possess to-day relating to the national Garden, that which gives the clearest idea of its equipment and resources. Bernardin, while content to put up with many deficiencies (the grounds were lighted by five lamp-posts with oil lamps and one lantern for the hothouses), insists on what is really required for the scientific purpose of the Garden and asks that his greenhouses and tanks be well repaired. Above all he demands the creation of a '*grande bibliothèque de livres d'histoire naturelle.*' Thus (no less than the Zoological Gardens) the fine library of the Museum owes its existence to Bernardin de St. Pierre.

In fine, as an administrator the dreamer of dreams proved himself practical, intelligent, and courageous. The year of Bernardin's directorship was in truth an '*Année Terrible*'—the year of the fall of royalty, the year of the King's execution, of the September massacres, of the rising in La Vendée, the year of the Reign of Terror. Almost all Europe rose in arms against the French.

'If the enemy prove victorious [*writes Félicité Didot*] we shall perhaps have less cause for complaint than we imagine. It is certain that they will re-establish the *Ancien Régime*, and a much harder government, and more despotic, than we experienced under Louis XVI., "*mais en est-il un plus à craindre et plus cruel que celui*

où nous sommes ? ” (Félicité Didot à Bernardin de St. Pierre, 27 Aug. 1792.)

Bernardin is too prudent to reply. Scarcely a word on politics can be found in his letters to his little *fiancée* (a girl some thirty-five years younger than himself), but he showed pluck when brought face to face with the realities of the situation. In August, after the King's imprisonment, the under-warden of the grounds having forbidden his underlings to join the revolution, these patriotic weeders and under-gardeners denounced him as an aristocrat to the 'Section,' or local Council, of the quarter of the Gobelins. In the state of public excitement the accusation was serious, even for the keeper. Although Bernardin took down the royal crown, which surmounted the arms of France above the principal entrances; although he handed over the guns (harmless sparrow-shooting blunderbusses) of his gardeners to the chief of the section, he knew himself henceforth a suspect in the eyes of his 'braves sans-culottes.' It is amusing, and a little piteous, to watch his efforts to prove his patriotism while enlightening his legislators as to the value and public utility of a museum. But at least he did not flinch. He returned more than once to the charge, and succeeded apparently in convincing the democracy of (what it is always a little difficult to prove) the popular necessity of pure science. We can imagine M. Renan reading, or even writing, the following page from one of Bernardin's memoranda, destined to excuse him, as a savant, from regular attendance at the political meetings of his section :

'La nature a distribué inégalement les talents et les devoirs parmi les hommes, afin d'entretenir entr'eux l'harmonie sociale. Les uns sont destinés pour les tranquilles bureaux, d'autres pour les tribunes orageuses. Le civisme d'un homme de lettres est dans son cabinet. . . . C'est dans la solitude que Fénelon et Jean-Jacques ont produit leurs immortels écrits, qui ont parlé non seulement à leur pays et à leur siècle, mais au genre humain et à la postérité. Si Fénelon ne s'était occupé que des intérêts de son diocèse et Jean-Jacques que de ceux de Genève, la Révolution de l'empire français serait encore à faire. La section d'un ami des hommes, c'est l'univers. . . .

'Mais j'ai travaillé aussi en particulier pour vous, et c'est en ma qualité d'intendant du Jardin National. C'est la Révolution qui m'a donné cette place. [!] Je ne l'ai point demandée. Une de mes jouissances a été de penser que je pourrais vous y servir. Déjà j'ai tâché d'y attirer la ménagerie de Versailles, avec l'École vétérinaire, qui serait si utile aux maréchaux, aux cochers, à tous les habitants de ce vaste faubourg.'

And, dazzled by the reflection that, if Fénelon had never written 'Télémaque,' there would have been no French Revolu-

tion, the *sans-culottes* of the *Section des Gobelins* accorded a certificate of 'civisme' or patriotic zeal to the naturalists of the national Garden.

## VII.

The gardener, André Thouin, wrote to the Minister, Roland, in praise of Bernardin de St. Pierre, asking indeed 'qu'on le conservât, en attendant.' The professors had evidently meant to make short work of their Court-imposed Intendant, but finding him so able, so useful, so intelligent, they excused his queer literary quips and fancies of sacred groves and beasts in cages, and thought they liked him better than another, at least as a stop-gap, until the Convention should decide on that project of Daubenton's which the King had not received in 1790, but which the officials at the Garden continued to elaborate in silence.

A visit of Lakanal, the Member or *représentant du peuple*, hastened the event. Lakanal was a man of mind, President of the Committee of Public Instruction, one of the founders of the *École Normale*, the Institute, the national primary schools, and those first aerial telegraph stations, which (with the Polytechnic, the Bureau of Longitudes, the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* or National College of Arts and Crafts, and the reorganisation of the National Debt) bear witness to the Convention's sincere endeavours to benefit the people, redeeming a reputation grievously compromised by excessive reprisals. One of these reforms was the conversion of the Royal Garden and cabinets into a Natural History Museum; a reform which Lakanal accomplished, but which Daubenton inspired.

Lakanal had been to the auction at Chantilly. He remembered the Prince of Condé's cabinet of natural history, and, on June 9, 1793, he visited in Paris the Garden of Plants in order to inspect its arrangement in the national collection. Having roamed about in the galleries, he asked to be taken to the rooms of M. Daubenton, 'le patriarche de l'Histoire Naturelle.' It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The Doctor, ever slow and sure, full of his scheme, profited by the opportunity when Lakanal, all deference, asked the old naturalist in what way he best could serve him. At length, and doubtless with ardour (though Buffon used to affirm, 'Daubenton n'est bien ardent sur rien'), Daubenton expatiated on his project, so long deferred. Lakanal sat down, drew out his notebook, and improvised, with the Doctor's aid, the rough draft of a decree. When late in the afternoon he left the Garden, the Member went straight to the Committee of Public Instruction, where he

immediately submitted his schemes to his colleagues. On the morrow (June 10, 1793) he presented to the Convention the project of a law which was voted without the least discussion and without a dissentient voice. With the Austrians bombarding Valenciennes, the Prussians at Mayence, the Spaniards in front of Perpignan, the Vendéens setting fire to the west and the Girondins rising in the south, the organisation of a museum seemed, no doubt, of slight importance, and the measure—which fixed the fate of natural history in Europe—passed unperceived.

The scheme adopted was in all essentials that which the wise Daubenton had elaborated after the death of Buffon: twelve professors, directed by a Principal annually re-elected; all the lectures open to the public and free. A great extension was given to the subjects professed, which included mineralogy (the chair was occupied by Daubenton), botany (A. de Jussieu), horticulture (Thouin), natural history (Geoffroy St. Hilaire), geology (Faujas de St. Fond), anatomy, comparative physiology, and several chairs of zoology. The chairs of botany being occupied a chair of insect zoology was created for Lamarck, who was, moreover, commissioned to found a library of natural history. Until the organisation of the Museum, Lamarck had been a botanist; he knew little or nothing of worms and insects. At fifty years of age, with failing sight, he set himself to study the science of zoology, which he was so completely to reform; for Lamarck, before Darwin, discovered the variability of species. His 'Invertebrate Animals,' and especially his 'Philosophy of Zoology,' broadened the horizons of natural history, showed the malleability of animal organisms, and invented the doctrine of evolution. We have not space here to sketch the figure—the most interesting figure—of this great and passionate and dolorous martyr and apostle of science. Those who would see the man who handed on to Darwin the torch of Buffon will find the best portrait we know of him in a novel—in the eleventh chapter of Sainte-Beuve's 'Volupté.'

In this illustrious Museum, where Cuvier was already a student, where Lamarck taught and learned a new development of science, there was no place for the good romantic Bernardin de St. Pierre. The Convention had suppressed, with the official name of 'Jardin des Plantes,' the post of Superintendent, and Bernardin found himself cast adrift, with a tertian ague, caught in the freshly-delved marshland of the new plantations. An extensive practice of the gentle art of mendicancy had brought our philosopher to perfection in this branch of literature, and, in answer to his genial begging letters, the Convention



awarded him a small indemnity of three thousand francs (120*l.*). Bernardin married his publisher's daughter and retired, with love in a cottage, to a small island in the river at Essonnes, where he had planted a garden of his own and raised a rustic chalet. There he lived for some not all too happy years with his young wife Félicité, and, as year followed year, his baby, Virginia, and her baby brother, Paul.

Meanwhile the Museum inaugurated a new career of laborious and fruitful activity. But the people of Paris continued (and continues still) to call it the Jardin des Plantes, and to love it chiefly for the beasts and birds which Bernardin added to its charms, and for the Swiss valley, which André Thouin laid out on the land acquired by Buffon with so much difficulty. In these shady and delightful walks the young Napoleon used to roam; 'il s'y sentait plus rapproché de la Divinité.' A little later, William Wordsworth followed in his steps. 'Scarcely,' said he, 'could I refrain from tears of admiration at the sight of this apparently boundless exhibition of the wonders of creation. The statues and pictures of the Louvre affected me feebly in comparison.' For in these two great minds there still echoed the last reverberations of that appeal to Nature which had, in France, called into being the organic sciences and aroused public attention to the Garden of Plants.

## ART. IV.—CANNING AND THE TREATY OF TILSIT.

1. *Life of Canning*. By H. W. V. TEMPERLEY. London: Finch & Co. 1905.
2. *Life of Sir Robert Wilson*. Edited by REV. H. RANDOLPH. 2 vols. London. 1862.
3. *Diaries of the First Earl of Malmesbury*. Edited by the third EARL OF MALMESBURY. 4 vols. London.
4. *Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury (1745-1820)*. 2 vols. London. 1870.
5. *Napoléon et Alexandre*. Vol. I. (De Tilsit à Erfurt.) By ALBERT VANDAL. Paris. 1898.
6. *Napoleonic Studies*. By J. H. ROSE. London. 1904.

THE personality of a great man is most fully revealed when he is thrown into the midst of circumstances which are at once novel, embarrassing, and dangerous. Then it is that the habits which at ordinary times half shroud him in a mist of conventionality suddenly fall away and disclose his real nature as he stands watchful, alert, and prepared to meet blow with blow. Such was the lot that fell to Canning within four months of his assumption of office. In March 1807, when he took over the Foreign Office from Lord Howick on the decease of the unlamented 'Ministry of all the Talents,' he was not yet thirty-seven years of age, and had recently had few opportunities for studying the diplomatic situation. Having served under Grenville at the Foreign Office during the later years of Pitt's Ministry, he had a good knowledge of diplomatic methods; but it was one thing to act as Under-Secretary to those autocrats, and quite another thing to assume the whole responsibility for foreign affairs in the Portland Cabinet, which was remarkable for its dearth of talent.

Further, the crisis which arose in Europe after Napoleon dealt the death-blow to the Third Coalition by the victory of Friedland (June 14, 1807) was of the acutest kind. At the beginning of Canning's tenure of office there had been grounds for hoping that Napoleon's power had been decisively checked. The drawn battle of Eylau (February 8, 1807) was almost a disaster to the French; and the conduct of their Emperor in remaining warily on the defensive for four months after that hideous slaughter enabled Russia and Prussia to draw closer together in the Convention of Bartenstein (April 26, 1807). Canning at once signified the desire of his Government to accede

to the new alliance; Sweden acted likewise; and it is to be observed that the Courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin proposed in an article of the treaty 'à se concerter avec l'Autriche, l'Angle-terre, et la Suède pour faire accéder le Danemarck à cette convention.' There seemed to be good reasons for expecting that all Europe would unite in a coalition far firmer than those of the years 1793, 1799, and 1805. Austria needed only encouragement and help from the Allies to draw the sword in a manner which might have been as decisive as was her intervention in 1813. The British Ministry, reversing the unwise methods of its predecessor, was striving to send an expedition to Stralsund in concert with a Swedish force in order to effect a diversion against Napoleon's rear; and had the Russians and Prussians persevered in their Fabian strategy on his front, while Austria marshalled her legions on his flank, there was every prospect of achieving a decisive triumph or of compelling him to yield up his conquests and restore the balance of power.

But the Third Coalition had no Fabius. It was rich only in Varros. Mack at Ulm, and the Czar and his military adviser, Weyrother, at Austerlitz, had ruined the campaign of 1805; and now on June 14, 1807, the Russian general, Bennigsen, rivalled the ardour with which those leaders had rushed into traps. Friedland was a disaster of the first magnitude. A British agent, Mackenzie, who watched the Russian survivors file over the bridge of the Niemen at Tilsit, reported to the British ambassador, Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, that not more than 20,000 crossed that river. (Gower's despatch of July 2, 1807.) Still, few persons believed that the Czar would demean himself by coming to a friendly arrangement with the man for whom on several occasions he had expressed the utmost abhorrence. The abduction of the Duc d'Enghien by Napoleon's orders from a State of the Germanic System of which the Czar was then a guarantor; the impertinent reference to the conspiracy against the Emperor Paul I. which Napoleon thereafter allowed to appear in the French justificatory note sent to St. Petersburg; and, finally, the annexation of Genoa to the French Empire in June 1805, when Alexander was sending a Russian envoy to Paris with a view to a settlement of the affairs of Europe—these and other provocations imparted to the ensuing war the aspect of a personal feud between the two Emperors. How came it that a sensitive and chivalrous young ruler, whose vanity and statecraft alike enjoined the maintenance of his own prestige, could consent after a severe defeat to embrace his hated rival in sight of the two armies lining the banks of the Niemen? That action was humiliating to him as

a man and as a ruler after he had solemnly pledged himself to support the cause of Prussia and the liberties of Europe. True, after Austerlitz he had withdrawn from the alliance with the Hapsburgs in a way scarcely befitting his rôle of knight-errant of Christendom. But that withdrawal was accompanied by no act that openly lowered his dignity. The diaries of Sir George Jackson and Sir Robert Wilson show how keenly the Emperor's conduct at Tilsit was resented by the more spirited of the Russian nobles. Even those who felt that peace with Napoleon was necessary, in view of the disaffection prevalent in Poland and Lithuania, openly censured the humiliations which accompanied the boon.

We propose here, not to trace the general course of Canning's career, which Mr. Temperley has vividly described by the light of new materials, but rather to concentrate attention on his first great stroke—the coercion of Denmark—whereby he sought to ward off from this country the dangers certain to accrue from the accord of the Emperors at Tilsit. The problem which then confronted him was highly complex, and yet its solution could not be deferred. The question, therefore, has the interest which centres in all political puzzles, while it serves also to illustrate the power of intuitive perception, the fertility of resource, and hardihood of spirit which raised Canning above all English statesmen then living.

As Canning confronted the bewildering situation brought about by the Franco-Russian 'entente' at Tilsit, he must have been to some extent guided by his estimate of the characters of Napoleon and Alexander I. In that of the former doggedness in the pursuit of aims and rancorous energy in hunting down an enemy were dominant features; while the temperament of the Czar, though not lacking in firmness up to a certain point, was liable to sudden fits of depression and collapse—a peculiarity which robbed his enthusiasms and his friendships of much of their value. Canning also had good grounds for knowing that the enmity of Napoleon to this country had increased during the years 1806 and 1807 owing to the bitterness of the commercial strife known as the Continental System; while, partly owing to the same general cause, the Anglophile enthusiasm of Alexander had rapidly cooled. Further, the 'Ministry of all the Talents' had annoyed the Emperor of Russia by frittering away the naval and military resources of Great Britain in expeditions to La Plata, Egypt, and the Dardanelles, instead of effectively helping the common cause in Eastern Prussia. The Portland Ministry now strove to replace centrifugal by centripetal strategy; but, with the fatuity that too often beset

British operations, Lord Cathcart's expedition, co-operating with the Swedish forces at Stralsund, did not reach that port until the middle of July, a week after the war was ended by the Peace of Tilsit. The Czar therefore had grave cause for discontent with Great Britain; and the despatches of Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, British ambassador to the Russian Court, fully apprised Canning of the annoyance felt by that monarch.

Thus, if we endeavour to probe Canning's reasons for taking the momentous resolve which he formed in the middle of July 1807, we must assign due importance to the personal equation in the Tilsit problem. He must have asked himself what was the meaning of Alexander's sudden change of front? Did his character and his antecedents warrant the hope that he would withstand the seductive influences brought to bear on him by the strong yet supple nature of Napoleon? What were the plans on which the French Emperor was most firmly bent? What would be the result for the United Kingdom if the might of Russia were added to that of the overgrown Empire of Napoleon? The answers to these questions could only be such as to portend the gravest danger to Great Britain. Napoleon's policy had long been to marshal the Continent against these islands. The accord at Tilsit promised to recall the days of the Armed Neutrality League of 1801—a danger which only the genius of Nelson had served to avert by his timely blow at Copenhagen.

But assuredly Canning would not have undertaken so high-handed an action as the coercion of an unoffending neutral State, unless he had received some information which foreshadowed the seizure of the Danish fleet by Napoleon. This was so; but the exact nature of that information has hitherto remained a mystery. Only within the last few years, when scholars began to study the archives of the Foreign Office, has the question been raised out of the domain of legend and conjecture to that of documentary evidence. In articles published in the 'English Historical Review' for January 1896 and October 1901, and since republished in his 'Napoleonic Studies,' Dr. Rose pointed out that Canning's despatches implied the receipt of intelligence 'through various channels' as having prompted the momentous decision of Ministers. An analysis of the evidence which came from our ambassadors at Copenhagen and at Memel (Lord Granville Leveson-Gower was then at the latter place) served to show that there were grave reasons for anxiety, especially owing to the threatening attitude of the French troops commanded by Marshal Bernadotte, then on the borders of Holstein. On the other hand, the Danish Govern-



ment, when pressed for explanations, stoutly denied the existence of any design on the part of Napoleon to acquire its fleet, or of any special activity in the dockyard at Copenhagen, and declared its firm resolve to maintain the neutrality of the State against any attempt from whatever quarter. In the second of the essays referred to above, a letter of June 23, written by Mr. A. Mackenzie, a British agent who was at Tilsit on the day of the first interview between the Emperors, was quoted in order to show that a British subject had recently been introduced to the Russian commander-in-chief, General Bennigsen, by Prince Troubetzkoi and Dr. Wylie. A letter from Count Voronzoff, with whom Mackenzie was on friendly terms, also facilitated the introduction. Mackenzie was shown to have left Tilsit for Memel immediately after the interview of the Emperors, and not long afterwards to have sailed from Memel for London, passing across Denmark by the 'overland route,' viâ Tønningen. Dr. Rose then suggested that probably Mackenzie was the bearer of the news which reached Canning 'directly from Tilsit' on July 21. The last significant phrase occurred in a despatch which Canning penned on July 22 to Brooke Taylor, informing him that at the imperial interview at Tilsit

'Napoleon brought forward a proposal for a maritime league against Great Britain, to which the accession of Denmark was represented by Bonaparte to be as certain as it was essential. The Emperor of Russia is described as having neither accepted nor refused this proposal. His silence is attributed to the presence of persons before whom he was not likely to speak with perfect openness.'

Canning thereupon instructed Brooke Taylor to proceed to Copenhagen and demand some 'sufficient security' that, if such a proposal had been made by Napoleon to that Court, it would be absolutely refused. He further furnished him with a draft treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Denmark by which the latter Power would hand over its fleet to us for safe keeping in return for an annual subsidy of 100,000*l*.

Here then was clear proof that the policy of the British Government became clear and decided by the date July 21 or 22. An anonymous writer in the '*Athenæum*' for September 27, 1902, however, succeeded in proving that Mackenzie arrived in London with despatches from Memel on July 23, and that we must therefore not assign to him the most important rôle at this crisis. Further, seeing that no despatches from the Baltic States were received at the Foreign Office on July 21, the same writer suggested that Canning might have based his action on oral information, perhaps furnished by M. Alopeus.

the Russian ambassador in London. The suggestion has something to recommend it. Alopeus was certainly on close and friendly terms with Canning. Some weeks previously he had sought to induce the Russian Government to protest warmly against the Francophile tendencies of the Danish Court; and we may here remark that the protest, after receiving the approval of the Czar, would have been sent direct from his headquarters in East Prussia to Copenhagen, had not some official foiled that intention by causing it to be sent round by way of St. Petersburg. The Russian protest, therefore, reached Copenhagen (such was the irony of events) about the time when the British fleet, destined for the coercion of Denmark, cast anchor off Elsinore. In other ways Alopeus had sought to strengthen the coalition against Napoleon. But the present writer has found no indication in the British archives that the Russian ambassador had an interview with Canning on July 21, as is affirmed by the contributor to the '*Athenæum*,' though on that day Alopeus wrote a letter to Canning on a matter connected with the consular service. Further, it is highly improbable that the ambassador of a great Power would, at a very critical juncture in the history of his country, venture to give confidential information to a foreign Government which had just incurred the severe displeasure of his Sovereign. Cases of such questionable conduct are not unknown; but the envoys who took the risk of being indicted for high treason were for the most part powerful Ministers of weak States. Assuredly Alopeus was not in a position to hazard everything in the effort to reverse the change which he saw to be coming over the spirit of Russian diplomacy. Finally, we have the statement made by Canning in the House of Commons during the important debate of January 21, 1808, which turned on this question. Hansard quotes him as follows:—

'Here he' (Canning) 'felt called upon to contradict an insinuation in the "*Moniteur*," which charged Baron Jacobi' (Prussian ambassador in London) 'with giving to the Court of London the secret information respecting the proceedings of the French Government in Prussia, when the fact was that this information came from a British Minister.' \*

This assertion is explicit enough to clear, not only Baron Jacobi, the Prussian ambassador in London, but all the Ministers of foreign Courts deputed to the British Government. An alternative suggestion offered by the contributor to the '*Athenæum*,' that the news may have been brought by General Clinton, who reached Yarmouth from Memel on July 18, is negatived by the

---

\* Hansard, *Parl. Debates* (1808), p. 66.

statement in the despatches of Mr. Garlike, British ambassador at Copenhagen, that the general left Memel on June 22: that is, three days before the Emperors first met at Tilsit. Clinton touched at Stralsund on his way, and finally proceeded to England viâ the Cattegat, a route which he would not have taken if he had been the bearer of important news.

We must now notice the evidence and arguments adduced by the latest biographer of Canning. Mr. Temperley has carefully studied the British archives, and his information, drawn from this and other sources, sensibly advances our knowledge on this difficult subject. In a long note appended to Chapter V. of his work, he assigns some importance to the theory advanced by Stapleton and others that there was a man concealed on the raft, on the occasion of the interview of the two Emperors at Tilsit on June 25, who overheard their conversation and forwarded it to Canning. As alternative explanations Mr. Temperley suggests that the news reached our Foreign Office through the medium of Talleyrand, or through the opening of despatches sent to foreign ambassadors resident in London. We will consider these explanations in the order here indicated. The 'man-on-the-raft' theory has enjoyed so long a lease of life that it is desirable to inquire whether the conditions attending the famous interview at Tilsit were such as to allow of spying. In the first place it should be remembered that the large raft on which the Emperors met in the middle of the river Niemen (the bridge over that river having been burnt down) was specially prepared for the purpose by Lariboisière, a French general of engineers. French soldiers had also erected on it 'une maisonnette très joliment meublée,' containing two apartments, one for the Emperors, the other for their 'état-major.' The raft, or 'pont volant' as it is generally named, was guarded by sentries. Some details furnished to Sir Robert Wilson at Memel by Mackenzie, who witnessed the interview at Tilsit, are worth quoting :

'Bonaparte reached the bridge (*sic*) first and received the Emperor with his hat off, bending as low as possible. He then almost immediately took the Emperor by the arm, and they retired to a corner of the bridge until the rain forced them into the shed erected for this purpose. On their coming out they seemed mutually pleased, and the Emperor of Russia was observed to have a very different air from that which he had when going to the interview.'

The rest of Mackenzie's report to Wilson shows that he had carefully watched the whole scene, as he could not have done had he been in concealment underneath the raft. The fact that the Emperors shifted their position during the interview would also have increased the difficulties of an amphibious eaves-

dropper. Finally, Mackenzie's report of a speech which General Bennigsen afterwards made at dinner : 'The two Emperors have 'shaken hands : Europe has cause to tremble,' shows that our agent stayed long enough at Tilsit on that day to gather some hints as to what was thought or said by responsible Russian officials. The journals of Sir Robert Wilson and Sir George Jackson, compiled at Memel from news probably supplied by Mackenzie, show that after the first part of the interview was over, the Grand Duke Constantine, Bennigsen, Duroc, Kalkreuth, and some others were called into the pavilion or shed, and that the conversation lasted some time longer. As Mackenzie was on friendly terms with Bennigsen, Voronzoff, Troubetzkoi, and other Russian notables, he would certainly have gleaned news from some of them. It is quite clear that he watched the details of the interview from the bank, ascertained what he could from some person or persons of the suite attending the Czar, and thereafter posted off for Memel. There was another Scotsman at Tilsit on or about June 25, a Dr. Wylie, who was then acting as physician to the Emperor Alexander. Perhaps he, too, may have forwarded some important details to the group of British officials then at Memel. It may not be without significance that, on his return to England some years later, he received the honour of knighthood.

How fantastic were the legends woven around the original man-on-the-raft myth may be seen in a recently published work, 'Old Days in Diplomacy.' Sir Edward Disbrowe found the following story current in diplomatic circles in St. Petersburg not very many years later : that an English knight made his way on to the raft disguised as a Russian peasant, 'saw both 'Emperors sign and seal the treaty' (at the first interview), escaped to Portsmouth, and there warned the Government of the Emperors' designs on the Danish fleet. The knight, of course, was Sir Robert Wilson, whose journal proves that on June 25 he was at Memel, forty-five miles distant from Tilsit. Evidently his later adventurous prowlings about Tilsit in disguise led to his figuring as the Roland of the raft myth. In one version of it, Mackenzie figures as the 'Mercurius ex machinâ.'

Turning now to Mr. Temperley's second suggestion, that Talleyrand treacherously sent on information to Canning respecting the policy of Tilsit, we may grant that it has enjoyed wide acceptance from that day to this. The compiler of the so-called 'Fouché Memoirs' (published in 1828-29) insinuated that Napoleon shared this belief. We are now, however, in a position to clear Talleyrand of this imputation. As will presently appear, Canning based his first decision on information which had no

reference to anything that transpired at Tilsit later than June 25. But at that date Talleyrand was at Königsberg, fifty-five English miles distant from Tilsit; and his letters show him to have been unaware of what was passing at the French headquarters. Up to June 23 he was at Danzig. On June 25 all that he knew about affairs at Tilsit was that an armistice had been arranged there on the 23rd; and he wrote to congratulate his master on that 'superb' event. After the interview with the Czar, Napoleon wrote to Talleyrand (who was still Foreign Minister, though he meditated retirement), urging him to come at once to Tilsit to take part in the negotiations. Not until June 30 does the French Emperor refer to Talleyrand as participating in them. Thus, if we assume that the Minister had the wish to betray Napoleon's secrets, he was not in a position to do so before that day. It is true that his nephew, of the same name, was at Tilsit on June 25-29; but to suppose that so young and unpopular a personage found out important State secrets, communicated them to his uncle during the journey of the latter to Tilsit, and that the Minister found means to send on the news to London, is to carry conjecture to the verge of absurdity. A closer examination of Talleyrand's movements at the close of June will, we think, convince Mr. Temperley that this explanation is highly improbable, especially when the conditions attending the transit of news at that time are borne in mind. A succession of gales then greatly hindered navigation in the Baltic and North Sea.

As for Mr. Temperley's third suggestion, that the despatches of some foreign ambassador were tampered with, it is, of course, a 'dernier ressort,' which can neither be proved nor disproved. We protest, however, against his assertion that despatches 'were at this time usually opened and deciphered.' The correspondence between Mr. Ross, Canning's private secretary, and the (first) Earl of Malmesbury shows that our Foreign Minister had 'private accounts' from the Continent which supplemented his official information; but it is needless to assume that he based his action on them, still less on information gained dishonourably. If we consider the possible sources of private information, the most probable is that Count Simon Voronzoff, who was then in London, and occasionally saw Canning, may have imparted to him news from Tilsit.\* His love for England was intense, so we gather from Czartoryski's description of him: 'England had quite fascinated him; he loved her more 'than the most bigoted of Tories.'

---

\* 'Life of Sir R. Wilson,' vol. ii. 306.



It is, however, needless to go beyond the evidence contained in the British archives in order to find the solution of the Canning-Tilsit mystery. The Foreign Office records prove that three important despatches reached Canning on July 16, and that the decision of Ministers to coerce Denmark was formed on the two following days. The most important of the three despatches was one dated Memel, June 26. It reached Mr. Garlike, our ambassador at Copenhagen, on July 4, and was forwarded by him, *viâ* Tonningen, direct to London. Unfortunately it figures in our archives merely as an unsigned extract. The last three sentences only need be quoted :

‘ Yesterday an interview took place at Tilsit, on a “pont volant” in the middle of the river, between Bonaparte and the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. They separated in the most amicable manner. As soon as the negotiation began, Lord Hutchinson left the army.’

Evidently this was the first report of the interview that reached Memel. It coincides closely with that first given by Wilson in his diary, even as to the mistaken report that the King of Prussia was present—an error which Mackenzie’s arrival at Memel shortly afterwards dispelled. Perhaps, if we had the whole of this communication, instead of a brief extract, we should get at the heart of the mystery. But even if that extract had been the only tidings that reached Canning from Memel on the 16th, it must have seemed highly significant in the light of two other despatches which then reached him—namely, Mackenzie’s letter of June 23, referred to above, describing the general wish for peace at the Russian headquarters, and a despatch dated Copenhagen, July 5. In the latter Mr. Garlike quoted details of information sent by our envoy to Hamburg, Mr. Thornton, then resident at Altona, who had reason to think that the French were demanding the right to occupy Altona, as being a *depôt* of British merchandise. When Garlike questioned Count Bernstorff, the Danish Foreign Minister, on this matter, the latter made an unsatisfactory reply, giving his denial only ‘as a private individual.’ Garlike further mentioned that grave fears of French intervention were felt in Denmark owing to the events then transpiring in East Prussia. He warned Canning that too many precautions could not be taken against such an event.

The effect of these three despatches must have been increased by the sharp tension that had existed between Canning and the Danish ambassador in London, Mr. Rist, who seems by his tactless vehemence to have convinced our Foreign Minister that

Denmark was ready to accede to every demand of Napoleon, while objecting to every action of England. Further, Canning had recently received an alarming letter from Copenhagen, written by the Earl of Pembroke, Minister designate to the Court of Vienna, who had to travel to that capital by way of Tönningen, Copenhagen, and Königsberg. The earl reached the Danish capital on May 29, and stayed there long enough to hear rumours as to naval preparations swiftly progressing in the dockyard. These he transmitted at once and privately to Canning, who thereupon, on July 10, dealt to Garlike a severe rebuke for failing to send on this news, which portended an attack on the rear of Cathcart's expedition at Rügen and Stralsund. Ultimately, we may remark, Garlike was able to clear himself completely by forwarding an official report on the state of the Danish navy, which he charged Captain Beauman, of H.M.S. *Procris*, to draw up. The report, dated July 25, concluded thus: 'I may venture to assert that there is at present 'not the shadow of appearance for the equipment of a fleet, as 'it is impossible it would be hid from the eye of any naval officer.' This correction of the first hasty rumour arrived at Downing Street on August 10, too late to repair Garlike's prospects or Canning's misapprehension. Already he had superseded Garlike by sending him to Memel—a mission certain speedily to lapse; and at that time the British fleet was at Elsinore.

The orders and instructions issued by the Admiralty serve to illustrate the suddenness of the crisis produced in official circles by these various items of information. The present writer has searched through those orders for the preceding weeks and has found few signs of naval activity in June or the first half of July. On July 14 there stands an order directing that Altona and Glückstadt shall be included among the ports blockaded by British squadrons—a step which probably resulted from the alarmist news respecting Bernadotte's movements. On July 15 thirteen warships were placed under the command of Sir Samuel Hood, and on the following day five more. In other respects the naval preparations of those weeks were quite normal. But on July 18 there comes an order of phenomenal importance, directing the immediate preparation for sea of no fewer than fifty-one warships for 'a particular service' under Admiral Gambier—the service being that of Copenhagen. On that same day thirty-one warships already at sea were assigned to the same duty. After this burst of activity at the Admiralty there are no further orders of any importance. The days July 21–25 brought no new developments. That the decision of the Government was formed on July 18, or shortly before, is further proved

by the statement of Lord Castlereagh, Minister for War, in Parliament in the debate of January 28, 1808, when he distinctly named July 19 as the day upon which 'Ministers took 'his Majesty's pleasure as to the propriety of the expedition.'\* We may further remark that letters written by Lord Mulgrave, First Lord of the Admiralty, and by Admiral Gambier, to Sir Thomas Byam-Martin, and recently published in the 'Correspondence' of the last-named officer, show that the strain on the Admiralty was severe on July 17. Everything, therefore, tends to show that the information received on, or before, July 16 led to the determination of Ministers.

Why, then, did not Canning formulate the British demands on Denmark until July 22, when he drew up for Brooke-Taylor the draft Anglo-Danish treaty already described? The delay, or hesitation, is explained by a private account of these events penned by Mr. Francis J. Jackson, the manuscript of which has been kindly placed at the disposal of the present writer by the Council of the Royal Historical Society. Jackson, formerly ambassador at Berlin, seemed the most suitable man to carry the final demands to Copenhagen, after Brooke-Taylor had been sent thither for the purpose of replacing Garlike. While absent in Northamptonshire, Jackson received an urgent message from Downing Street at 1 A.M. of July 18, commanding him to repair to the Foreign Office by 11 A.M. He found Canning in a state of perplexity as to the methods to be used for 'keeping the 'Danes in order'—the Earl of Malmesbury's phrase. Canning did not explain himself fully to Jackson in the first interview; but the latter soon came to understand

'the nature of the mission upon which I was to be sent. *The object of it was to get possession of the Danish fleet.*' (The italics are Jackson's.) 'Various expedients were devised for this purpose, all more or less founded, as was the object itself, upon the information, transmitted through various channels, of its being the intention or Bonaparte to take possession of Holstein and Sleswig for the purpose of closing the ports of those provinces against our flag and of proceeding from thence to the seizure of the Danish navy to assist in the invasion of Great Britain.'

This passage, now published for the first time, points definitely to the despatches received at Downing Street on July 16 as having prompted the new departure in British policy. Previously there had been a chance that Great Britain would accept the mediation of Austria for a settlement with Napoleon. The news of the Tilsit interview, of the prospects of a Franco-

---

\* Hansard, Parl. Debates, 1808, p. 169.

Russian 'entente,' and of Bernadotte's movements near the borders of Holstein, together with the Earl of Pembroke's report about the Danish naval preparations, evidently kindled in Canning's ardent spirit a flame of defiance, and begot a resolve to avert the impending danger by a decisive stroke.

It may now be regarded as almost proven that the information on which he at first based his resolve was extremely meagre. In part, as we have seen, it was absolutely false; but Canning did not know of its falsity until August 10. Jackson found that Ministers attached some importance to the news sent by Thornton from Altona. To Jackson's trained eye it seemed suspicious; still more so were various reports of the same kind 'from various other quarters.' These last he dismissed as originating with 'those numberless retailers of news by which 'publick men of publick offices are now more than ever beset.' Further, in his letter of July 18, 1807, to his brother, Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Jackson—a letter published in the 'Diaries' of the latter—he expressed a hope for his return from Memel in order to 'bring that information to Government on the general 'state of affairs, of which they are now so totally destitute.' In proof that officials at Downing Street were not of one mind as to the capture of the Danish fleet, we may further notice the opening remarks in the 'Memoirs of an Ex-Minister' (the third Earl of Malmesbury). He states that his father, Lord Fitzharris, who in 1807 was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, resigned office chiefly owing to 'the affair of 1807, when 'we seized the Danish fleet to prevent Napoleon from doing so.' True, he calls that act 'wise' and 'indispensable'; but clearly his objections to office were based on something else than his dislike of the task of reassuring the Danish ambassador as to the aim of the British expedition.

The news brought from Memel by Mackenzie on July 23 was more definite. His budget of despatches contained a note from Count Budberg, the Russian Foreign Minister, to Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, in which he haughtily justified the change in Russian policy as resulting from 'la lenteur et l'irrésolution' of the Allies. Our ambassador, in commenting on the 'effrontery 'with which the Court of Russia avows the desertion of their 'former principles and the entire change of their political 'system,' adds that 'Bonaparte has obtained complete possession of the mind of the Emperor Alexander.' This information must have clinched the resolve which the British Cabinet had formed on July 16-18; and Canning thereafter drew up the final instructions issued to Francis Jackson on July 28. It is

unnecessary to detail them here, as they have been published in Dr. Rose's '*Napoleonic Studies*,' pp. 136-140.

Before adverting to the consequences of the British expedition to Copenhagen, it is desirable to examine the statements of the first Earl of Malmesbury in his '*Diaries*.' They have hitherto been accepted as a 'source' of the first importance, seeing that he was the Mentor of the Cabinet and the father of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He asserts that the first news as to Napoleon's designs on the Danish fleet came from Lisbon; that it reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, who imparted it to the Duke of Portland during an audience at Carlton House in May 1807. In order to test the value of this assertion the present writer has searched the Foreign Office records relating to Portuguese affairs ('*F.O. Portugal*,' vols. 54, 55). They contain nothing that confirms this statement and much that contradicts it. There is no sign that Viscount Strangford, British ambassador at Lisbon, believed danger to be impending over that kingdom, still less over Denmark. His despatches contain full details on all matters of importance; and, on August 2, 1807, when, according to the Earl of Malmesbury, the danger threatening those two States was becoming acute, he wrote as follows to Canning: 'Matters continue perfectly quiet in Portugal; nor have I any reason to believe that the sort of existence during pleasure, which she has so long enjoyed, has yet been menaced by the Government of France.' It is in his despatch of September 13 that Viscount Strangford first sounds the note of alarm for Portugal. Further, we cannot suppose that important news from Lisbon reached London through other than official channels; for on August 31 Canning expressed to that ambassador 'the King's entire satisfaction at the proofs contained in those despatches of your lordship's ability and intelligence, and zeal for H.M.'s service.' Assuredly Canning, who rebuked and superseded Garlike for his supposed remissness, would not have commended Strangford if any important news had come from Lisbon through private sources alone. That some rumour reached the ears of the Prince of Wales and was passed on by him to the Prime Minister may be true; but it is clear that Canning paid no heed to it, and founded his decision on surer grounds. Finally, we may note that Mr. Francis Jackson in his '*Narrative*' distinctly states that the reports of the British agents at Memel 'were shortly after (*sic*) confirmed by the communications of the Court of Portugal, to which Bonaparte's intentions had been made known.' Ministers later on in Parliament made effective use of Napoleon's brutal treatment of Portugal as a justification for their sharp



action towards Denmark ; but the present writer can confidently assert that news from Portugal never entered into Canning's calculations in the months June-July 1807.

Equally untenable are the assertions of the Earl of Malmesbury that the Czar allowed Napoleon to draft all the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit at his own time and on his own terms ; also that Canning had those secret articles in his possession when the British expedition set sail for Copenhagen. A reference to Canning's despatch of August 4, 1807, to Lord Leveson-Gower shows that our Foreign Minister was even then unaware whether there were any secret articles :

'Your Excellency' (he writes) 'should further demand the communication of any Secret Articles to that effect, or a formal disclaimer of their existence.'

On the following day he wrote to our envoy these significant words :

'The project of occupying the ports of Holstein, and of employing the Danish fleet as part of a combined armament to cover the invasion of Scotland and Ireland, was undoubtedly conceived by Bonaparte some time before any intercourse had taken place between him and the Emperor of Russia.'

Clearly, then, Canning had long been apprehensive of a Franco-Danish attack, and deemed the new accord between Napoleon and Alexander and the rumoured naval preparations at Copenhagen to be the prelude of a league of the Baltic Powers which had placed us in so acute a crisis six years previously. Now, when Nelson had passed away, could Canning hope for a national deliverance as signal as that of April 1801 ? Those who weigh well the circumstances of the case and the characters of Napoleon and Alexander will assuredly not censure our Minister for his action, even though it was based on evidence of a very incomplete and imperfect character. The great minds are those which in times of acute crisis argue by analogy and intuition rather than by formal syllogisms. Canning knew enough of the drift of French policy to see that the friendly behaviour of the two Emperors on the raft at Tilsit foreshadowed a new Armed Neutrality League, the exclusion of British ships from the Baltic, and the eventual coercion of Sweden. To safeguard Cathcart's force at Stralsund and defend Sweden from an attack across the Sound was a matter of urgent importance ; and he took the precaution of sending to Copenhagen a fleet of overwhelming strength so as to save the honour of that Court in yielding to the very exceptional demands made on it by Jackson. Captain Mahan, in treating the question of the

capture of the Spanish treasure-ships by a small British force in 1804, has defended the principle on which that seizure was based, even while blaming the insufficiency of the squadron detailed for that service. In 1807 the British Government hoped to avert all hostilities with Denmark by sending a fleet which finally numbered eighty-eight ships. The sentimentalists who howled at Canning for attacking a small State with so mighty a force should have remembered that the strength of the British fleet was the best guarantee for the peaceable accomplishment of what was to Canning and to all concerned a painful and disagreeable duty. As in 1801, Denmark had to pay the penalty which nature imposed on her as the guardian of the Baltic. Probably Jackson might have broached the question to the Crown Prince with more tact than he actually displayed. Canning was clearly of that opinion; and, we may remark, Jackson's 'Narrative' bears signs of resentment against the Minister for harbouring that thought.

Our Foreign Minister also disapproved of the action of the commanders of the expedition in tying their hands by the 'capitulation' of September 7, whereby they agreed to evacuate Zealand in six weeks. His aim was to force Denmark into an alliance, in accordance with the policy first outlined at Bartenstein. The terms of the 'capitulation' made this impossible. Further, the hasty withdrawal of Cathcart's force from Stralsund to take part in the operations at Copenhagen had the effect of disgusting the Swedish King, and of bringing about those strained relations which may in some measure have led to his extraordinary treatment of Sir John Moore in the following year. We may remark that Mr. Temperley has sought to minimise the disadvantages which resulted from the 'capitulation' of September 7, but his argument here is far from conclusive, while he leaves almost out of count the grave loss of prestige accruing from an expedition which seemed on the surface to be sent with the sole object of seizing the Danish fleet. Canning's memoir on the wider aims of the expedition shows that he desired an alliance with all the Scandinavian States as the sole available means of keeping open the Baltic and of preventing the completion of Napoleon's Continental System. The results of his action in July-August 1807 were therefore pitifully mean in comparison with those which he undoubtedly cherished.

As to the general accuracy of his surmise respecting Napoleon's plans there can be no doubt. On the day of the signing of the famous Berlin Decree (November 21, 1806) the French Emperor wrote to Talleyrand in terms which implied a set resolve to bring Denmark into the Continental System which

he then formally inaugurated. Several other letters breathe the same determination, notably those written on or about August 2, 1807. It is also noteworthy that Talleyrand, shortly after the signature of the Treaty of Tilsit, remarked to an adventurous Irishman, Captain Alison by name: 'Now we can do as we will with England; and we shall certainly invade her; nor will ships be wanting.'\* It has been proved by M. Tatischeff that even before the first interview of the Emperors at Tilsit a draft proposal had been drawn up in the Russian Foreign Office, doubtless by some Francophile official, setting forth the desirability of a great naval effort against England. It is very unlikely that Canning heard of this proposal; had he done so he would certainly have referred to it in his despatches to Brooke-Taylor and Jackson. That he could have grounded his decision on the information conveyed in Talleyrand's threatening remark is impossible. That decision, as we have shown, may be censured as being unjustifiable. The moralist will unhesitatingly condemn it. The logician may declare it to be a flagrant instance of a conclusion based on very imperfect premisses. But those who study the problems which now and again confronted statesmen in pre-telegraphic days will sympathise with them—as with men who grope for safety in a fog—will strive to realise the limitations of their knowledge, and will probably accord to Canning the praise due to a man whose intuitive powers led him to the truth even through a maze of merely circumstantial evidence.

---

\* 'Life of Sir R. Wilson,' vol. ii. p. 307.

## ART. V.—CRITICISMS OF LIFE IN IRELAND.

1. *The Seething Pot*. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. London : Arnold. 1905.
2. *Hyacinth*. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. London : Arnold. 1906.
3. *The Untilled Field*. By GEORGE MOORE. London : Unwin. 1903.
4. *The Lake*. By GEORGE MOORE. London : Heinemann. 1905.

THE most obvious fact in Irish life is, by consent of all observers, the power and pervasiveness of the Catholic religion. Hardly less apparent is the phenomenon that the Catholic Church, traditionally conservative, is in Ireland leagued with the forces which are disintegrating a long established social order. But only now does a further observation begin to be made—that such alliance has not modified the permanent character of this great organisation. Its phase of revolt was transient and accidental: the spirit of ecclesiasticism is in Ireland, as elsewhere, reactionary and opposed to whatever is meant by liberalism. Yet a sequence of historical causes has long tended to obscure that opposition. One object, if not the main object, of political action in Ireland has been to overthrow the settlement of land arrived at in the seventeenth century. That settlement ratified a confiscation under which land was taken from Catholics as such; but the persistent refusal of the Irish to conform made it impossible to distinguish between the national and the religious issues, and in the long struggle the effort after a reversal of the settlement was always represented as national, and was conducted by those who regarded themselves as the Irish nation. Yet the Catholic hierarchy, when it supported those who were, or aspired to be, the democracy, probably considered its action as directed towards regaining the mastery of Ireland for the Catholics. Its leaders may very well have said to themselves: ‘These people, some of them Protestants, aim confessedly at establishing the principle that Ireland shall be ruled by the Irish. But the term Irishman is ambiguous, whereas a man either is or is not a Catholic, beyond all possibility of mistake. Mastery will belong to the group whose aims and whose nature are best defined.’

In a certain sense Ireland is now much less governed by Irishmen than she was thirty years ago. That section of the population to whom England willingly confided the government

is now very largely deprived of power; it has lost the control of the land, it has lost all power in local administration. From this two things result: first, that the country is more directly governed by England—bureaucratically, through a system of boards—than it was before; secondly, that in the space not covered by the action of these boards the governing power of the Church of Rome tends to disclose itself. The priest is no longer a champion against the landlord, for the landlord has in most cases no power left. *Per contra*, the proceedings of local bodies either have or have not the priest's approval, and since he is by law disqualified from serving on these bodies, he must exercise his influence more or less explicitly from outside, the result being either control or conflict. The central Government also, in its efforts to direct and restrain the action of these local bodies, applies for support to the representative of that great organisation which is at least not necessarily hostile. A clergy, thus aggrandised, have come to look with increasing displeasure on any activity which they cannot directly influence, and this phase in the developement of a political situation is naturally marked by a brisk fire of criticism directed on the Catholic Church. Those who value free literary expression as a curb on clericalism see with distress the comparatively small notice bestowed on the really able polemics of Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, and the monstrous vogue obtained by the ill-digested compilations of a writer lacking not only any tincture of literary gift, but also the least trace of judicial spirit. Yet this success of the egregious Mr. McCarthy should carry a lesson, for it is only a symptom of that tendency to jump at whatever can be heard to the disadvantage of Romanism, which is a phenomenon common enough in England, but deplorably evident in Ireland. And as a phenomenon notable for its appearance in minds otherwise generous and sympathetic, the thing merits an explanation which we find admirably given by Mr. J. O. Hannay in the introductory chapter of his work on 'The Spirit and Origin of 'Christian Monasticism.' Speaking here as an Irish Protestant, addressing primarily those of his immediate communion (for the book is based upon his Donnellan lectures, delivered before the University of Dublin), and using, as we shall do throughout this article, the terms 'Protestant' and 'Catholic' as they are habitually used in Ireland, Mr. Hannay writes:

'Protestantism and Catholicism cannot coalesce. They have different ideals, different conceptions, of what the Christian life is, or may be at its best. . . . The Catholic ideal is the ascetic life. The true monk is the perfect Christian. . . . Possession of property,



marriage, fatherhood, blind a man's eyes to life's greatest possibility, the beatific vision of the King in His beauty. The monk's complete renunciation of all which the world holds to be good is at once the proof of his devotion and the means whereby he is able to arrive most swiftly and certainly at close personal communion with God. . . . Utterly remote from this is the Protestant ideal. . . . In the Protestant view a good citizen is the best Christian. It is in the faithful performance of life's common duties that a man most perfectly fulfils the will of God. In the lawful fulfilments of his body's functions he comes nearest to achieving the purpose of God who made the body what it is. In making the most that he can, honestly, out of life's opportunities for gain and joy, he best shows his thankfulness to the God who placed him in the world. . . . Protestants have not merely rejected the ascetic ideal of life. They have failed to understand it. They have very often hated it and almost always dreaded it.'

Men gladly hear evil of what they hate and dread, and to this spring must be attributed, as we have said, the vogue earned by books not in themselves worth criticism. And readers who are not Catholics should remember this predisposition in themselves when they approach such presentations of Irish life as we have to deal with in this review, given, indeed, in works of fiction, yet deliberately and seriously criticising a country where Catholicism has the strongest hold both on sentiment and on belief, and where the power of its clergy is at a maximum.

Let us first of all take an entirely hostile witness, Mr. George Moore—who, bred a Catholic like the generations before him, has, not without jubilation of trumpets, shaken off from his now Protestant shoulders the sackcloth of a fundamentally ascetic religion. His testimony is contained chiefly in two books, of which the latter, and incomparably the better, is much the less relevant to our purpose; for 'The Lake' is a novel, and a good novel—so good, in a sense, that one cannot argue fairly from its personages. In human life every individual is an exception to rules, the more exceptional as his or her individuality is more strongly marked; and the two persons with whom this story is almost exclusively concerned are at once very strongly individualised and very unusual. They are, however, unusual in different ways. Rose Leicester, the *ci-devant* schoolmistress of Garranard, is a young woman whose like might easily enough be met in London among some literary group. But at Garranard, on the shores of a Connaught lake, she would be no less surprising than her name in the class from which village schoolmistresses are drawn. Mr. Moore does not condescend to any explanation of who she was, how she got there, how she

came by a musical education, or any other of the things which certainly need to be told in regard to a country like Ireland, where everybody is accounted for, genealogically and biographically. Father Gogarty, the parish priest of Garranard, is, on the other hand, passably accounted for. Given a man with his temperament, set down in an environment such as the one which Mr. Moore describes with great feeling and justice, after the Maynooth training, whose effects both direct and by reaction are fairly estimated, it is quite possible that such a girl as Rose Leicester might produce the upheaval which we follow through its gradual stages. Only, this has to be said. Men of Father Gogarty's type are rare anywhere, and the chance encounter which awakens in him unlooked-for aspirations would be still rarer in the West of Ireland; for, though Mr. Moore in this book handles the old theme of a priest enamoured, he does so in no vulgar fashion. What Father Gogarty yields to is no awakening of sensual appetite in a celibate; the temptation for him is that desire for a subtle and intimate companionship which often can disguise itself as friendship, and, in such a case as Father Gogarty's, will only stand revealed under the fierce touchstone of jealousy. Even so, and here we think Mr. Moore's psychology very true and searching, it need not reveal itself to the sufferer. Father Gogarty's first attitude towards Rose Leicester was that of championship. She was the schoolmistress whom his predecessor proposed to get rid of because 'a girl like that,' though competent and even talented, was 'a danger in a parish.' Then a sudden death had left the parish vacant, and Father Gogarty, when appointed, had naturally not got rid of Rose Leicester. Rather, he was solicitous to retain the brilliant young woman who lent a new distinction to the music in his church, and who arranged the altar flowers so tastefully. It was perhaps less natural that when scandal attacked her, he should have gone straight to question the girl herself; but he did not account to himself either for the impatient impulse or for the outburst of rage which assailed him when she had admitted justification only too full for the rumour. He denounced her next Sunday from the altar. The girl stole away out of the church, out of the parish, vanished; and Father Gogarty, through the months that followed, wandered, moping and useless, a prey, as he believed, to remorse. The girl had possibly drowned herself, and he was answerable. Then came a letter from a priest in England telling that she lived, that her story was known to the writer; and the letter reprobated incidentally what it called (quite justly) the 'inhuman and unchristian' practice pursued by many Irish priests of driving out the erring

woman where her lapse cannot be covered by marriage. Father Gogarty, in a rapture of relief, posted off a letter to Miss Leicester begging her forgiveness. So began a correspondence through which the story of the book is mainly conducted.

Father Gogarty wants the girl to come back. He secures a promise from his sister, who is the reverend mother of a neighbouring convent, that she will employ Miss Leicester as teacher of music—a promise most incredible, since Mother Eliza is presumed to know the whole story. However, that does not greatly matter, except as affecting our estimate of Mr. Moore's method. Obviously in this novel he is not a realist, but a romancer. In any case, Rose has no thought of coming back. She tells Father Gogarty, first of her confident ambitions, then of her success when she is installed as confidential secretary to a distinguished scholar. Her impressions of travel, her whole commentary on life, are carefully arranged to torture this secluded lover with a sense of his own limitations, and of his impotence to control her career, which he admires even while he deprecates it. But gradually the screens which he sets up between his soul and its central anxiety fall away. He ceases to believe that he goes on writing only in order to counteract an irreligious influence, and he asks her directly the question which has been burning itself in on his heart: Is she the mistress of this new employer, whose doings and sayings fill so great a space in her letters? The implied avowal in her reply comes with a half-taunting advice that he should give up the correspondence; and Father Gogarty's long-drawn delirium ends in a fever. He emerges from it only to write more letters, but these show him coming to a determination. Fooled and goaded as he has been—for Rose admits that she had been partly moved by a desire for vengeance—he has at least learnt a lesson. The priesthood is no calling for him, and since in Ireland at least, and perhaps everywhere, the unfrocked priest is in an impossible position, he escapes by swimming the lake at night, leaving, symbolically and actually, his clerical trappings on the hither shore.

Mr. Moore does not disguise his opinion that the lesson has been salutary; the swim across the lake is a kind of new regeneration, a baptism for the common life of the world. Rose comes to the priest representing not vice but life—the whole range of emotional possibilities which for a man centre about a woman. This, it may be at least plausibly said, is, from a Catholic point of view, more dangerous than sheer brutishness. Father Gogarty has a curate on whom, in the loneliness of Connaught, comes sometimes the temptation of drink. By the help of Gogarty he subdues this devil; and in a very dramatic conversation the

two priests discuss—devils. Father Moran has been in that state when, 'if roaring hell were open, and sitting on the brink 'of it, and a table beside me with whiskey on it, I should fill 'myself a glass.' But, as Gogarty observes, the craving for drink would not seem to have lessened his belief in the hell that awaited drunkards; and Father Moran comments, perhaps too philosophically :

"As for faith, drink never does harm to anyone's faith whatsoever; there's only one thing that takes a man's faith from him, and that is woman."

"I think you're right" (Gogarty answers): "woman is the danger. The Church dreads her. Woman is life."

That is a very much more philosophic account of the matter than is attributed to a character in Mr. Moore's other book. 'From the beginning' (says the sculptor in his story, 'In the 'Clay') 'they have looked on women as unclean things.' Well, the sculptor is angry, not without cause, after the destruction of his nude statue, which he meant to robe as a virgin; and perhaps the early anchoritic communities gave some justification for his views. But Mr. Moore himself would hardly assert more than this—that Maynooth teaches priests to despise women. Even that is probably excessive. The woman, as the honoured centre of a household, its true ruler, has been glorified not only by Father Sheehan, but by many another Irish priest. The difficulty is over the processes which establish her there. Father Sheehan quite explicitly disapproves of courtship; and Mr. Moore, in 'The Untilled Field,' shows us priests who do more than disapprove. Father Tom, in 'Some Parishioners,' drives his young people in from lingering about the lanes, and forbids dancing; so does the priest of the parish which Julia Cahill cursed. It is fair to say that Mr. Moore puts the answer to Father Tom into the mouth of an older priest :

"If you do not let them walk about the lanes and make their own marriages, they marry for money. These walks at eventide represent all the aspiration that may come into their lives. After they get married, the work of the world grinds all the poetry out of them."

Father Tom objects that the ordinary incidents of courtship, which he specifies contumeliously, are not his idea of poetry. His senior replies wisely: 'Woman represents all the poetry 'that the ordinary man is capable of appreciating.' Yet, so far as our own experience goes, priests who agree with Father Tom are commoner than advocates of his uncle's more lenient

philosophy. The glamour of sex—the poetry which the ordinary man is capable of appreciating—is precisely the thing which, as Father Gogarty's curate saw, may be dangerous to faith. Craving for drink is a simple definite thing, but the love of a woman colours a man's whole mind, and is blended with every preoccupation. It gives a zest to the whole business of life. And since the devout Catholic holds with St. Thomas à Kempis that 'the highest wisdom is by contempt of the world to make 'for the regions of heaven,' any priest may reasonably regard with suspicion that frame of mind which not only makes life seem more desirable, but in a sense transfigures and spiritualises it.

No doubt the answer of any average Irish priest would be that romance and the poetry of love-making are all very well and quite admissible for ladies and gentlemen, but that his flock are peasants, that nothing is more remote from romance than the preliminaries of marriage in Irish peasant life, and that nowhere is marriage more successful. Courting, he might say, is an amusement which has in Ireland very little to do with marriage, which seldom leads up to marriage, and sometimes leads to what he condemns. Therefore, in setting his face against courting he is doing nothing to hinder marriage. Julia Cahill is denounced simply and solely because she has turned the heads of all the young men in the parish and refuses to marry and settle down. It is not hinted that she has transgressed, as the ordinary code counts transgression; it is tacitly assumed that once married she will cease altogether to be a danger. Her offence is simply that she is too fond of courtship, of walking out in the evenings with this or that young man. Let it be observed, also, that when the priest denounces her the village adopts the censure of the priest, and Julia is outcast as if she had actually sinned; and, like those who have sinned, she must take the one open road, which leads to America. A disturbing element is banished; but that element, says Mr. Moore, is life. 'It is life they are driving out.'

In a degree at least all this is a true picture. Through a great part of Ireland public opinion, moulded by the clergy, separates the sexes as far as possible. At the church door, and wherever else they congregate, men group on one side, women on the other. It is not well thought of for people of opposite sexes to be seen walking along the road together even to a market. The position certainly of some ecclesiastics has been made definite by the refusal of certain bishops to allow 'mixed 'classes' in branches of the Gaelic League. It is held that if men and women or boys and girls assemble to study in the evening, bad results may follow, and even when the priest ap-



proves the object of study, he will think the risk too serious to be taken. That is the pith of it. No risks must be taken that the priest can prevent; the responsibility for souls lies heavy on him.

The case we have just quoted is interesting because it indicates one of the points where the control of the priests is felt to be excessive. On the whole, as has been said, public opinion discourages whatever can be justly, or even unjustly, set down as sweethearting. But when a priest or bishop declares that, sooner than let young people gather together in the evenings, he would strike his parish out of all participation in a great popular movement which has the express approval of his Church, such a declaration, whether by word or act, brings him into a collision with a vigorous organisation extremely conscious of its own virtue. Moreover, in a sense, the Gaelic League is at one with Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore thinks that all the people in Ireland who desire life are flying to America for freedom. The Gaelic League agrees that the lack of interest in Irish life has much to answer for in the exodus. It is true that Mr. Moore takes freedom as connoting the disposition to regard children born out of wedlock as 'mere natural accidents' (Rose Leicester's phrase), and consequently makes it easy for Catholic partisans to construe him as saying that the Irish people go to America in pursuit of vice, and that nothing but a toleration of vice will retain them. Yet when the clergy in their excess of caution hamper the activities of a body which exists not merely to promote the study of a language, but to quicken and stimulate the intellectual and social life of Ireland, it is at least as fair for their critics to represent the priesthood as a force leagued to repress life—to strangle the country rather than let it get out of their control.

In every representation of this sort there is an element of truth. It is true that the Catholic clergy have put down dancing in many country places, it is probable that they have at least done something to lessen the interest which the sexes take in each other, it is even true that some of them have regarded the Gaelic League as introducing dangerous dissipations; in general, it may be said that they have helped to make life in Ireland more dull. It seems also true that they have tightened the curb a good deal of late years, possibly from an advance of the ethical standard, but more probably because, as we pointed out, circumstances have greatly increased their power. Yet we do not think that Mr. Moore is right in blaming the Irish clergy for the drain of emigration. What takes people from Ireland to America is the impulse which leaves English countrysides

deserted and crowds English towns. The attractive force of great centres of energy, wealth, and splendour is felt in all agricultural communities, and America is Ireland's town. Admitting that some priests do something to help the tendency—admitting that Julia Cahill might, under more lenient control, have stayed in Ireland and become the mother of a fine family after she had settled down—who is to blame the priests? Their profession binds them to consider the welfare of souls before all else, and they are in charge of their flocks. At most one may urge that they owe a duty to the Julia Cahills and other dangerous young persons no less than to the sedate members of their congregation—that Julia, driven out, is not likely to go to any other country where her spiritual welfare will be so closely looked after. Again, if we take Mr. Moore's view that the Celt has a genius for religion and for nothing else, who is to blame those who make the most of that genius? A Catholic may not only logically rejoice over the multiplication of priests and nuns in Ireland; he cannot logically do otherwise. It may distress the good citizen to contemplate the annual absorption of so much Irish flesh and blood for purposes purely ecclesiastical and not purely Irish—the tremendous enrolment of Irishmen and Irishwomen in missionary enterprise. But the Catholic clergyman (if not also the Catholic layman) is bound to consider the interest of Catholic religion before the welfare of this or that State; and an Irish priest cannot well assert that the world may possibly have too many Irish priests in it. The Catholic layman may be theoretically bound to the same views, but he can be trusted to realise the fact that his country cannot afford to maintain or even to train an undue proportion of clerics. Catholicism only becomes a danger to the State (from the good citizen's point of view) when Catholic clergy have too potent a voice in the management of secular affairs.

That in the present stage of Ireland's evolution things are at least approximating to this danger point is the opinion of many. The Irish Catholic Church has a peculiar hold on the affections of its people, for it is their own creature, they kept it alive in the teeth of hostile governments, they bestowed on it their sufferings and their losses, making it spiritually rich when it was temporally outcast and beggared. When the time came that it could receive gifts, gifts were heaped upon it, yet there were never wanting seasons of adversity to renew the old bond between devoted priest and starving people. Politically, on the whole and not without some diffidence, the great organisation sided with those who had maintained it. Cardinals and bishops might waver, but the parish priests were of the people

and for the people, and Mr. William O'Brien has recently been recalling how an archbishop led in the land war of the early eighties. None of these things are forgotten by a race which is at least most unwavering in gratitude to its clergy; they were not forgotten in the day of the Parnell crisis, with which Irish history entered on a new phase. In the struggle which followed the priests won, and perhaps for the first time they became then entirely conscious of their political influence. Everything that followed tended to aggrandise them; killing Home Rule with kindness meant, in effect, attempting to enlist the Catholic clergy on the side of Government. *Pari passu*, the Church was enriched; the tenant class had more money to spend, and much of it went to purposes of religion. Dissensions among the political leaders weakened the position of parliamentarians in the eyes of the people, and at the same time reduced those leaders, if not to bidding against each other for clerical support, at least to a great caution in any step which might provoke clerical hostility. This is in rough outline the situation which is commented upon by the author of two of the cleverest books which have recently come out of Ireland; and we propose to examine them in detail.

But first of all as to their authorship; there is no use in affecting ignorance of what everybody (in Ireland at least) knows. When 'The Seething Pot' was published about a year ago, there was much speculation as to who Mr. George A. Birmingham might be; for Ireland is a very small country, and no one knew anyone of that name. Gradually, as happens in such cases, the secret leaked out, and a well-known Protestant clergyman, rector of a western parish, was identified as the satirist. The discovery was of the more interest as the novel was in a sense a *roman à clef*, and the particular victims, their friends and their unfriends, were at last able to say whence the shafts proceeded. Undeterred, however, the novelist has pursued his career, and in 'Hyacinth,' which was published the other day, reference, if not to persons at least to particular incidents and institutions, is wholly unmistakeable; and some allusion to this must be made in outlining the plan—for plot there is none—of these two discursive novels. 'The Seething Pot' presents us in the first chapter with a young gentleman seated in the Irish mail on his way to take up a great inheritance. He is Sir Gerald Geoghegan, an Irishman brought up in Australia for the notable reason that his father, somewhere in the middle of last century, headed an abortive rebellion and incurred sentence of death, which was modified to transportation. The title and estates of his father's brother, a Protestant but of ancient Irish stock,

have unexpectedly fallen to this unknown next-of-kin, and Sir Gerald proceeds with pleasant anticipations to take up a new life in the old country—concerning which he has inherited vaguely his father's beliefs and aspirations. Chance gives him for fellow-traveller an Irish philosopher and man of letters, Desmond O'Hara, editor and owner of an eccentric Irish journal, whose prototype is easily recognised. The material personality of Mr. O'Hara may be fictitious, but the ideas which Mr. O'Hara is made to expound for the edification of Sir Gerald are a very slight caricature of what a small public has read weekly (with intermissions) for some years in the 'All Ireland Review,' a paper which bears about the same relation to ordinary journalism as did Ruskin's 'Fors Clavigera.' So much luminous sense and nonsense has not elsewhere been offered to an entirely inappreciative world.

Mr. O'Hara, then, tells the home-comer about Ireland from his own point of view; but Gerald Geoghegan has to learn at first hand. After a day or two in Dublin, where O'Hara guides him into a centre of the modern literary and artistic revival, he proceeds towards Connaught, and the salient note of his impressions is the note which dominates these two books.

'The train crawls more and more slowly through Roscommon and across Mayo. The traveller can study in detail tracts of bog, patched with bright green fields or black ploughed land. Farm-houses have disappeared, and their place is taken by thatched cabins, with lean small cattle and barelegged children round their doors. The stoppages become more frequent. From every station little huddled towns are to be seen, each a shade shabbier than its sister next on the east. The spires and towers and walls of great parish churches overtop and dwarf the houses. Featureless ranges of convent buildings have seized the vantage-ground of neighbouring hills. The church has dominated these towns, but not, as sometimes in England, where a minster looks down like a venerable mother upon the streets beneath. Here the ecclesiastical buildings are obtrusive, self-assertive, new. Bedraggled houses cluster round them, less, it seems, because they love them than from a desire to share a spurious smartness. On every platform there congregate similar groups of cattle-jobbers and small farmers clad in meanly-made shop-clothes. Very rarely among them there is some older man who still wears the rough gray frieze. The women as they pass reek of sour turf smoke. Men and women alike have still the cowed look on their faces which is their inheritance from the generations that England really ruled. The inevitable policeman who stands by to see the train arrive and leave is a kind of symbol that Ireland is still held by a garrison.'

A population which inherits the habit of unquestioning

submission to authority in all matters; the policeman still present as the symbol of a rule which is not in any sense popular; and the church towering over all—that is certainly what many observers see in the greater part of Ireland to-day. Yet Mr. Birmingham is not quite right in one interpretation. The policeman represents no longer the ‘Garrison,’ that is, the English party in Ireland. He stands for the direct power of England, he is the officer of a purely bureaucratic administration. Morally speaking, if not materially, a clean sweep has been made of those who, in Mr. O’Hara’s opinion, are the natural leaders of the Irish people—the gentry of Ireland, who formerly controlled the country. This range of facts is forcibly brought home to Sir Gerald.

At Clogher station he is agreeably surprised to find a crowd and a band—assembled doubtless to welcome him as their new squire. Mr. Godfrey, his agent, who meets the train, dispels this illusion. The crowd has gathered to meet a local member of Parliament just returned from gaol; and the local member is already denouncing Mr. Godfrey and his employer, while the crowd groans and curses. This is the beginning of Gerald’s initiation into the fact that he has stepped into an arena where everybody is on one or other of two hostile sides. The Protestant rector at his first interview elucidates the situation to the newcomer, who still opines that all Irishmen ought to unite for the good of their country. Canon Johnston explains that Ireland is merely a geographical expression, that patriotism has nothing to say in the matter, that the whole of Irish politics is a struggle between those who have land and those who want to get it; and that the reasonable course is to accept the facts.

‘You and I are on one side; I put in myself because the interests of Protestantism are bound up with those of the landlords. We are born on one side, put there by the Almighty, and we’ve got to fight our corner and keep our end up as long as we can. They fight their corner, and I shouldn’t blame them if they fought fair, but they don’t.’

Gerald Geoghegan meekly protests that surely there must be some right and wrong in these matters.

“Of course there is,” said the Canon. “Our side is right and theirs is wrong. They want to take your property and they are gradually getting it. There are two commandments in the decalogue which apply—the tenth and the eighth.”

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Birmingham commits his typical representative of Irish Protestant opinion to a series of propositions which may be stated as follows: That Ireland



has no more claim than Yorkshire to possess a distinctive nationality ; that Irish nationalism is a propaganda not of principle but of plunder ; that the Church of Ireland (which on this showing is oddly named) is in natural opposition to all Irishmen who are not either Protestants or landlords. This exposition, which (fortunately or unfortunately) may be held as fairly representing the political attitude of Irish Protestant clergymen in general, has to be borne in mind when we come to consider the second novel. This first book, however, is concerned with the fortunes of a Protestant hero who is a layman and by inheritance a little disposed to revolt from the order of which he finds himself a part. Nevertheless all the attractions of that order are strong upon him ; agreeable friendly neighbours ask him to agreeable houses, and every word or act of theirs is governed by the fundamental assumptions which underlie Canon Johnston's code of conduct. Yet the way is smoothed by a sympathy. Lord Clonfert's pretty daughter has strong prepossessions towards the sentimental side of Irish nationality, and she hinders Sir Gerald from feeling any notable discordance between himself and his new environment. Moreover, the local nationalist press has repeated the taunts which greeted him on arrival at the station, and the resulting exasperation predisposes the young squire to accept Lord Clonfert's advice and refuse to return the call of Mr. John O'Neill.

For in the neighbourhood of Clogher lives John O'Neill, the leader of the parliamentary party, who is, roughly speaking, Mr. Parnell in Mr. William O'Brien's personal setting. It would be truer to say that he represents the traditional idea of the Irish leader, for in point of fact it does not appear that Parnell was habitually discourteous to his associates, and O'Neill is represented not only as frigid but rude. The story shows him as brow-beating his devoted follower—the emancipated member of Parliament—but anxiously courteous to the gentleman of his own creed and class. Our concern, however, is with the political not the biographical truth of Mr. Birmingham's picture, and he certainly represents justly the landlord's point of view, stated thus by Lord Clonfert for Gerald's benefit.

“ ‘ There isn't a gentleman in the country but would cut you if you were a friend of John O'Neill's. Of course, you don't understand, but I can remember when they were shooting us like partridges. Poor old Thompson, the Sub-Sheriff, was shot dead and lots more. I was shot at myself. You can't go and call on a man who would pot you from behind a hedge. ’ ”

And though, as his daughter urges, ‘ nobody is shot at now,’

John O'Neill and all his 'infernal gang' are tarred with that brush. Nevertheless in the end Gerald goes to call. A tangle arises in the management of his estate, when the tenants, headed by their priest, Father Fahy, and the fiery local M.P., Mr. McCarthy, approach him with a request that he should divide up certain grazing lands on his property. O'Hara, who has come down to Mayo, is active in support of this proposal for 'putting 'men where bullocks roam.' But Mr. Godfrey points out that this land is let at a competitive value to annual tenants, and that to grant the request would simply be to make a present of about 200*l.* a year to a group of men who would not have capital to work the land. O'Hara continues to plead for 'Homo versus Bos,' while Gerald argues the essential injustice of giving a particular group of tenants a present for no particular reason; and at last, on O'Hara's suggestion, the two men go to see O'Neill. The Irish leader suggests a solution. Sir Gerald is to sell by auction the tenant right of the farms and put in as tenants men who have the money to buy; then he is to lend out of the capital thus realised such sums as the new men require to stock their holdings. It is simple and ingenious, and in theory satisfactory. But when the deputation arrives for its interview and Sir Gerald springs this proposal on it, twofold trouble arises. First, Mr. Godfrey welcomes the idea with enthusiasm. He regards it as an admirable parry, because the priest will not consent. But Sir Gerald explains that the offer is seriously meant, and O'Hara reveals the fact that O'Neill has been consulted. Mr. Godfrey instantly throws up his agency, and an excellent scene shows his anger and the confusion of the would-be peacemakers. On the other hand, as Mr. Godfrey foresaw, Father Fahy is opposed to the arrangement. His plan had been to settle down on the new holdings some of the impoverished people who live on tiny farms, eking out existence by migratory labour. These he would marry off to fine healthy girls, at five pounds for each ceremony, with a prospect of a 'nice little income' for the next fifteen years for christening babies at a pound 'a head and a trifle extra for churching the mothers.' This is the aspect on which the experienced land agent insists. But also, as Mr. Birmingham is quick to recognise, the priest has a passionate concern for his poor. Whether they will make good tenants or no is not his concern; the problem is to secure for them what under the proposed scheme well-to-do men will certainly snap up. Under the priest's influence the local branch of the League is ready to pass a resolution condemning the offer root and branch. But O'Neill has attended, and—we are asked to believe—reserves his opinion till the priest has

fully committed himself, and then dramatically defeats him. This is all very pretty in a novel and makes an exciting scene, but does anyone believe that any experienced politician would have gone in this way to look for trouble? At all events the priest is not only routed but humiliated, and he goes to his bishop for counsel. Then comes the first hint of a new element in the problem—a deeper division of opinion between the Irish leader and the Catholic Church. With this matter the rest of the story is really concerned; the fortunes of Sir Gerald become subsidiary to those of John O'Neill.

For the county has backed Mr. Godfrey and cuts his employer; Lord Clonfert's daughter is sent away, and though Gerald marries her it is without parental sanction. Naturally, then, he drifts closer and closer to O'Neill, and finally is avowedly a candidate for Parliament. But in the meanwhile the cloud in the horizon has got bigger; a *casus belli* is ingeniously invented by Mr. Birmingham. Monastic orders, banished from a continental country, propose to take shelter in England; the Protestant drum is beaten, and the Opposition attacks vehemently the Government which intends to sanction their admission. The balance lies with the Irish party, who can put in an Opposition pledged to grant Home Rule. Now, assuming the situation possible, the Irish members would undoubtedly be in an awkward position, since as Catholics they could hardly refuse to support a government arraigned for offering an asylum to persecuted Catholic clergy. It is quite probable also that a government in such a peril would bid high for the Irish Catholic vote—would offer the priest (as O'Neill says) 'cash down, grants for 'colleges, schools, universities, and so forth,' while to the lay nationalists new land legislation might be proposed. But Mr. Birmingham omits the consideration that under such conditions a sincere conscientious motive might govern the priests. They might quite well say: Admitted, that to defeat the Government brings Home Rule within measurable distance; we cannot, *salva conscientia*, oppose the Government. Mr. Birmingham puts it that they jumped at a pretext to get rid of a dangerous rival to their own power; and the opinion which he wishes to convey is plainly that the Catholic Church cheerfully sacrificed the chance of Home Rule in order to shake off the ascendancy of Mr. Parnell. This seems hardly fair. The Protestant clergy as a body would have protested against condoning such an offence as Parnell committed; why should the Catholics be more lax? But our real objection to this part of the story is that historically it misrepresents the attitude of the Irish generally and greatly overrates the priestly influence.

On such an issue as is assumed, Parnell could not possibly have been overthrown. Whether the priests desired his downfall or not, may be debated ; but they would probably admit that only he himself could have compassed it. The opinions put into O'Neill's mouth represent probably Mr. Birmingham's mind, wise after the event, rather than any forecast which was present to Parnell. Still the passage is worth quoting :

“ “ There is a power in Ireland greater than mine. In the end the Roman Church will beat me. I may hold out long enough to snatch a Parliament for Ireland out of the fire, but if I don't do it at once, I shan't do it at all. . . . The real tug will come at the General Election. The best of my men may be beaten at the polls if the priests throw themselves into the struggle.”

“ “ And then ? ” asked Sir Gerald.

“ “ Then ! Oh, then there will be no Irish party strong enough to do anything. We shall have another century of concessions to what are supposed to be Irish demands, and at the end of that time you will have a spectacle unique in Europe—a country which exists solely for the purpose of supporting and enriching a Church.” ’

That presumably would be Mr. Birmingham's account of what has happened or is happening. Ireland, governed nominally by England, is in reality ruled by Rome. Elsewhere, he is careful to make it plain that, in the view attributed to O'Neill, English Government is the condition of Rome's ascendancy. O'Neill has no fear that national independence would mean priestly rule.

“ “ That is the miserable mistake,” said O'Neill, “ which has made Unionists of nine-tenths of the Protestants of Ireland. They are afraid national independence would mean priestly rule. There never was a stupider blunder. The priests might rule an independent Ireland for five years. They would never guide so much as a County Council after that. What gives the priests their power to-day is the unnatural alliance they made fifty years ago with the forces that are working for freedom and nationality. The confederacy is already breaking up, and can't survive the first independent Irish Parliament. The Church must fall back into its proper place as a great anti-national and tyrannical power.” ’

In the end, when the fight comes, O'Neill is beaten. Sir Gerald disgusted, after his first encounter with the police, with the realities of Irish politics, withdraws from his candidature. O'Neill dies, and by his deathbed Sir Gerald exchanges views with one of those who have been faithful to the end. This man is going to America to organise the Irish there and teach them to hate England and everything English. Sir Gerald, on the other hand, is going to settle down comfortably with his pretty wife.

‘I shall be quite happy,’ he says, ‘but I shall do nothing. In the end, I suppose, I shall come to not even love Ireland.’

That is the end of this singularly pessimistic study. The Protestant and the Unionist are naturally doomed to a permanent separation from those who hold by Irish nationality. The statesman of the Nationalists dies beaten and broken-hearted. Of his personal followers the moderate men retire into private life, giving up the tangle as insoluble, while the extremists continue the racial struggle by preaching a gospel of hate which presents England and Ireland as inevitably and irreconcilably opposed. Meanwhile, the priest is left in possession.

Yet, would Mr. Birmingham wish to overthrow the priests’ power, and how does he think it could be overthrown? Let us answer the latter question first. Mr. Dennis Browne, a literary personage presented with some acrimony of satire, remonstrates against the folly of tilting at the political power of the priests.

‘Why don’t you try to gradually undermine their moral power? . . . I do. . . . I try to show people the delightfulness of moral freedom . . . just at present I am writing a new play to illustrate the joy of living.’

This is, of course, Mr. Moore’s line of attack, and it does not please Sir Gerald, who regards the morality of the Irish people as their great and peculiar glory. It appears to him doubtful whether, if the power of the Catholic Church in Ireland were weakened, the distinctive purity of the Irish would not go too. And this is the point of view which he attributes to a Catholic bishop in the most remarkable passage of the book.

As the strife between O’Neill and the priests develops, Father Fahy pays a visit to his diocesan, and they agree that O’Neill is a dangerous influence. Father Fahy generalises to the effect that Protestants as political leaders are undesirable because ‘they are sure to be jealous of our power over the people.’

“May God forgive us if we think too much about our power,” answers the old bishop. “We are not fighting for it, we are fighting for the faith and souls of our people.”

And his counsel to the fiery priest is simply religious.

‘Pray, my son, pray. What are you a priest for except to pray? . . . Weary yourself, body, soul and spirit. What does your weariness matter if your prayer is heard?’

Father Fahy, deeply touched, asks for a blessing, and as hands are laid on his head and the familiar Latin spoken over him, he falls into a kind of ecstasy. ‘He was uplifted from



‘himself as he had been on the day when he said his first Mass.’ And the bishop, looking at him as he rises, sees the mystical light in his eyes, and does a strange thing. He kneels to the young man as it is customary for the bishop to kneel to the newly ordained, and asks him in turn for his blessing. ‘Will you deprive my soul of grace?’ he urges when the priest hesitates and falters. All this cannot be too strongly emphasised. Mr. Birmingham has represented Father Fahy as acting in a manner which O’Neill justly describes as ‘hitting below the ‘belt,’ and no one who knows Ireland will deny that priests are often unscrupulous in the methods they adopt to secure secular ends. Yet to complete the picture he must show that the same priest is habitually touched by ‘high and pure religious emotion.’ Here is the author’s explicit comment—the comment of a Protestant clergyman on the spiritual teachers of another creed :

‘The Irish priests have schemed and lied, have blustered and bullied, have levied taxes beyond belief upon the poorest of the poor ; but they have taught the people a religion which penetrates their lives and which, in its essential features, is not far from the Spirit of Christ. Such religion is not to be taught by words. The man who imparts it must first understand it and possess it in his own soul.’

That summarises a great deal, and volumes might be written, and have been written, in support or in rebutment of the first part of the judgement. We shall only say here that, in our opinion, it does not lie in the mouth of any Irish Protestant to find fault with the Catholic clergy for raising money whether to support their clergy or build churches, since the Church of Ireland, even as at present, is the heir of possessions acquired by means much less easily defensible. If the Catholic poor are wronged in this matter it is for Catholics to defend them ; outside criticism will only strengthen what is attacked, and weaken the hands of those who can reform what needs reformation. But the true significance of the judgement lies in its second clause. The central, the essential fact about Ireland, is not the power of the priesthood, but the reality of Ireland’s religious life. Mr. Moore laments it. Mr. Birmingham satirises those abuses which are the corruptions of it. But both admit the essential fact that life in Ireland at every turn is affected really and not nominally by religion. The importance of Mr. Birmingham’s second book is that he shows a new aspect of that fact in emphasising the reality of Protestant no less than Catholic religion.

Hyacinth Conneally is the son of an Irish-speaking peasant—but of a peasant converted to Protestantism. The conversion

was genuine, and Mr. Conneally the elder, having entered the Church, avoided the easy way which led to possible preferment in centres of Protestantism and respectability. He returned to Connaught, in charge of a mission church—an oasis in that Catholic waste. The oasis did not spread. After long years Mr. Conneally was practically destitute of a congregation, without anyone to teach except his son—all that remained to him from three years of felicity. Bereaved of his wife, the man sank into a kind of dream, immersed in a mysticism which his son did not share. Yet he made a scholar of the raw lad, whose life passed among the Irish-speaking fisherfolk; and in the fulness of time Hyacinth Conneally graduated in Dublin by passing examinations, and then went up to follow the course of residential study required of divinity students. But entering Trinity College in the days of the Boer war, he finds an atmosphere in college very strange to one bred in Connaught. On the other hand, his command of Irish makes him as welcome in extreme Nationalist circles as his Boer sympathies render him unpopular in the divinity school. Growing more and more into sympathy with this extreme group, led by Miss Augusta Goold (whose prototype is easily recognised), he finds their influence entirely outweigh that of a kindly professor; and, having decided that the Church of Ireland is no place for him, he goes home to break the news to his father. But he returns to find the old man frail, dreamy, and so preoccupied with his thoughts that Hyacinth cannot break in on the long discourse of that first evening. Mr. Conneally has to recount a vision or a revelation vouchsafed to him; and in the language of Biblical prophecy, he tells Hyacinth of the last great fight, Armageddon, imminent upon the world.

‘And the battlefield is Ireland. All these centuries since the great saints died, He has kept Ireland to be His battlefield.’

For this Ireland has been ‘saved from riches and from power, ‘and from the opportunities of lust,’ that she might offer a soil ‘fit for the marching of His horsemen and His chariots.’ In what form the battle is to come, how men are to be divided simply into good and bad, shaken free out of parties and churches and nations—this is obscure. Only, he has trust that Hyacinth will be sure to know ‘the good side from the bad, the Captain ‘from the enemy.’ The rest of the book tells Hyacinth’s endeavour to do so, unguided, for next morning the old man is dead; in the night’s storm his spirit has passed away.

‡ In the first exaltation of Hyacinth’s mind, the seed sown by his intercourse with Miss Augusta Goold and her associates

shoots up quickly. The armies of England are doubtless the hosts of unrighteousness, and he will go out to join the Boers against them—rejecting, as absurdly disproportioned to his aspirations, kindly counsel from the old priest, Father Moran, who would have him stay at home in Carrowkeel, buy a fishing lugger, and help to keep the Irish tongue and the Irish customs alive where they still flourish. Armageddon, he thinks, is not to be fought by fishing and talking Irish and dancing jigs. Yet contact with the other volunteers for Miss Goold's Irish contingent shatters illusions, and Hyacinth abandons that project. The nearest thing to do was to take work which offered in the service of a cloth manufacturer down in the West, who did a small but creditable business in spite of the general preference for goods cheaper, showier, and less durable. Here for the first time Hyacinth makes friends with ordinary Irish Protestants; and we have a pleasant picture of Mr. Quinn's household with its simple yet cheerful comfort, its well-spread tea-table, its atmosphere of well-ordered peace, and its family prayers. The home of the rector, Canon Beecher, repeats the impression—with variations, since here are grown-up daughters. In the months that follow Hyacinth falls in love with Marion Beecher, and is accepted. This is the shaping of his fate; for a climax has come in Mr. Quinn's affairs. To the competition of Manchester and Glasgow is added a new rivalry—that of the Robeen Convent, which enjoys a Government subsidy, has Catholic interest behind it, and can afford deliberately to undersell competitors. Mr. Quinn is obliged to close his mill. Thus when Hyacinth, on an impulse, discloses his love for Marion, he has no prospect of support other than the acceptance of an offer made to him by Miss Goold—that he should take work on the 'Croppy,' an extreme Nationalist paper. The editor has only one condition to make.

'Does Mr. Conneally hate England and the Empire and everything English from the parliament to the police barrack? It is this hatred which must animate the work.'

When Hyacinth goes to Canon Beecher for his daughter's hand, this is the letter which he has to show, as an indication of the employment which is offered him. The scene which follows is, in our judgement, by far the best thing that Mr. Birmingham has done—at once dramatic and beautiful.

The Canon, having begun by stating that he considers the 'Croppy' as 'a disloyal and seditious paper bent on fostering 'a dangerous spirit,' does not refuse Hyacinth credit for honesty. More than that. 'I am not called upon,' he says, 'to refuse

‘you my affection, or to separate you from my daughter, because ‘we differ about politics.’ Hyacinth looks at the Canon in a wonder and admiration which we confess to sharing. Here was one man, ‘and he from the least emancipated class of all,’ who could understand and practise tolerance. But tolerance has a power, and Hyacinth is made to feel it. His work is to be in preaching a gospel of hate. Can a Christian accept such an inspiration for his life? Hyacinth replies with argument. Can Ireland be saved ‘except by preaching a mighty indignation ‘against the tyranny which has crushed us to the dust?’ Is he to take the easy way, to desert the beaten side? Canon Beecher refuses to argue.

“But I know this,” he says, “God is love and only he who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.”

“But I do love,” Hyacinth answers, “I love Ireland.”

“Ah! yes, but He says, ‘Love your enemies!’”

“Then,” said Hyacinth, “I will not have Him for my God.”

‘You have chosen,’ answers the Canon; but he asks Hyacinth to pray once with him. And his prayer is:

‘O Christ, this child of Thine has chosen to live by hatred rather than by love. Do Thou therefore remove love from him, lest it prove a hindrance to him in the way on which he goes.’

The appeal succeeds. Hyacinth is conquered. And the Canon, immediately returning to earth, urges upon him—what the professor of the divinity school had urged also—that he should be ordained for a curacy in England, where his opinions would matter to nobody. Thus the would-be rebel is shepherded meekly into respectable domesticity. His associates of the ‘Croppy’ write verses of regret over his desertion—which Hyacinth reads and stores away. Three years later we see him in the railway, returning for the first time to Ireland, like a man drunk with excitement. And in the train, old Father Moran meeting him, suggests a way out—that he should return to the mission church where his father had lived and died among the fishermen. But it is not quite clear whether Marion, solely pre-occupied with her tired baby, would consent to forsake the surpliced choir boys and the still more shining chancel tiles and brass railings of their English parish church.

We shall not attempt to discuss all the controversies which might naturally arise out of this book. All parties, all points of view come in for a cut of the whip. The extreme anti-English section, whose political creed at least is scarcely caricatured, have perhaps least to complain of; what may be called the orthodox Parliamentary Nationalists are presented as simply

concerned for the raising of funds to maintain themselves in comfort at Westminster. Generally speaking it would appear from the two books that the author's sympathies go out to the extremists as Ireland's sincerest and most loyal partisans, but that he regards their teaching as immoral and their practices as degrading. Or, if we take 'The Seething Pot' as expressing admiration for a Parliamentary leader, listen to John O'Neill. 'The dirty things—things unfit for a gentleman to do (scuffles 'with the police and so forth), I do them for Ireland.' No means is suggested by which a gentleman and a Christian can consistently take part in public life as an Irish Nationalist. This, most Unionists would allow, is a sufficiently pessimistic conclusion.

Our principal concern here, however, is with the author's presentment of the perpetual antinomy which runs through all Irish life. He presents it from the unusual standpoint of a Protestant who is also a Nationalist; and it is not too much to say that his political pessimism arises from the fact that he sees no chance of Protestants as a body becoming Nationalist. Miss Augusta Goold, leader of the non-clerical party, hopes for the time when 'some supreme insult' will give back to Protestant Ireland the spirit of revolt which animated the Volunteers of 1782. Failing that, she, or at least Mr. Birmingham, despairs of success in the coming struggle which must lie between the *intransigents* and the powers controlled by the victorious hierarchy 'with England for ally.' The Protestants do not count. Their party, led by the gentry, 'has not been greatly concerned 'about Ireland or Ireland's welfare, but has been consistently 'anxious to preserve its own privileges, powers, and property.' In that endeavour it has failed. Meanwhile the Roman Catholic party, led by the ecclesiastics, has not cared more than the Protestants for Ireland's welfare, but has pretended to. It has aimed steadily at the aggrandisement of a church, and now its leaders, the hierarchy, 'possess all the power and nearly all the 'wealth of Ireland.'

'If the bishops can secure the continuance of English government for the next half-century, Ireland will have become the Church's property. Her money will go to propagating the faith. Her children will supply the English-speaking world with a superfluity of priests and nuns.'

This is the general view which underlies both books. In our opinion it is exaggerated, and we do not like Mr. Birmingham's method of uniting the privileges of fiction with the prestige of established fact. In 'The Seething Pot' he represents the



clergy as defeating a Protestant politician, and the story he tells gains credence from the fact that they beat Mr. Parnell; but not one in ten of his readers will make the necessary distinction between the issue on which Parnell fought the priests and the issue on which they are presumed to overthrow O'Neill. The result is, plausible exaggeration. Again take 'Hyacinth.' Mr. Quinn, Hyacinth's employer, is driven out of business by a convent which, helped by a Government subsidy, has taken to cloth-weaving. It is represented that Mr. Quinn does not get fair play, first because his wares are boycotted at the bidding of a Catholic association. In so far as this represents a statement that it is a disadvantage for a trader to be a Protestant in any Catholic part of Ireland, the statement can be flatly denied. Yet the Catholic association, which certainly came into being and no less certainly was stamped out by Catholic and Nationalist leaders, had such objects as Mr. Birmingham attributes to it, and constituted a menace to Protestants which cannot be forgotten. The second reason of Mr. Quinn's defeat is that the nuns, backed by the Congested Districts Board, and having all the wealth of their order behind them, sell at a loss to crush their rival. They are further assisted by the fact that they get workers cheap—from one and ninepence to six shillings a week—and get them because no one likes to refuse the holy sisters. We are shown in a final tableau the nuns receiving a visit from the Chief Secretary and a number of fashionable women, whom they entertain in a convent already sumptuously equipped, but for whose further enrichment the reverend mother cherishes very lavish visions. Now, in our opinion, none of this ought to have been written unless Mr. Birmingham is ready to affirm definitely all these facts of the Foxford mills in County Mayo, for there is only one textile industry in Ireland managed by a religious body. And it has been publicly stated that workers at Foxford can earn up to a pound a week, and do earn a fair average wage; moreover, that the convent buildings are on the most frugal scale, and that whatever money has been earned has gone to increase wages and to develop machinery. In any case there is no question but that the nuns have, with the assistance of Government grants, created an industry which is giving employment and turning out good work in a very poverty-stricken district. Wages probably run low from an English standpoint, but in almost any part of Ireland a day labourer employed through the year can be got for nine shillings a week. It appears to us that Mr. Birmingham, in his zeal to show us the Church sucking in to itself all the resources of life,

has been unfair to a deserving institution, and has prejudiced his case in consequence.

Yet, in another light, his contention is profoundly true. An industrial enterprise controlled by a religious order is a menace to the community. In Ireland already one great profession—that of education—is monopolised by priests except in its poorest branches. There is little scope for the Catholic layman who wishes to be a teacher in any grade above that of the National schools. Private competition is impossible, because the schools of the Jesuits and other great teaching orders are staffed with men who do not require a salary. The result to the public is very cheap education, entirely controlled by the Church. Further than this, things have not gone in Ireland. In France, we are told, they have gone so far that a crash has come; that the anti-clerical spirit has been mainly bred of industrial jealousy. Yet in Ireland we have Government money employed to set in activity a similar competition of the unpaid celibates against the general wage-earning community. As things are, all Catholic Ireland would obediently back the Church in its claim to undertake industrial enterprises, and to some extent would favour wares produced in such factories as a matter of religion. Whether Catholic Ireland, under an independent legislature, would vote Irish moneys to subsidise a new factory that nuns might advantageously compete against existing industries, is quite another question.

We hold then that Mr. Birmingham exaggerates on the whole the political power and the social influence of the Roman Church; and we are interested in his view that it will decrease rather than increase according as the Irish people obtain fuller control of their own affairs. The matter, however, on which he seems to us most hopelessly pessimistic, is the position of Irish Protestantism. The attitude of the Protestant Church must be typical of the community, for the church is democratically governed; and the sympathetic professor of divinity tells Hyacinth quite nakedly, 'Your Nationalist principles are an absolute bar to your working in the Church of Ireland.' Canon Beecher, for all his tolerance, has not the least intellectual comprehension of any point of view which contemplates a modification of the existing order. Mr. Quinn regards the country as doomed and its people as 'lazy, thriftless, and priest-ridden.' These being the views of Irish Protestants, it is not surprising that the best activities of the Irish Protestant Church should direct themselves upon missionary work in some more hopeful country, such as Uganda. And it is not wholly wonderful that these should be the views of the Church, if the university,

despite its larger contact with life, is no less isolated spiritually and socially. An admirable passage renders the effect produced by Trinity College upon the student who for the first time goes out of the rattle of the traffic, under the great entrance into the quiet squares with their broad walks between untrodden stretches of mown grass, overlooked by heights of grey buildings, and breathed upon by the severe and serene spirit of scholarship. Yet, says Mr. Birmingham, in spite of the inherent dignity and austere charm of the place,

‘The sudden silence after the tumult of the streets has come for some minds to be the symbol of a divorce between the knowledge within and the life without. And this is not the separation which must always exist between thought and action, the gulf fixed between the student and the merchant. It is a real divorce between the nation and the university, between the two kinds of life, which ought to be man and woman, to complete each other through their very diversity, but here have gone hopelessly apart. . . . It is very wonderful that the university alone has been able to resist the glamour of Ireland’s past and has failed to admire the persistence of her nationality. There has surely been enough in every century that has passed since the college was founded to win it over from alien thought and the ideals of the foreigner.’

For this isolation Protestants are not solely responsible. Many among Catholics think that the Roman Church did its worst day’s work for Ireland when it decided at the Synod of Thurles to check the free commingling of young men at the seats of learning. Yet admitting the facts to be as Mr. Birmingham puts them, what are the mass of Irishmen to think of that section among their countrymen who adopt the attitude of Canon Johnston in ‘The Seething Pot,’ or even the tolerant contempt which governs Mr. Quinn’s mind? If we accepted Mr. Birmingham’s version of the facts, we should be driven to the gloomiest conclusion. Yet although it is hard to exaggerate the dominance of the Catholic clergy, we think he exaggerates it; and although it is hard to overstate the separateness of the camps in Ireland, we think he enlarges the gulf. One green leaf shows the spring coming; and this year, perhaps for the first time since Elizabeth’s day, a service was read in Irish at St. Patrick’s Cathedral in Dublin. Ten years ago any man who had predicted such a thing would have been counted a lunatic; to-day many will resent it. Yet none the less it is a sign of a growing feeling that the Church of Ireland, if it is to justify its title, cannot shut itself off from the national life; and the common heritage of a much neglected language and literature has given scope in more ways than this for the meeting of ancient opposites.

## ART. VI.—VENETIAN DIPLOMACY AT THE SUBLIME PORTE DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

1. *Archivio di Stato, Venice. Senato, Secreta. Dispacci Costantinopoli. Deliberazioni Costantinopoli.* 1500 to 1600. MSS.
2. *Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti al Senato.* E. ALBERI. Firenze: Società Editrice Fiorentina, 1840.
3. *Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches in Europa.* Von J. W. ZINKEISEN. Gotha: Bei Friedrich Andreas Perthes, 1854.
4. *Il Bailaggio a Costantinopoli di Girolamo Lippomano.* Da VISENTINI TORMENE. Venezia: Sac. Dott. Augusto, 1903.
5. *Études Byzantines.* Par CHARLES DIEHL. Paris: Picard et Fils, 1905.

VENETIAN diplomacy during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries was recognised as the fullest and ablest in Europe. The despatches addressed to the 'Doge and Senate,' or, on rarer but more important occasions, to the 'Chiefs of the 'Council of Ten,' fill many rooms in the store-house of the Frari, and have furnished, and continue to furnish, to students of all nationalities, a rich and varied and sometimes piquant picture of the condition of Europe generally. Despatches were sent as a rule once a week, but at a crisis, or if some matter of moment called for fuller attention, they follow each other in daily succession and occasionally number three or four a day. When we remember that Venice kept her agents in every capital of the small Italian States and at the Court of every Sovereign in Europe, that she received reports from Russia, Turkey, Italy, Spain, France, England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, we can understand that little of moment escaped the meshes of her diplomatic service and that the Venetian ambassador became the accredited source of information—if authorised to give it—especially on the affairs of the East, where Venetian interests largely lay.

The Republic was served diplomatically by agents of varying rank: Ambassadors-Extraordinary, called Orators if accredited to the Porte; Ambassadors-Ordinary or Liegers, accredited to Crowned Heads and to Savoy; Ministers called Residents, accredited to the smaller Courts of Italy; Consuls, and on rare occasions special Envoys styled 'Nobilis existens in.' At Constantinople the agent in ordinary bore the title of 'Bailo,' with character and attributes, as we shall presently see, somewhat different

from those of his diplomatic colleagues. Of these agents the Ambassadors-Extraordinary, the Liegers, the 'Nobiles existentes' and the Bailo were elected from the Venetian patriciate; the Residents were citizens of Venice appointed from the ranks of the Secretaries in the Chancery and bore the style of 'circumspect,' 'circospetto.' The more important Consulates were filled by patricians, the lesser ones by merchants trading on the spot. The Ambassadors, the Residents, and the 'Nobiles' were elected by the Senate, and commissioned by the Senate, that department of State which was entrusted with the direction of foreign affairs; the Bailo, for reasons to be presently explained, was elected in the Great Council but commissioned by the Senate; Consuls in Italy and Western Europe were appointed by the Great Council, while those in the Levant were named by the Bailo.

The blue ribbon of Venetian diplomatic service down to 1574 was undoubtedly the Bailage at Constantinople. The fact that Venice enjoyed almost a monopoly of the Levant trade; that the balance of sea-power in the Mediterranean, between Spain on the one hand and the Turk on the other, lay with her; the constant friction with the Turk over the capture of Christians, reciprocal piracy in the Levant, the frontiers of Dalmatia, and the ever-present menace to Venetian possessions in Cyprus and Crete, all contributed to render the office of Bailo delicate, dangerous, and of the highest importance. But with the decline of Venetian trade which marks the course of the sixteenth century, with the loss of Cyprus and the eclipse of Venetian prestige, with the growing alarm at Spanish encroachments in Italy, the centre of Venetian diplomatic activity shifted from Constantinople to Rome.

Venice enjoyed one notable advantage over the other States of Europe represented at Constantinople, in the antiquity and continuity of that diplomatic post. For the Bailage of Constantinople was in fact the continuance of the ancient office of 'Podestà Venetiano e despota a Constantinopoli,' an office established in 1205, when, immediately after the Fourth Crusade, the Latin Empire was planted on the Bosphorus. In 1261, at the restoration of the Greek Empire in the family of the Palæologi, the Venetian 'Podestà' was by treaty allowed to remain, but with the title no longer of 'Podestà,' which conveyed the sense of the lordship acquired by Henrico Dandolo, but of 'Bajulus,' Tutor or Protector, a title which accurately described the essential functions of the Bailo, the protection of Venetians and of Venetian interests at Constantinople. On the advent of the Turk, and when it seemed probable that the Sultan Mahommed II. would destroy the Greek Empire, Venice entered into treaty



with the conqueror at Adrianople in December 1452. This Treaty was confirmed and amplified on April 18, 1454, when the Turk had captured Constantinople. The terms of the Convention give us the Venetian Bailage as we find it in the sixteenth century. The Treaty was the work of Bartolomeo Marcello, the first Venetian Bailo at Constantinople under the Turks. Its leading clause provided that all Venetian subjects and merchants should enjoy free access to every part of the Turkish Empire, under protection from the Turk. Venice was to pay a tribute for Lepanto and for Scutari and Alessio in Albania; supplementary articles provided that Venetians should pay a duty of two per cent. on sales and two per cent. on purchases; all Venetian shipping must touch at Constantinople in passing; the Black Sea to be open to Venetian traders; all servants of Venetians to be protected; equality of customs in both States; mutual protection in ports; the property of Venetians deceased intestate or without heirs to be at the disposition of the Bailo; the Venetians shall in no way assist the enemies of the Sultan and *vice versa*, nor may Venice offer asylum in her Albanian or Romanian territory to the Sultan's traitors or foes; Venice may keep a Bailo and his staff in Constantinople to exercise civil jurisdiction over all Venetians, and the Bailo, if he desires, may call on the Turkish Governor ('Subashi') for his aid.

This Treaty, the first between any Christian Power and the Turk after the fall of Constantinople, formed the basis of the Bailo's position. He was there to protect Venetian commercial interests and to exercise civil jurisdiction, by the help of the Turkish authorities if required. But with the lapse of time the Bailo's position was strengthened, both by concessions from the Turks and by growing prestige among his colleagues, who were gradually accredited by the European Powers to the New Master of Constantinople. For example, the powers of the Bailo's Court were enlarged to embrace criminal as well as civil jurisdiction; the Bailo could not be held personally responsible for the act of any Venetian subject, a concession of the highest importance, for it was one of the dangers of the Bailo's position that the Turk originally claimed the right to visit on the Bailo his anger against any member of the Bailo's nation, and on more than one occasion proceeded to the arrest of the Bailo for the recovery of pretended debts. In 1522, Marco Minio secured an important modification of the capitulations. Venetian shipping was to salute the Turkish flag, but on the other hand the Bailo was no longer to be cited before the Cadi of Constantinople, but before the Porte itself, and no Venetian could be tried before the Cadi without the intervention of the Venetian dragoman. The Bailo was undoubtedly

recognised as the 'Doyen' of the diplomatic body at Constantinople; as we shall presently see, he ran the post for all the Embassies, and his court was, with some few exceptions, the civil court for all foreigners. There are cases in which the English Ambassador himself submitted to the jurisdiction of the Bailo.

From this it is clear that the Bailo filled two distinct positions at Constantinople. He was the diplomatic agent of the Republic and he was the Venetian Consul as well: that is to say, he had the charge of Venetian commerce, and the duty of protecting Venetian subjects. And this explains the anomaly that of all the Venetian Ministers, Envoys or Ambassadors, the Bailo alone was elected by the Great Council, not by the Senate. After election by the Great Council, the Senate proceeded to vote his salary and honorarium. Originally the salary amounted to one thousand ducats a year, but later on it was raised to one hundred and eighty ducats a month; three hundred ducats were allowed for outfit, three hundred for extraordinary expenses, chiefly for the journey, though the sum varied considerably and occasionally reached the high figure of nine hundred ducats. Besides these sums the presents for the Sultan and the Pashas were also voted and a fund for secret service—bribes to Pashas and payment of spies: this gradually mounted higher and higher during the sixteenth century; in 1503 it was only three hundred ducats, by 1566 it had reached five thousand. This same vote in the Senate regulated the Bailo's household, which was to consist of ten servants. The term of the Bailo's office was fixed at two years. The election of an Ambassador-Extraordinary, or Orator, on the other hand, took place in the Senate. The pay was higher: two hundred ducats a month, three hundred for outfit, six hundred for extra expenses. The Orator was ordered to take fifteen domestic servants, fifteen horses, four grooms, and four hundred ducats worth of silver plate, purchased for him by the Government, which he was bound to hand over on his return. His office lasted till the fulfilment of his special mission. But the expenses of the mission to Constantinople were very heavy, and in order to relieve the Envoy's private purse the Senate, in 1561, voted an extra donation of one thousand ducats, and a further thousand, should the Bailo remain at his post longer than the ordinary term of two years.

The commissions of both Bailo and Orator contained general instructions as to their attitude towards the representatives of other Powers at the Porte, and special instructions on any point of disagreement pending between the Republic and the Sultan. A copy of the commission was engrossed on parchment, often adorned with miniatures and handsomely bound in gilded leather, rich crimson velvet, mother-of-pearl, with chiselled silver

corners; the Ducal seals were attached to crimson silk ribbons. It accompanied the Bailo or Orator for constant study on his journey to Constantinople.

The Envoy having been commissioned, he proceeded to take the oath by which he bound himself 'di mantener il decoro e di 'avvantaggiare il profitto della Republica.'

His credentials were then prepared and engrossed on parchment. They were addressed to the Grand Signor, the Grand Vizir and sometimes to other Pashas of weight at the Porte, also to the Capudan Pasha, or High Admiral, under whose immediate jurisdiction lay Pera, where the Embassy was situated. The credentials to the Sultan had the seal of the Republic in silver gilt, those to the Pashas in silver. The Bailo also received the letter of recall for his predecessor.

Being now fully commissioned and accredited, the Bailo proceeded to form his staff, his household, and his suite. The staff included a secretary, assisted by a coadjutor, or 'cogitor'; an accountant or 'raxonato,' and two or more dragoman students, 'giovani di lingua'; the 'dragoman grande,' who would accompany him to Divan or to audience, and the 'dragoman 'piccolo' who had the charge of the commercial correspondence incident on the Consular nature of his office, awaited him at Constantinople. His household consisted of a doctor, though this favour was not always allowed him by the Cabinet, a majordomo, an apothecary, a barber. The Embassy Mass was served by the monks of St. Francesco at Pera. His suite was composed of relations—sons or nephews—young Venetian gentlemen, whom he chose at his own pleasure or to please his friends, young Venetian gentlemen from the mainland cities, young gentlemen from other Italian States, and sometimes young Frenchmen or foreigners anxious to see the world under the wing of a Venetian Ambassador. For instance, Jacopo Soranzo (1581) took with him a suite of twelve: five Venetians, one Roman, two Bolognesi, two from Vicenza, one from Foligno, and one Albanian. Each of these was allowed to bring one servant with him. This would make a party of over forty persons including servants, with their personal luggage and the bales containing the presents.

For the transport of this mission the Government provided two galleys, with instructions to call on the officer in command of the Adriatic squadron for escort should the seas be rumoured dangerous on account of pirates. The Ambassador was also empowered to stop the Cattaro frigate ('fregata Cattarina'), the post boat, which twice a month brought the Constantinople despatch-bags from Cattaro to Venice, and to open, read, copy and reseal, and forward the despatches from the Bailo he was

about to relieve ; this in order to keep himself informed of the latest news from the seat of his new Embassy.

The Senate, in its commission to a Bailo, usually left the choice of route to him, merely instructing him to proceed as fast as possible. Occasionally the Bailo chose the all-sea route, at least to the Turkish coast at the head of the *Ægean*, whence the mission proceeded by land. More usually, however, they chose one of the two land routes, both of which started from Alessio in the valley of the Drin, not far from Dulcigno, where the Embassy landed. The more northern of these two routes led by Uskiup to Philippopolis and Adrianople ; the southern by El Basan, Monastir, Salonika and thence along the coast by Rodosto to Constantinople. Both were rough and dangerous, and whichever was chosen, the mission had usually to pass many days at Cattaro or Alessio waiting till horses, often numbering two hundred, could be procured and till the Sanjak had made arrangements for supplying an escort. The Bailo, who was frequently well on in years, travelled in a litter, the rest of the suite on horseback, with baggage mules and horses following. The caravan-serais were so filthy that the mission camped out as much as possible.

Nothing, perhaps, will give us a better idea of what such a journey must have been like than to take the lively and picturesque account of one journey, that of Vincenzo Gradenigo, which he gives us in his despatches of 1599. It is true that Gradenigo chose an unusual route, from Lepanto to Salonika, and that his journey was exceptionally disastrous ; in fact, he never recovered from it, and died at Constantinople, which he only just managed to reach ; but his narrative is the fullest and most instructive to be found during the century with which we are dealing.

Gradenigo shall speak for himself :

‘Most Serene Prince [he writes],—My last despatch was sent on July 30 from Patras. In it I gave an account of my voyage, which up to that moment had been most prosperous and happy. But since then no more unfortunate nor painful a journey, as indeed I always suspected, could possibly be dreamed of. Your Serenity will remember that I told you so privately, and publicly expressed the same view in the Cabinet.

‘Well, I left Patras in three little *caramusali*, escorted by fifty Turkish arquebusiers and as many horse. They brought us down to the shore, where the forts, in honour of your Serenity, saluted me with three guns ; a most unusual occurrence, for even the grandees of this Empire are not so honoured on their passage of the Gulf.

‘On reaching Lepanto we were lodged in a garden, in the open,

as indeed we have been lodged throughout the whole journey. Our camp was pitched hard by some delicious springs of water. The Cadi came to visit me, and brought a present of fruit in abundance. Other Turkish persons of importance also paid their respects, and almost the whole city came out to see us.

From Lepanto I set out for Arso (? Larissa), a large and populous city, and there began my troubles. For twelve of my servants, my book-keeper, my secretary, and the student dragomans, fell ill. The reason, as I take it, was a surfeit of fruit, the bad air, the ice-cold water and the burning sun. On the road I could not supply them with anything save some sugar-candy and citron juice which I had in my baggage. May God forgive those members of the Cabinet who refused me a doctor; had it not been for this, for sure I never had fallen on such misfortunes as I am about to relate. The second day after reaching Larissa the nephew of Borissi the dragoman died; he was a fine youth, full of vigour. The third day my butler died; the fourth day a servant of the illustrious Agostino Gussoni. Seeing then that every hour another man fell ill, till I found myself with twenty-four sick persons on my hands—among them Signor Ottavio Mocenigo and two gentlemen from Padua—all of us conceived a desire to depart from that city; not one of us wished to stay, for there was an absolute lack of every necessary, and moreover the place was insecure on account of the evil character of its inhabitants. We accordingly took the road, and in two days came to Platamona, where, the next morning, the booking clerk, Messer Alvise Bruzoni, dropped dead. Here my whole household, except Messer Zuanne Vitturi, Francesco, my son, Messer Giacomo Girardi, the coadjutor, and myself, fell ill, some of a flux and some of persistent fever; so, being now on the sea-shore, I resolved to hire two ships to take us from Platamona to Salonika. All I could do did not save Mari, the student dragoman, nor yet my majordomo from death, with the result that I have lost six servants, and among these my oldest and most trusted. Praise be to God for all He does! My continual fatigue and watching, imposed on me by these accidents, have thrown me into a double tertian, though not persistent. A like fate has befallen Signor Agostino Gussoni. In very truth, not one of us but has done his utmost to help our poor sufferers, by cupping and bleeding them with our own hands. Your Serenity must be well aware that even a single case of sickness in a house keeps the whole household on the stretch; and here were we, only five sound men, to undertake all the day and night nursing. I had wanted to stay on in Larissa to allow the sick to recover, but the fact that there were none of the barest necessities, not even a house, but only a caravanseraï pestilent with the stench of droves of cattle, and a great suspicion that the whole air was poisoned by the carcasses of dead oxen on the road, induced me to set out.

Of my servants who are sick, the doctors here, who seem very intelligent, lead me to fear that I must lose three; the rest will pull through, I hope to God, as they are mending somewhat. Signor



Agostino Gussoni and I have been through the same experiences ; we took medicine this morning with good results, and to-morrow the doctors intend to bleed us—a very serious matter for me at my age ; however, I shall follow the doctor's advice. It is impossible for me, in the midst of such misfortunes, not to be cut to the heart ; I have to be on the watch day and night ; but I thank God for all He is pleased to send me, being firmly convinced that everything takes place by His most holy will.

‘I shall stay on here—where I am well lodged in three houses of Venetian Jews—until I see the end of this sickness, which pray God be soon. But I feel bound to repeat what I said above, that I should not have been exposed to such ruin had I had an Italian doctor with me ; a favour that was readily granted to Signor Zuanne Correr and to others ; and may God pardon him who was the cause of this. I had with me the apothecary and the barber, but they were the very first to succumb. I hired a doctor in Larissa, but he turned out an ignoramus. I tried to get Jews to attend on the sick, but not a single one would come with me, though I jingled the ducats under their eyes.

‘I must now report another mishap of some moment which befell me in Platamona. All our baggage was down at the sea-shore in charge of two servants, when ten brigands appeared on the scene and began to break open our trunks and to pillage the contents. There happened, however, to pass by the Capigi, a man of great courage and kindness of heart ; he shouted out that it was the Venetian Ambassador on his way to the Sultan. The brigands asked where I was, and said among themselves that, as they knew we were all ill, it would be the best plan to make us slaves or to kill us all, and this would be the safest way for them to keep our goods. With this intent they came up the hill where we were camping, but the Capigi took a short cut and came flying up to warn us. We were on the point of sending the sick down to the shore in sixteen carts. I then deployed twenty Greeks, who were our escort, and they and the rest of us, drawn close up together, awaited the result. Meantime the Bey arrived in company with the brigands and one Janissary ; they caracoled in front of us, and one with a lance pressed up to us to challenge us. But at this moment the Cadi, who had been summoned by the Capigi, appeared on the scene with fifty Greeks. The brigands took shelter in the caravanserai, and held the door with their scimitars when the Cadi tried to force his way in. The Cadi then ordered his men to seize everybody at the door, dead or alive ; this order the Greeks carried out courageously, using sticks and stones. All the ten brigands were wounded at least twice. . . . The Cadi ordered them to be taken and bound three of them, the Janissary alone and two others together, and proceeded to try them then and there ; one was sent to the Castle to be hung next morning, and the other was condemned to two hundred bastinadoes on the soles of his feet, which were administered in my presence ; the third, the Janissary, was sent to Salonika to await orders from Constantinople, as a Janissary may not be tried by any save his own captain.

All the same the Governor has sent in a very unfavourable account of him to the Porte. I would not allow any of my people to stir, though some of the sick did get out of the carts. This is a full account of what took place in this episode, which lasted three hours. And thus, by the grace of God, we escaped from this peril, with much honour and general satisfaction.

‘Postscript: August 28.—All the sick are going on well. As for me, seeing the improvement last night, I have resolved not to be bled.’

‘SALONIKA: September 5.—The day after I wrote my last despatch the fever mounted so rapidly that the doctors were compelled to draw eight ounces of blood. The other sick are going on well. Besides the six who have died, a French gentleman—commended to me by the Chevalier Duodo—a brother of Varini, the baker, another servant of the secretary, have all succumbed in these last eight days, so that we have now lost ten of our company.

‘In this plight, ill myself and all my household recovering but slowly, with five hundred miles still to cover, I resolved to write to the Bailo to send two galleys to fetch me.

‘SALONIKA: October 10.—The deaths in my household now number eighteen. The fever returned on me and has rendered me so weak that I can hardly sit up in bed. But for the service of your Serenity, and to get away from here, I have this morning resolved to rise and, after receiving the Blessed Sacrament, to get into my coach and depart. Nine of my household are still sick, and these I send by sea for their greater convenience. I failed to secure the two galleys; there were none in Constantinople.’

Gradenigo reached Constantinople at last on October 30. His condition was so deplorable that the resident Bailo, Capello, called in four doctors in consultation, who pronounced the case dangerous. They continued the treatment of cupping, but he was soon stricken with a palsy, followed by dropsy, and after lingering on for three months he expired on February 22, 1500.

Not all Venetian Envoys were so unfortunate as Gradenigo, though every one of them describes the journey as difficult and dangerous. Arrived at the Sweet Waters, a Bailo would halt and pitch his camp, waiting the arrival of his predecessor, accompanied by the leading merchant of Pera, the secretaries and sometimes the chiefs of other foreign missions, and the Janisseries and Spahis whom the Grand Vizir sent to meet the new Ambassador, but for whom he had to pay. From the number sent the Bailo gathered a first inkling of the reception in store for him.

For his entry into Pera the Envoy donned his official robes, a close-fitting tunic reaching to his ankles, called the ‘*duliman*,’ made of purple silk damask; above that a long cloak of crimson satin lined with velvet, or precious furs for winter wear, called

the 'ducale'; his shoes were of crimson velvet embroidered in gold; on his head a bonnet of silk damask adorned with a diamond jewel. His horse was draped in a tabard of crimson velvet which swept the ground. Accompanied by his predecessor, gentlemen from the embassies, merchants, Turkish officers, Spahis and Janissaries, the Bailo was brought to his lodging, where in the courtyard tables were spread for the Janissaries, Spahis and common folk. Upstairs, at three great tables, sat the Turkish officials, and at a fourth the Bailos and their suites. The feast lasted 'tre grosse ore.'

The Venetian Embassy, now the Austrian Embassy, lay in the Vigne di Pera, on the crest of the hill looking over the Bosphorus, with gardens and vineyards sloping down towards the water. From the Embassy the new Bailo and his predecessor set out to wait on the Grand Vizir, to hand in his credentials and to offer the present. The Grand Vizir appointed the day for the banquet and the audience of the Sultan in Divan.

All ceremonial was ordered according to a book of precedents kept in duplicate at the Embassy and at the Porte. The Bailo's instructions always contained an injunction to suffer no interference with precedent, and to be on his guard against any diminution of prestige. The Turk, on the other hand, constantly endeavoured to introduce some modification which would mark the inferiority of the 'Giaour,' and a Bailo's first difficulty was to secure observance of full ceremonial at Divan, banquet, and audience. The banquet, which preceded the audience, was a matter of great importance, for it was considered as the right of Crowned Heads only. Venice had always claimed, and at most Courts had established her claim, to rank with Crowned Heads. But on the loss of the kingdom of Cyprus an attempt was made to rob her of that rank. At the Court of St. James the Sovereign, James I., settled the question in favour of the Republic by declaring that she still held Crete, which he said was a kingdom. At the Porte, however, a more determined effort was made to deprive of the banquet the first Embassy that reached Constantinople after the fall of Famagosta. The mission was one of extreme delicacy, as its object was to effect a peace. It consisted of two Envoys, an Orator, Andrea Badoer, and a Bailo, Antonio Tiepolo, who was to succeed Marc' Antonio Barbaro. They reached Pera on August 28, 1572, but found that the Sultan was out hunting. He returned on October 7, and the 15th was appointed for the audience. The ambassadors and their suites were all ready to set out when it came to their ears that the Turk intended to refuse them the banquet on the ground that Venice no longer ranked as a Crowned

Head. Thereupon the three Envoys resolved not to go to audience. An exchange of messages then took place between Pera and Stamboul, and the Grand Vizir sent word to Orimbey, the grand dragoman, and Salamon, his Jew doctor, both of whom had acted as intermediaries, to warn the ambassadors that they had better take care what they did, for if they failed to appear next morning in Divan they would offend a powerful and choleric Prince who would think nothing of beheading all three. All three, however, sent back to say that they did not fear death in defence of their country's honour, nor was their country so feeble but that she could easily reopen the war, and that without the banquet they would not go to Divan. To soften this refusal, at least, in the eyes of the public, who were beginning to gossip about the incident, the Orator resolved to feign illness and went to bed. This was past midnight on the night of the 14th, and as the Divan was to be held as usual at daybreak on the 15th there was no time to countermand it. The Divan, in fact, met, the Janissaries were drawn up, the Grand Signior himself was dressed and in his place, but the Venetian Envoys did not appear. Three messengers were sent, one after another, to bid them hasten; but the Venetians merely resolved to send Francesco Barbaro, a relation of the retiring Bailo, to say that the Orator was ill and in bed. The Grand Vizir did not believe the story, but he dared not tell the truth to the Sultan for fear of his own head; he therefore adopted the tale, and without much difficulty induced the Sultan to accept it also. The two Bailos then waited on the Grand Vizir, asserted the reality of Badoer's illness, and complained of the insult intended for them. After much discussion the Grand Vizir gave way, and the banquet and audience were fixed for November 1.

Having secured the observance of full ceremonial, a Bailo would go to Divan on the day appointed. The Divan was held on Saturdays, Sundays, Mondays and Tuesdays only, and as a rule the Sultan was not present except for the purpose of granting an audience of reception or of 'cong  ,' the only occasion on which an Envoy had a personal interview with the Grand Signior. The earlier Sultans had been in the habit of attending Divan behind a little curtained window where they could hear all that passed. But after the reign of Soliman the Magnificent the management of affairs was entrusted more and more to the Grand Vizir. The Divan consisted of the Grand Vizir, three or four Pashas of tails, the Capudan Pasha, the Beglierbeys of Greece and Anatolia, two 'Cadileskiers,' or Chief Justices, three 'Defterdars' or Treasurers, the 'Nisangi' or Chancellor, and the 'Aga' or chief of the Janissaries; in attendance were the drago-

mans of the Grand Vizir and a crowd of clerks and messengers. The Grand Vizir alone despatched business ; if he chose he consulted his colleagues, who otherwise remained silent ; it also rested with him to submit matters or not to the Sultan's decision ; this was done by a written note, on which the Sultan scribbled his answer. The Divan was open to everyone. Petitioners, plaintiffs, all in short who had business, were introduced one by one by the Grand Vizir's dragomans, heard, and rapidly answered. After Divan the two 'Cadileskiers,' then the Grand Vizir, then the Aga of the Janissaries were received by the Sultan ; the Defterdars had audience on Sundays and Tuesdays only.

On the day appointed for his first audience the Bailo in his full robes, accompanied by his suite and servants bearing the present, crossed the Golden Horn in small boats called 'perms,' from Galata to Stamboul. At the landing-place they found horses waiting them and an escort of Spahis, Janissaries, and messengers or Chaushes. They rode uphill past Santa Sofia to the great gate of the Seraglio and into the first court, a vast open space surrounded by porticoes, where the cavalry or Spahis were drawn up in order. Dismounting, the Bailo and suite passed through the middle gate into the second court, turfed and planted with trees ; there they found, ranked in full uniform, in absolute silence, and motionless, six or seven thousand Janissaries ; under the loggia at the further end sat their Aga. At the extreme end of this courtyard was the Chamber of the Divan, adorned with pillars and tessellated pavement of marble. The Bailo was introduced into this chamber and seated among the Pashas, who entered into conversation with him while the Grand Vizir was despatching business. The suite remained outside, and the servants began to unpack and lay out the present. This consisted of webs of cloth of gold, silk damask, robes of scarlet cloth, silver plate, cheeses from Piacenza, confectionery. All this was distributed among the Janissaries, who were deputed to carry it presently past the window of the Sultan's chamber, and to deposit it in the Treasury or 'Caznà.' As the Sultan rarely deigned to examine the present, the Bailo sometimes recommended that it should be remarkable for quantity rather than quality.

No one could venture to approach the Sultan without a present, but the present soon resolved itself, for most Turks, into a sum of money conveyed by a legal fiction ; for the present was frequently brought out of the Treasury and returned to it. The Imperial revenue from presents amounted to about eight million ducats a year, or about as much as the revenue from other sources.



While the present was being unpacked the banquet was served in the Chamber of the Divan. It consisted of twenty-five courses of rice and peas, boiled mutton, roast lamb, fish, pastry, fried dough balls, 'qualche lavoraccio di pasta con miele,' no fruit, no sweets, all washed down with sherbet. There were no forks, no napkins, and only wooden spoons. The suite meantime was fed outside under the portico, in sight of the troops, sitting cross-legged on the ground. Their food was much the same as that served to their masters.

When the banquet was finished the Sultan was informed that the Bailo was waiting to be received. He was then taken to an inner courtyard of the Seraglio, in one corner of which stood a little chamber surrounded by a colonnade of fine marble pillars. This was the Sultan's chamber. At the door stood ushers in robes of cloth of gold and silver, with tall hats on their heads. The Envoy and those of his suite who were to be admitted to kiss the Sultan's skirts were then seized by the arms and held at the wrist and at the elbow by two young men one on each side, and were then introduced into the presence. The reason for this procedure was either to secure that they should make the proper reverences, or, as another version has it, to prevent them from offering violence to the Sovereign. The Grand Signior sat on a divan covered with silk wrought in gold thread and strewn with pearls, diamonds, rubies and other gems. On the ground were rich Persian carpets, and in the middle of the chamber a brazier of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones. On a level with his head was a little window, through which, if he chose, he could see the present defiling by. The Sultan wore a robe of cloth of gold, and sat motionless, his eyes on the ground, his hands in his pockets or in his lap. The Bailo was forced down on his knees and given a corner of the Sultan's robe to kiss. His suite did the same and were then led out backwards. The Bailo was then placed opposite the Sultan with his back to the wall, and made his address, which was interpreted by the Dragoman Grande. The Sultan received it all with an air of bored indifference; usually he said nothing, making as though he did not hear; sometimes, if very gracious, he would slightly bow his head or say 'Giozel'—that is, 'Very well.' At the close of this humiliating performance the Bailo was hurriedly backed out of the presence, and the audience was over. He regained his suite in the outer courtyard, and as they left the Seraglio Point 'the thundering tramp of the disbanding Janissaries shook the ground, and amazed and delighted the Envoy by the order and discipline of the troops.'

Being now fully accredited to the Porte, the Bailo proceeded

to the discharge of his duties. Those duties fell into two groups, Consular and Diplomatic, and we may consider them separately. But first a word must be said as to the working of the Embassy. Besides the staff he brought with him the Bailo found at Constantinople two or more dragomans, the Dragoman Grande, who accompanied him to audiences and was intermediary between the Embassy and the Porte, and the Dragoman Piccolo, who attended to the commercial correspondence and kept the shipping registers. The Venetian Envoys on their return from their mission frequently dwell on the importance of the dragomans, and point out how essential it is that they should be able, obedient, honest, loyal, for the Bailo in his dealings with the Turk was almost entirely in their hands. They often complain that these essential qualities were lacking, that the dragoman not uncommonly endeavoured to supplant the Bailo, negotiating on behalf of Venetian subjects directly with the authorities, and of course receiving the solatium for his own pocket. Bernardo Navagero (1553) was the first to suggest the establishment of student dragomans, in the hope that a school of able and honest public servants might then be created. His successor, in fact, did bring out two 'giovani di lingua,' sons of Venetian citizens. But the result was not encouraging. The young men took to loose living, and the corruption of the Turkish women—enough, as Bernardo says, 'di fare di un santo un diavolo'—ended by converting some of them to Islam. The evil repute of the post of student dragoman induced Venetian parents to refuse to send their sons to Constantinople, and the Embassy was reduced to employing Turkish subjects, sons of dragomans by long profession.

Besides the dragomans the Bailos found it necessary to employ a secret agent or intermediary called a 'mezzano.' He was usually a Jew doctor who—as not being a Christian—had more ready access to the houses of the Pashas, and, as a physician, even to their harems. The duties of the 'mezzano' were to keep the Embassy informed of what was taking place in the Turkish official world and in the Seraglio of the Grand Turk; to note the changes of Imperial favour, and to indicate whose star was in the ascendant, whose upon the wane. The mezzano was highly paid and frequently employed on the most delicate negotiations, as is the case of the Jew doctor Salomon, who was the chief agent in bringing about the peace of 1574. But in many cases the 'mezzani' were nothing other than 'spie doppie': that is, they told the Pasha as much about the Embassy as they told the Bailo about the Harem, and drew their money with both hands.

For the protection of the Embassy the Turk insisted on furnishing three Janissaries, for whom, however, the Bailo paid, and who were of little use, even, as we shall presently see, sometimes conniving at the escape of prisoners.

The revenue of the Embassy was derived from the 'cottino,' or duty of two per cent. levied on all Venetian goods that entered or left the port. The accounts were kept in two sets, the Consular and the Diplomatic. The expenses were regulated by decrees of the Senate; but they showed a steady tendency to rise till the Bailage of Marin Cavalli, who endeavoured to introduce economy in presents and thereby incurred the hatred of the dragomans and the Turks. He declared on his return that, if things had been allowed to go on as they were, thirty thousand ducats a year would not have satisfied Turkish rapacity. Cavalli laid down rules for his own guidance, declaring that excessive presents argued fear and weakness, that the more you give the Turk the more he will want; you should never pay when in the right; nor should you ever pay for the liberation of slaves, as that is provided for in the treaties; if successful, some small gift may properly be made, but you should obtain your demand first on the ground of right. Brave principles, but powerless at the Porte. They only led to Cavalli's failure and recall.

The Consular side of the Bailo's duties may be divided into two departments, the commercial and the judicial. In the commercial department the Bailo had the assistance of a Council of Twelve, chosen from among the resident Venetian merchants. In all matters affecting the commercial interests of Venetians he consulted the Twelve, though the decision as to the policy to be pursued rested with him, as did the appointments to the Consulates of Cairo, Aleppo, Syria and Chios. The liberation of Christian slaves was another of the Bailo's duties; it could easily be effected on payment of fifteen to twenty ducats a head.

That the Bailos recognised the great importance of the consular side of their mission is clear from their remarks: 'Il carico 'principale,' says Navagero in 1553, 'di un bailo di Costantinopoli è la defensione delle mercanzie della nazione.' But that trade was steadily declining through the sixteenth century. Navagero says that few Venetian houses remain in Constantinople; Cavalli puts them at ten or twelve at the most. Both express surprise that even these hold on. Venetian capital embarked in the Turkey trade in 1560 amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand ducats in the silk, woollen, and glass trade, and one hundred and thirty thousand ducats in leather, cordage and foodstuffs. Both Bailos attribute this decline to depreciation of gold, to rise in rent, to increased agency fees, to the abuse

of presents and bribes (without which nothing could be done), to the danger of sack by the Janissaries on the death of a Sultan, but above all to the Jews, who, being ready-money dealers, were able to make corners in all goods. 'These Jews have ruined the whole trade, for they have secured the monopoly of woollens and sell at their own prices.' Cavalli suggests that the law forbidding Jews to trade in Venetian bottoms should be enforced; but he admits that it is doubtful whether the mischief can be remedied, as the Jews are powerful in Constantinople, a fact of which Cavalli himself had a painful experience, ending in his disgrace and recall. The story is this: There was a Jew called Aaron Segura who had goods and other stuffs warehoused in Venice. This Segura was debtor of another Jew of Constantinople to the extent of two thousand six hundred sequins. The Venetian Government had sequestered Segura's goods in default of dues. The Constantinople Jew, finding his security gone, complained to the Sultan through the all-powerful Jew Naci. The complaint was forwarded to the Grand Vizir, who told Cavalli, the Bailo, that he could not leave Constantinople till the debt was discharged. Cavalli replied that it was beneath the dignity of an Envoy to stay on at the suit of a private individual, and also that it was beneath the dignity of the State to pay. The Vizir warned him to beware what he was about, as the petitioner had the ear of the Sultan. The Bailo then said he would endeavour on his return to secure the removal of the sequestration, and offered to pay down one thousand sequins. The Vizir and the Bailo, after some haggling, agreed on this point. The Bailo then had a farewell audience of the Grand Vizir, who appeared to be in a good temper, and wished him a pleasant journey. But just at this moment the sons of Aaron Segura came in, and the Grand Vizir told them that Cavalli had promised to secure the removal of the sequestration in Venice. This Cavalli denied; he had promised, he said, to promote the interests of the Jews, but he could not guarantee the finding of the Venetian Court that was trying the case. Thereupon the Vizir jumped up in a fury, called for an usher—the truculent Cubat, who had brought to Venice the insolent demand for the cession of Cyprus—and, declaring that if this matter were not settled at once it would end ill, he left the room. The Jews immediately set up a great howl, calling on Cubat to hale the Orator through the streets of Stambul to the Cadi's Court. Finally Cavalli induced the usher to accompany him back to the embassy, and there it was agreed that he should, on his return, secure the removal of the sequestration, and if that was not done within six months he would pay down one thousand sequins. When

the Vizir heard this he said that if the Jews were satisfied he was not, and required the agreement to be drawn up and signed by Cavalli in the presence of the Cadi, and Cavalli was obliged to consent. When the news reached Venice the Government was extremely indignant, as the whole proceeding was a breach of the Capitulations. They at once elected a new Ambassador and recalled both the Orator Cavalli and the Bailo Soranzo to stand their trial, and Soranzo was instructed to demand at once the withdrawal of the 'cocket' issued by the Cadi. This he succeeded in obtaining, and there the matter dropped, but it helps to illustrate the difficulties and dangers which surrounded a Venetian Envoy at Constantinople.

Another commercial subject which required the constant attention of the Bailo was the supply of corn for the city of Venice. After the disastrous battles of Curzola and Sapienza, Venice had learned that with war on the mainland and defeat at sea she was exposed to the most serious danger inherent in her otherwise all but impregnable position, the danger of starvation by blockade. It therefore became one of the maxims of her Government that the State must always keep her public granaries full. Her own mainland territory did not furnish grain enough. She had to rely on Apulia, or on the great plains of Asia Minor, Thessaly, and the Black Sea. But Apulia was too decidedly under the influence of Spain, the European Power most dreaded by Venice; the Republic therefore tended more and more to trust to Turkey for her grain supply. In discussing the possibilities of expanding Venetian trade with Turkey, Domenico Trevisan (1554) points out that the corn trade might be made profitable to Venetian merchants; but he adds, with a high sense of patriotic duty and a sound appreciation of economic principles, that such gains ought never to be desired by any man, on the double ground that to raise the price of foodstuff is to injure the poor and to injure the State. This is in accordance with the fundamental economic doctrines of the State of Venice, which, though the most highly protective among the States of Italy, yet refused even for war purposes to tax foodstuff. But the 'penuria annonae,' the 'necessitas bladi,' in which Venice found herself was well known to the Turk, who used it either as a source of gain—both Rustan Pasha and the Sultana Mother made corners in corn and pressed offers on Venice—or as a threat to squeeze the Republic into concessions. The Bailos frequently received orders from the home Government to make large contracts for corn. But as a rule they were opposed to this policy, as giving to the Turk too open an indication of their deficiency. They suggested, and the Government adopted the suggestion, that



it would be wiser to secure the inflow of corn through private enterprise by letting it be known that Venice offered a permanent market and a fixed price. Barbaro even endeavoured to persuade the Turks that Venice was independent of them in the matter of corn, for on one occasion when the Turk was playing his usual trick of threatening to withhold grain the Bailo said that the result of such a policy was that Venice had taken to reclaiming her own marsh lands, and was now, or soon would be, in a position to feed herself; 'at which,' as he says, 'the Pasha opened his ears very wide.'

To turn now to the judicial side of the Bailo's functions. The Bailo's Court was the Court of all Venetians and for most Christian residents at Constantinople. If a Turk sued a Venetian the case was tried by the Bailo; if, on the other hand, a Venetian sued a Turk the case was heard by the Cadi, but the Bailo's dragoman was always present. Suits between Venetians, of course, came before the Bailo. By the Capitulations the Bailo could call on the Governor of Pera for his support in enforcing sentence or for the custody of prisoners, as there was no prison in the Embassy. The surrender of non-Venetian residents to the Bailo's Court was voluntary but usual; indeed, the only alternative was the Turkish Courts, which all foreigners would naturally avoid. We have the case of the English Ambassador Barton coming into the Bailo's Court at the suit of Carlo Ellman, and the case of Sir Thomas Glover, English Ambassador, sending for trial before the Bailo, on criminal charges, the renegade friar Fra Vincenzo of Maddaloni, who was first engaged as preacher at the British Embassy and eventually caused outrageous scandal. With a view to seeing how the Court worked we may quote the report of a case where the Envoy was called upon to use his Court for the protection of a Venetian merchant. The case occurred in 1588, and, though inconclusive owing to the flight of the prisoner, is instructive, and throws a curious light on the manners and customs of the Perotes in the sixteenth century.

'On June 24, a certain Messer Pasqualin Lion, a Venetian merchant resident in Constantinople, lodged a complaint with the Bailo that in the bazaar of Galata he had been set upon and thrashed by a Janissary and some of the Janissary cadets, called Azamoglani; they had first insulted and then hustled him, and on his retaliating one of the aggressors drew a knife, while another fetched him a blow with a leaden belt buckle. Messer Pasqualin now called on the Bailo to secure the arrest of his assailants. The Bailo, Moro, at once sent the Dragoman Grande to demand the surrender of the accused, but was met by all sorts of subterfuges on the part of the authorities, and it was only after using strong

language to the Grand Vizir himself that a Janissary and a young Azamoglan were sent to the Venetian Embassy to be examined. The Bailo elicited the fact that neither of these men was the aggressor, but that both had seen and heard a Christian talking to another Janissary named Hassan—at present in asylum in the gardens of the Captain of the Janissaries—and offering him a bribe to thrash the merchant Pasqualin. The Bailo inquired whether the witnesses could identify this Christian, and on their saying "Yes," the whole Embassy staff and household was paraded, and each of the witnesses independently and separately picked out Francesco da Feltre, servant to Messer Cristoforo Brutti, an Italian in the service of that great personage the Beglierbey of Greece. On hearing this the Bailo ordered Francesco to consider himself consigned to the Embassy.

Four days later the Janissary Hassan, having been unearthed from his captain's garden, was brought before the Bailo. He at once confessed—knowing that he would not be punished and caring not a jot for quarrels among Giaours—that a year ago Brutti himself had engaged him to thrash Lion, assuring him that Lion was merely a merchant's agent, a fellow of no importance, and that he might safely give it him, which was done; but further, only a few days ago Francesco, Brutti's servant, had sought him out again and had promised him, in Brutti's name, a scarlet cloth cloak if he would repeat the operation. Hassan consented, and made arrangements with some of the Cadet Janissaries, who he said were the actual assailants, for at the last moment he had found out that Messer Lion was a merchant of weight and under the protection of the Bailo, and was afraid to assault him. He had not received the scarlet cloak, but the Cadets had got something for the job.

At the close of Hassan's evidence the Bailo ordered the arrest of Francesco, and as there was no prison in the Embassy, he sent the accused, under escort of the Embassy Janissaries, down to the prison of the Governor of Pera, upon whom, under the Capitulations, he had a right to call for assistance when required. The Bailo apparently made no effort to secure punishment of the Turks, the principal aggressors, but confined his attention to the two Christian instigators, Brutti and his servant Francesco. But Brutti was the Beglierbey's man, and at once had recourse to his patron, begging him to demand the release of Francesco as being indirectly of his household. The Beglierbey twice sent his majordomo down to the Governor of Pera to demand the person of Francesco, but the Governor replied that as he had received the prisoner from the Bailo he could hand him over to no one but the Bailo or his accredited agent. Moro meanwhile continued to hear evidence in the case. The man who acted as interpreter between Francesco and Hassan was found and examined, and though he denied all knowledge of the affair it was noticed that while giving evidence "both his hands and his voice trembled." The evidence of Steffano, the Dragoman Grande, however, conclusively proved the connection

between Hassan and Francesco, and the latter was brought up from the prison in Pera for examination. He admitted the first thrashing of Messer Pasqualin, for which the Janissary received an asper, about a penny, from Brutti, but denied all knowledge of the second. He was remanded. On August 10 the Bailo sent for the prisoner again to pass sentence on him. At the moment when Francesco was brought into the Embassy the Bailo was busy making up despatches, and ordered Francesco to be locked into a room. An hour later, on sending for the prisoner, it was found he had escaped through the help and connivance of the Janissary attached to the Embassy, who accompanied him to the house of the Beglierbey, where he was safe. Moro can only remark, "Should your Serenity think it advisable to make a prison in the Embassy, one hundred sequins would cover the expense, and I strongly recommend this course."

Finally, among his other functions, the Venetian Bailo acted as Postmaster for the whole diplomatic body and for foreign residents in Constantinople, just as the Austrian Embassy, the heir of the Venetian Embassy, does nowadays. It is also clear that the European mail for Constantinople was made up in Venice and transmitted to the Bailo, who distributed its contents. This gave the Bailo the opportunity to open letters of suspected persons; that he availed himself of it is proved by a despatch from Lorenzo Bernardo to the Inquisitors of State under date November 30, 1591, in which Bernardo declares that he had opened letters of a certain Minorichino, a professed spy of Spain at the Porte, and as he found them in cipher he transmitted them bodily to the Inquisitors.

The ordinary post left twice a month for Venice and was taken by land to Cattaro, whence it was conveyed to Venice by the Cattaro frigate. The journey ought to have taken about a month, but the roads were dangerous, not merely from footpads but also from officials, the Cadi of Montenegro being specially annoying. The Bailo therefore, if opportunity offered, would sometimes send the post by another line, the all-sea route, or by the all-land route *via* Vienna, by means of the Imperial couriers.

But, besides the ordinary bi-monthly post, there was also the more frequent despatch of the Embassy bags. As a favour the Bailo would admit the despatches of other Embassies and sometimes, through the interest of a colleague, the letters of private individuals; it was, however, strictly forbidden to enclose money or jewels or valuables which might tempt the cupidity of thieves, and lead, as had often happened, to the murder of the courier and the destruction of his bags. The whole of this point is well illustrated by the case of Henry Parvis, as stated by Sir

Henry Wotton, the English Ambassador at Venice, to the Doge in audience.

‘There is [said Wotton] in this city a young Englishman called Henry Parvis. He acts as forwarding agent for goods and letters. He has correspondents in Constantinople, among them a son of Lorenzo Pencini, an honourable goldsmith of Venice. Young Pencini had occasion to send a couple of pearls to his father. He begged the English Ambassador in Constantinople (Sir Thomas Glover) to enclose in his own despatches a packet of letters in which were these pearls, and to send them to Venice. I am surprised that Pencini did not apply rather to your Serenity’s ambassador, for he regulates the post. But your Envoy has very wisely issued an order forbidding the despatch of pearls and jewels, so as not to jeopardise the whole mail; accordingly Pencini’s son, being aware of the prohibition, applied to the English Ambassador, who took the packet and promised to forward it to Venice.’

The English Ambassador, whether aware of the contents of Parvis’s letters or not, forwarded them under cover of his own to the Bailo, Filippo Bon. But Bon had secret information of the existence of the pearls, and when making up the post he detained the packet containing the pearls and wrote to his brother in Venice saying that he held them at the disposal of the owner. When the post arrived in Venice Lorenzo Pencini waited a few days and then asked Parvis for the pearls. He naturally denied having received them, and hence rose a lawsuit which called for Wotton’s intervention on behalf of his fellow-countryman.

To turn to the diplomatic side of the Bailo’s duties, to the relations existing between the Republic and the Porte during the sixteenth century, we shall find that a Bailo’s position was as delicate and dangerous in those wider questions as it was in the narrower department of commercial relations. At the opening of the century the position of Venice at the Porte was unique among the other European Powers. She alone kept permanent diplomatic agents at Constantinople; the series of French Ambassadors and Imperial Internuncios had not yet begun. She was the greatest sea-Power in the Mediterranean, the only Power the Turks feared and respected, for Spain had not yet been brought to the front by Charles V. The evidences of her wealth and strength were patent to the Turk in the fleet of trading vessels which every year visited the Golden Horn. But already the first attack had been made on the world position of Venice by the discovery of the Cape route to the East Indies; a discovery which changed the trade-route of the world, dis-established the Mediterranean in favour of the Atlantic, and struck a fatal blow at the roots of Venetian commercial supre-

macy, and during the course of the century the process of decline was never arrested.

In 1508 came the coalition of European Powers for the spoliation of the Republic. She weathered the storm, it is true, but it left her seriously damaged, and the settlement at Bologna in 1529 introduced and riveted the Spanish power in Italy and brought Venice face to face with a standing menace to her land possessions. Then came the troubles with those Liburnian freebooters the Uscocks, whose marauding exploits against the subjects of Austrian Archduke and Grand Signior involved the Republic—which claimed sole supremacy in the Adriatic and was therefore responsible for policing those waters—in endless conflict with Austrian and Turk alike.

All through the century Venice had to face the constant menace of the Turks as an expanding Power. They had conquered Rhodes and had their eye on Cyprus and Crete; they cast their glances even further and dreamed of landing in Apulia, and gave each other rendezvous at 'the red rose' Rome. The third and fourth Turkish wars were both disastrous, leading up to the loss of Cyprus and the bitter disappointment after the victory of Lepanto, where the conduct of her allies robbed Venice of the fruits of victory and compelled her to a peace which, as Voltaire remarked, would have induced anyone to believe that Venice, not the Turk, was the defeated party. Then came the collapse of the Armada and the rise of England and Holland, which led to the opening of the Mediterranean to their commerce and the establishment of Ambassadors at the Porte, with Capitulations, and in the case of England, the right of the covering flag for the Dutch, with a consequent shrinkage of Venetian prestige. The Republic instructed its Envoys to oppose in every way the recognition of both English and Dutch Ambassadors and to act with their colleagues, the Imperial and the French Ambassadors, to whom the advent of the English and the Dutch was equally repugnant. But by 1592 Lorenzo Bernardo had to report that 'the Queen of England has been now for some time in high esteem as a sea Power. This was recognised when she broke the forces of Spain by the valour of Drake partly, but chiefly by the aid of the elements. The fact that England is the enemy of Spain increases this regard, and, as the two nations are not neighbours, at no point can anything arise to disturb their amity, which is fostered by trade bringing profit to both. The English Ambassador is constantly employing evil offices to the injury of Christendom, urging the Turk to send out his fleet; but as this is an expensive business let us trust in God that the Ambassador will find it too difficult.'

In the midst of this general situation, then, the Venetian Envoy



was called upon to steer his difficult course. He was expected to preserve the peace; to persuade the Turk that the balance of sea-power in the Mediterranean as between the Crescent and the Cross, as between Turkey and Spain, lay with Venice; to prove to the Turk that the Republic could rely on the support of Europe; and, while preventing the Sultan from thinking that she would join a Christian coalition against him, yet to convince him that she could do so if she chose. To support him in this delicate mission the Bailo had little that was solid at his back. The Turkish wars had lowered the prestige of the Venetian fleet, and, worse still, had demonstrated the fact of Venetian isolation, had taught the Turk that Europe would not support Venice. When the Envoy urged that though the Republic desired to maintain peace with the Porte, still, if forced to war, 'it always lay in her power to conclude an offensive alliance with the Christian Powers,' the Grand Vizir replied that he 'knew quite well how little Venice was loved by the rest of Europe and how little ground she had for relying on assistance from the Powers.' Such was the fatal result of Spanish policy after the victory of Lepanto.

The Bailos are all agreed that their sole weapons were, first, the maintenance of Venetian prestige, the 'conchetto' in which Venice was held; that no effort, no expense, no sacrifice was too great if directed to that end; and they urge their Government to moderate their expressions of 'indissoluble friendship' and to instruct their envoys to hold their heads high in face of Turkish insolence or injustice; and, secondly, the threat of an alliance with Spain. And here lay the greatest difficulty in the Bailo's task; for if he succeeded in persuading the Turk that such an alliance was imminent he ran the risk of precipitating a declaration of war and of being himself sent to the Seven Towers, while, on the other hand, a report of his conduct sent home to his Government might awaken suspicion that he was in Spanish pay. Indeed, so rife was suspicion of Spanish gold that this very fate overtook not only a Venetian Bailo but also an English Ambassador, Sir Thomas Glover, who was recalled on the charge of being too friendly to Spain, though he successfully cleared himself. Not so poor Girolamo Lippomano, who, after a diplomatic career of great brilliancy, ending with Bailage of Constantinople, was suddenly arrested and sent home in irons, in 1592, and was either drowned or committed suicide when the ship was entering the port of the Lido.

By the end of the sixteenth century it may be said that the brilliant days of Venetian diplomacy at the Porte were drawing to a close.

## ART. VII.—HISTORY IN FURNITURE.

1. *Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement et de la Décoration.* Par HENRY HAVARD. Paris : Ancienne Maison Quantin.
2. *Le Mariage de Louis XV. d'après des documents nouveaux et une correspondance inédite de Stanislas Leczinski.* Par HENRY GAUTHIER-VILLARS. Paris : Librairie Plon, 1900.
3. *La Noblesse en France avant et depuis 1789.* Par H. DE BARTHÉLEMY. Paris : Calmann-Lévy, 1905.
4. *La Reine Marie Antoinette.* Par PIERRE DE NOLHAC. Paris : Calmann-Lévy, 1905.

PROBABLY everyone is secretly impressed by the prestige and significance of style, and, in some dim way, is made conscious of the fact that style possesses a meaning and is fraught with an intelligible message. The uniformity and unanimity of great buildings is proof of the existence of such a meaning. Coherence of structure stands for coherence of thought. Where not a detail, or smallest feature, which in any way conflicts with the general character, is admitted, we cannot but be aware of an intelligent principle at work, selecting and rejecting. We observe, also, that this principle is independent of and stronger than individual will, since the more it comes into play the more the initiative of the individual is superseded and his action absorbed. From this absorption of the individual there results that uniformity of the great styles which, we feel, can embody no petty whim or chance current of floating fashion, but a powerful, deep-seated conviction of the age. The typical buildings that stretch back in long array into the past, Doric temple and Roman palace, and early Christian basilica, and Arab mosque, and soaring Gothic minster, seem each to incarnate this spirit of their own time. So different, yet each instinct with definite character, they invite us, like sphinx riddles, to guess their meaning. And we are never tired of guessing. Each generation in turn addresses itself to the task, and ponders over the message which it feels must inhabit forms so harmonious and coherent.

Such is the attraction of style. But it is not confined to styles of architecture. No sooner, even in comparatively trivial subjects, do we come in touch with that peculiar uniformity and ordered motion which marks the presence of style than we are conscious of the same sense of definite character and meaning. Styles of furniture have this definite character as well as styles of building. Louis Quinze furniture is as uniform as Gothic

architecture. There is, however, this difference, that the purpose and meaning of style in furniture is slighter and more on the surface than the meaning of style in architecture, and for this very reason is perhaps easier to seize. The meaning of Gothic lies deep in the heart of its age. It is the voice of national conviction, inexhaustible in interest but difficult completely to grasp and formulate. The meaning of such styles in furniture as Louis Quinze and Louis Seize refers to the society of the period, and deals not so much with national conviction as with the manners and life of a class. It is deficient, no doubt, in Gothic's depth of interest, yet, because of its comparative superficiality, should be easier to interpret.

In making the attempt we have at least this advantage, that we are dealing with a subject familiar to everyone. French eighteenth-century furniture has been so long a fashion that most people's houses contain specimens of it. Moreover, besides these scattered examples, we have our great collections; we have the Wallace Collection giving us the full blaze and glitter of the life of the ancient *régime*, and the Jones Collection, giving us that exquisite grace and refinement which to the end kept the sight of horrible reality from the vision of poor Marie Antoinette. These are museums, not of the furniture only, but of the painting and whole system of decoration of their period. It is scarcely necessary to point out the great value of such collections as these, when it comes to the interpretation of the meaning of a style. It is, as we said, in its unanimity, in its developement of the same theme and the same set of ideas in many different ways, that the significance of style is felt. All that we set eyes on, not the furniture only, but the ornaments, and bric-à-brac and pictures on the walls must combine to convey the same impression, if that impression is to be adequately appreciated and rightly understood. It is this unanimity in variety, the consciousness of being surrounded by ideas of the same character, but reproduced in countless different ways, which fills the suites of rooms of Hertford House with the very atmosphere and life of the French eighteenth-century aristocracy. True, what we have here is no deep and solemn conviction, such as inspires those great manifestations of style in which the spirit of an age is embodied. It is only the spirit of a section of society which pervades these salons; a section, too, confessedly frivolous and pleasure-loving and altogether lacking in seriousness and depth of interest. And yet, the delightful complacency with which the philosophy of this particular class is voiced for us by the glittering harmony through which we move, makes it impossible not to wish to transcribe

the message. French furniture has often been praised for its beauty, its preciousness, its fine workmanship ; but how seldom do we hear it praised for its historical significance ! How seldom do we value it for what it tells us, not of the manners and tastes only, but of the ideas and limitations and view of life of this dominant section of French society ! Let us remember, too, what there is of peculiar and fatal significance about a section of society in whose doom the spirit of *opéra-bouffe* and tragedy, unparalleled frivolity and unparalleled ferocity, are so horribly mingled and involved. Its airs and graces, its solemn antics and elaborate etiquette, relieved against the inky background of the Revolution, are inspired with a half serious, wholly pathetic interest which, in themselves, they might not possess. *Morituri te salutant*. This *débonnaire* philosophy, so lightly echoed by the splendour of these rooms, is the philosophy which was controverted by the guillotine.

How shall we seize it ? Let us choose the most obvious characteristic here present and question that ; it is sure to be the most significant one. Nor, as to this most obvious characteristic, is there much room for doubt. The richness of material, the elaborate and infinitely painstaking workmanship, suggest at once a consummate luxury and the manners and life of an essentially luxurious class. It is a furniture *de luxe*, if ever there was one. The gorgeousness and glitter of it, the loaded gilding of the chairs and couches, the inlays of precious woods and metals, the carved ormolu and painted porcelain, the ornaments of gold and silver and enamel, studded with gems, or wrought out of lapis lazuli, or rock crystal or other rare and precious stone, all bear out this character. The more we look, the more this impression is confirmed. Luxury here is dominant, is the master motive. It dominates, for one thing, the labour that serves it. There is never any mistaking for a moment the kind of excellence in workmanship, which springs from the free use of a natural gift, and which belongs to all expert craftsmanship. It has a flexibility, what musicians call a sense of *touch*, which stamps it at once. The excellence here displayed is not of that kind. It is a forced excellence ; an excellence not exerting itself freely, but constrained, whether it will or no, to celebrate the supremacy of luxury. Rarely, save among Orientals, do we find the toil of the workman lavished in a spirit so patiently servile.

This luxury, then, so universal and so dominant, is the obvious characteristic which we are to question more closely. There is a good deal of luxurious furniture made in all ages, and perhaps, at the first glance, it might puzzle us to say what is the

difference between this universal, luxurious furniture scattered through the ages, and the luxurious furniture of Hertford House. There is, however, if we consider the matter, this difference : that with luxurious furniture in general the luxury is an attribute dependent on the use of the thing. It is an adornment and decoration of something real, an accessory or afterthought, which, though often carried far, still keeps its decorative purpose and does not thrust itself forward as the aim and object for which the thing was made.

The peculiarity, on the contrary, of the Hertford House luxury is that it is an exposition and analysis of the quality of luxury as a governing motive. Ostentation and show are not here accessory to use and comfort. They are the primary conditions. If we question any bit of this furniture we shall find this divorce from reality admitted, and this purpose of display confessed. The primary use of chairs and sofas is, after all, to sit or lie upon, and in most luxurious furniture this use is fully admitted, and the luxury consists in elaborating and perfecting the use, and, by adding the easiest springs and softest cushions, making the chair or sofa still more lie-able or sit-able on. But the Hertford House chairs and sofas are made for no such purpose. The adornment lavished on them, far from emphasising their natural use, has actually annulled that use, so that they are now far less lie-able or sit-able on than any cottage bench or stool of common wood. Sight-seeing is tiring work, but we do not imagine that any visitor, however tired, has ever felt the temptation to sit and rest on one of these stiff and gilded seats.

The reader is familiar, probably, with an architectural theory which asserts that ornament must conform to structural use. This theory, which applies to a good deal besides architecture, seems to be, in the case of French eighteenth-century craftsmanship, reversed. None of it suggests use at all. We have said that the chairs and sofas do not invite us to sit on them. But neither do the inlaid glittering tables with their golden legs offer to supply the ordinary use of tables. How could we venture to hide such splendour under a litter of newspapers and novels ? In the same way the *escritaires* are not made to be written at, and the cabinets are not made for putting things away in. Nothing, in short, that we look at, makes it any longer its object and purpose in life to fulfil those functions for which originally, as a species, it was called into existence. Everything has passed beyond that stage, and, by common consent, has substituted a decorative for a useful purpose. Functional use has retired into the background. Show and display have asserted themselves as the *raison d'être* and serious business of life. With



immense pains and patient care, each article and object, in all these gorgeous suites of apartments, sets out to be primarily an ornament; divests itself of reality, puts away the practical purposes of life and gives itself up to an exclusively decorative treatment.

This is, as it seems to us, the *note* of the style before us. If, as we stroll from room to room, we take with us the formula 'a decorative rather than a useful purpose' and apply it to each object in turn, we shall find that each will bow to the justice of the definition. Style, as we said, marks the presence of a definite meaning or message, and here we have the meaning of these French styles; a meaning scarcely to be questioned by anyone who in such a place as Hertford House submits himself to the cumulative influence of his surroundings. Let us, that we may the better realise it, note its moment of origin. Louis Quatorze furniture, like Louis Quinze, is luxurious and splendid, with its brocades and tapestries and rich Boulle inlays. But it is splendid in a stately, dignified fashion. It harmonises well with the ordered long arcades and the great ceremonious suites of salons of the architecture of the period. Moreover, when we come to consider it, it has by no means yet lost touch with the uses and realities of life. A study of the furniture collection in the South Kensington galleries will show that, as regards shape and form, a good deal of the simplicity and massiveness of the old Gothic furniture survives even to the eighteenth century. Through the Renaissance period this massiveness is retained, though the tendency to redundancy of carving is apparent. Down to the latter half of the sixteenth century the sculpture is for the most part out of the solid wood, and the pieces, in material and shape, are simple and strong in construction, though treated pompously. Later we come to inlaid marquetry, but still the substantial forms survive. The decoration, however overdone, does not usurp the place of function and become the ruling purpose. And this is the case even during the gorgeous Louis Quatorze period. M. Havard selects the word 'majestic' as descriptive of the art as well as the life of that period, or at least of the first half of it, and, admitting a trifle of vulgarity in the majesty, it is a well-applied epithet. The fact is Louis Quatorze splendour still cloaks something real. Affairs of state still count for something. The pride and power of the nation are still important considerations. Louis never allows anyone to forget that he is a great king. This sense of dignity and stateliness runs all through the splendour of this reign, as it runs all through its life and politics, and makes one constantly aware that it is a splendour compatible with a certain large effectiveness of character and aim.

With the passing of the Grand Monarque, however, this majesty passes too. 'Avec le dernier soupir du plus majestueux des rois, la majesté, déjà quelque peu méconnue, achève de s'envoler de la terre.' A new spirit that knew nothing of the duties and responsibilities of life takes its place. 'En quelques instants tout change; le vieux décor s'effondre et sur ses ruines un monde nouveau, frais, pimpant, gracieux, léger, indiscret et joyeux, s'établit et s'installe.' Seriousness in life and art goes out with Louis Quatorze; frivolity comes into life and art with Louis Quinze. The old strength and stateliness give place to an artificial and excessive refinement in workmanship, not of detail only but of form. What was ornament in the older style assumes control, eats form away, until form itself becomes ornament. It is the peculiarity of the studies of curves and scroll work of Louis Quinze furniture, and the slender, attenuated proportions of Louis Seize, that they no longer represent the beautifying and perfecting of the common things of life, which after all is the true function of art as applied to things like furniture, but minister and bear witness to a life cut off from such things. It is impossible to associate these exquisite creations with the idea of everyday life and common use at all. They have forgotten all about use and reality and have made of mere luxury their *raison d'être* and supreme justification. The artificial has to them become the real.

To this we return as the keynote of these later styles, and it is in this that they portray so effectively the life of the class and period to which they belong. For it is not mere luxury which is found in the French Court of the eighteenth century. Luxury has generally been a habitant of courts. It is the fact that luxury has assumed control of life, that it has eaten into society's core, eaten realities and duties quite away, and become itself the only serious preoccupation of life, which stamps it, in the French society of the time, with such peculiar significance. The remarkable thing about this French society is that it is incapable of any useful function whatever. The courtiers and nobles of Louis XV.'s reign seem to have lost all power of taking an interest in anything save court scandals and intrigues. Those among them whose memory goes back to the manners of an earlier age, an age not destitute of courage, dignity and fortitude, deplore the falling off in virile virtue. They can scarcely credit the change which has taken place under their very eyes. There is no principle, not honour itself even, which has not succumbed to the corroding effects of frivolity. The nation is visibly drifting to destruction, the signs of an approaching catastrophe grow daily more threatening, yet society jests and titters on,

incapable of realising anything save its own dissipations and its own elaborate etiquette.

Let us examine this a little more closely. Let us take the formula we applied to the furniture—a decorative rather than a useful purpose—and see how it answers as applied to society. And in applying this formula to society let us note this : that it is not the dissipation and luxury themselves which are significant, but the fact that the dissipation and luxury have usurped the place of reality and become the one serious business of life. The significant symptoms, accordingly, will be those which show us this reality passing out of the serious and important things of life. Such facts as that the Prince de Conti used the dust of a crushed diamond to dry the ink of a billet to his mistress, or that the Queen gave the Dauphin a carriage covered with rubies and sapphires, or that Madame de Matignon paid 24,000 livres a year to have her hair brushed, or that the Comte d'Artois pulled down and rebuilt a castle to prepare a fête for the Queen, or that young de Chenonceaux lost seven hundred thousand livres in one night's gambling, or that another courtier kept forty horses for an occasional ride in the Bois de Boulogne, and another bought up and emptied the streets leading to his residence that his amours might be conducted in secret, or that Madame du Barry's bills during the time she was in favour amounted to some four million livres ; such facts as these—and they might be multiplied to fill volumes—are not, after all, the kind of facts that best serve to show the character of the luxury of the age. They can be matched, more or less closely, in the histories of most aristocracies in most ages. The facts which are significant are those which testify to the insensibility of this pleasure-loving class to natural instincts and primitive duties and responsibilities ; which testify, that is to say, to the ebbing of reality out of the serious things of life. When, for instance, a Comte de Tilly records that he was brought up by valets, or a Duc de Biron, observing that a lackey had the superintendence of his education, remarks, ' j'étais d'ailleurs ' comme tous les enfans de mon âge et de ma sorte, les plus jolis ' habits pour sortir, nu et mourant de faim à la maison,' then we begin to realise what was being deducted from the serious things of life to pay for the frivolities. It is curious to notice that the value of children in this society was essentially a decorative one. To be trained in the etiquette of their elders, to be dressed in the mode, the little boys in ruffles and swords, the little girls in rouge and patches with false hair piled on their heads, and have their precocious gallantry and *savoir-faire* paraded to the laughter and applause of society, were the uses they were put to. Their infantine compliments and *bons mots* are recited with enthusiasm,

and they are allowed to constitute a charming addition to the lapdog and negro page of their mother's suite.

In the same way, when, in turning over the memoirs of the day, we find ourselves arrested by phrase after phrase and episode after episode which record how entirely the whole meaning of marriage and married life has been swamped in a sea of intrigues and petty liaisons, the same sense of the sapping of the serious things of life is brought home to us. One almost hesitates to intrude moral considerations into the presence of anything so irresponsibly gay as the society of the French Court, for indeed there is something disarming and next door to innocent in the excesses of people who are quite unaffectedly and honestly blind to the serious side of things. At the same time, nothing can alter the fact that fathers and mothers and children and husbands and wives are among life's chief realities, and, by a normally healthy society, must be so treated. The truth, of course, is that where great store is set on trifling things and the pursuit of them followed up with intense seriousness, this seriousness has to be paid for in the loss of a corresponding amount of interest in what is real and important. It is this loss of interest in what is real and important which is the really deadly symptom of the French Court life of the period. The supreme importance attached to gaiety and dissipation and show has so sucked the strength out of all real and important functions that at last the sense for reality has become a lost sense. Children are not realities; wives and husbands are not realities; victories and defeats, as we shall see in a minute, and shame and dishonour are not realities. Nothing can exist, nothing can occur, but it is turned immediately into food for jests. The defeat of Hochstadt is deplored because the skit on it lacks humour. Rosbach is approved because its verses are excellent. Necker's attempts as Minister of Finance to stave off national bankruptcy count for nothing. His fitness for his office is proved by a particularly splendid banquet given to the fashionable world of Paris. Every event, however tragic, every crisis, however grave, is dealt with as comedy. In proportion as the unreal has become real, the real has become unreal.

But this instinct for unreality, which we come to recognise in the court party as quite unfailing, reveals itself in much more important than merely social matters. It reveals itself with just as much infallibility in matters of state policy and national government. It is important to remember in this connection that French society and the French government were, in spirit, one. Richelieu's policy, bequeathed by him to Louis Quatorze, of wrecking feudalism once and for all by depriving the great

territorial nobles of their civil duties and responsibilities, was fated to have as grave an effect on the King's authority as on that of the nobles themselves. Shorn of all useful purpose, their authority and functions in their own departments usurped by crown officials, the aristocrats left their huge châteaux and estates and gravitated to Versailles. If they could not be useful let them be ornamental. It had been decreed that the State should be nothing to them, they proceeded to make society everything. Hence was developed that purely decorative purpose which became the distinguishing note of this French society. But that purpose did not stop at society. It proceeded to corrupt the governing principle itself. Imbedded, so to speak, in the heart of this society, breathing its air, living its life, receiving its influence, cut off by it from the outer world, the monarchy became rapidly infected with its spirit. It had created a frivolous class and itself caught the disease. The government which ensued, a government of mistresses and the favourites of mistresses, was animated purely by the prevailing social frivolity. Henceforth monarchy and aristocracy advance to their doom hand in hand.

We shall not be wandering from our subject if without plunging too deeply into history we dwell just enough on one or two stages of this progress to bring out the special characteristic we have in view. Several of the chief factors which were leading up to the Revolution had their origin in the middle years of the eighteenth century, and of these the two chief, perhaps, were the war of the Austrian Alliance and the philosophic movement in literature. It is interesting to observe how thoroughly in their own manner was the handling by the Court party of these significant events.

During these middle years of the eighteenth century two distinct and opposed lines of policy were offered to France to choose between. One was a policy of concentration; an internal, exclusively European policy, leading to no national development and addressing itself merely to the adjustment of European rivalries. The other was a policy of expansion, consisting in the recognition of the larger opportunities which the newly realised East and West were beginning to unfold to human enterprise. In this latter policy lay, of course, France's true line of progress. Her position, both in India and America, was strong. In America she laid claim to the whole basin of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and was prepared to back her claims. In 1754 Washington's expedition was forced to capitulate, and in the following year Braddock's much more important force was practically annihilated. The English Company of the Ohio was



quashed, and English attempts at expansion everywhere checked and foiled. French forts and blockhouses rose on every eminence and commanded every valley. It was France's avowed object to drive the English east of the Alleghany Mountains, and she was in a fair way by 1755 to accomplish it. Similarly in India the boldness of Dupleix's schemes of French conquest and dominion seemed justified by circumstances. In the rivalry between French Pondichery and British Madras the French settlement had the best of it. Madras fell in 1746. In 1748 the combined land and sea expeditions under Major Lawrence and Admiral Boscawen against Pondichery were repulsed. It is noticeable that in these colonial wars the French leaders were usually men of remarkable energy and dash, prompt to act and ready to accept full responsibility for their actions. Such were La Gallisonière, Du Quesne and La Corne in America, and Dupleix, La Bourdonnais, and Lally in India. They were well supported, and the vigour with which France's interests were served in these enterprises is in strong contrast to the nerveless and feeble character of her operations in Europe. The truth is that it was in the opportunities for national expansion promised by India that the hopes of French development lay, and so long as she showed a disposition to avail herself of these opportunities France drew to her service all the keenest and most adventurous spirits among her children. Instinctively these felt the inspiration of a truly national enterprise, and their activity and vigorous tactics bear witness to the stimulus which arises from co-operating with the spirit of the age.

Their designs, however, as we know, came to nothing. In a few years' time French hopes of expansion both in America and India were blighted. Not for a century was France to resume, under healthier auspices, the scheme of national development which Du Quesne and Dupleix had foreshadowed. What flung her back was the Austrian Alliance. Of the two policies she chose the retrograde one. In bucklering the cause of Austria against the progressive races of the North, France associated herself with a set of worn-out, aristocratic, and feudal traditions which were sinking into decrepitude. She championed the ideas that were going out against the ideas that were coming in. The circumstances attending the treaty and the conduct of the war that followed were all of a piece. La Pompadour, as the reader knows, was the guiding spirit throughout. It is not every day that an angry woman can make the armed strength of a nation the instrument of her jealousies and caprices; but La Pompadour enjoyed that luxury. Frederick never troubled to conceal his opinion of her, and his contemptuous '*Je ne la connais pas,*'

when Voltaire presented him her compliments, was in stinging contrast to Maria Theresa's adroit flattery. Old Kaunitz, past master in the diplomacy of courts, easily perceived the possibilities of the situation, and, while the Empress plied the mistress with compliments, made it the object of his manoeuvres to secure the latter's good offices on behalf of Austria. That done, all was done. La Pompadour was France's mistress as much as Louis's. Louis reigned and his mistress governed, was the saying. The crisis, though the fate of nations hung on it, is purely farcical in motive and idea. La Pompadour, snubbed or noticed by the legitimate Sovereigns of Europe, suggests to our fancy a Becky Sharp, railing at the Countess of Bareacres, or fawning on the Marquis of Steyne. It was for causes such as these that the greatest colonising chances ever laid before a nation were neglected and thrown away.

Needless to say, the whole Court party threw itself into the Pompadour quarrel with immense enthusiasm. If there was a nation, or society rather, which the French nobility could sympathise with, it was to be found in Vienna. If there was a nation repellent to them above all others, it was practical-minded, unpolished Prussia. Frederick himself might stand for all they most despised and least understood in human nature. They armed for the campaign with delight and an inconceivable frivolity. It was a new distraction. With the fatuity which attended them whenever they came in contact with realities, they conceived that their march through Germany would be a species of grand boar hunt. Encumbered with baggage trains of fine clothes, perfumes and rare wines, they advanced as far as Rosbach, where Frederick's rough troopers, in the space of a single hour, scattered them to the four winds. Between Bernis, La Pompadour's minister in Paris, and the generals in the field there ensues a correspondence which curiously brings out for us the spirit in which France was conducting this enterprise. Soubise, chosen to command, as we are carefully told, for no military qualifications, but for his ingratiating manners and popularity at court, veils the disgrace of a rout he seems scarcely to comprehend under a tissue of euphuisms, excuses and compliments. The more experienced Saint-Germain writes bluntly that he had under him a band of thieves and assassins who were as ready to mutiny in camp as they were to run away in the field. 'Never was anything like it; never was there such a rotten army. The king has about the worst infantry under the sun and the most undisciplined. How can we fight with such troops? The country was covered with our runaway men for forty miles round.' He adds savagely, what was indeed the thought of

many, 'Our nation has no longer any military spirit, and the 'sentiment of honour is dead in us.' The veteran Belleisle writes in similar terms. Never would he have believed that those imperial troops, whose traditions and actions had been so splendid, could lose thus suddenly their glorious reputation and become the scorn of Europe. 'We were not ready,' wails poor Bernis in reply; 'we had to begin without proper preparations; on s'est embarqué témérairement.' The army has no food, and no shoes, half of it is without clothes and the cavalry lack boots. Saint-Germain cuts in with a few trenchant home truths about the men and officers. The army indeed appears to be a very faithful image of the nation at large. 'The misery 'of the soldiers would make your heart bleed. They live abject 'and despised, like chained dogs kept for fighting.' The officers meanwhile entirely neglect their military duties and devote all their energies to plundering the country through which they pass.

As the campaign progresses the rage and wonder of those conducting or watching it increases. 'Mon Dieu, que notre 'nation est aplatie! et qu'on fait peu d'attention à la décadence 'du courage et de l'honneur en France!' 'Dans cent régiments 'on ne trouverait pas six bons lieutenants-colonels. Nous ne 'savons plus faire la guerre. Nulle nation n'est moins militaire 'que la nôtre. . . Nos officiers ne valent rien, ils sont indignes de 'servir. Tous soupirent après le repos, l'oisiveté et l'argent.' The Versailles system of promotion is naturally the subject of some criticism. 'Our best officers, recognising that there is no chance of promotion for them since they are not under Court protection, can ill endure to be commanded by a lot of boobies. How should young colonels, la plupart avec des mœurs de grisette, re-inspire the army with the ideas of honour and constancy?' And for the hundredth time the lament is heard that 'ignorance, frivolity, negligence, cowardice have replaced the 'old virile and heroic virtues.'

To the actors in these scenes the general incapacity and decadence were inexplicable; and to the few who remembered earlier and better traditions the present seemed, as Bernis calls it, a horrible nightmare. To us, looking back, the obvious suggestion offers itself that the strength of France was not put forth in this war because it was not really a French war at all. Engaged in a quarrel of the king's mistress, and led by the favourites and flunkies of Versailles, the rout of the French army at Rosbach and the disgraces of the campaigns that followed reveal to us, not the degeneration of French character and courage, but rather the total separation and divorce of the governing

body from the realities of French national life. It is curious to observe how, while the pride of Choiseul and the soldierly instinct of Saint-Germain and old Belleisle prompt them to a reconstruction of the army and the continuance of the war, Bernis, weaker but much more clear-sighted, foretells the failure of such a policy and lays a finger on the real cause of mischief. 'I am flooded, not by our misfortunes, but by the certainty that the true remedy will never be applied. There is but one cure—a better government. Give me a good government and I will go on with the war, but there is no chance of our getting one.' A government in touch with the realities of the nation's life, that is what poor Bernis feels the want of. It is the hopeless frivolity of the present government that puzzles and sickens, and indeed seriously threatens to send him off his head. 'We live like children,' he moans; 'the wills of children control the governing principle.' The king, 'nullement inquiet de nos inquiétudes ni embarrassé de nos embarras,' has distractions of his own into which it is well not to pry too closely. The Court is the Court still. Its gaiety suffers no eclipse. Rather the contrary, for defeats are always something to talk about and the loss of an army is almost sure to inspire a good joke or two. In vain poor Bernis tears his hair. 'Il n'y a pas d'exemple qu'on fait si gros jeu avec la même indifférence qu'on jouerait une partie de quadrille.' At last he can stand it no longer. The jokes and gibbering laughter round him break down his nerves. He begs and implores to be dismissed from office, and, having with infinite trouble achieved his own disgrace, creeps away to his exile at Vic-sur-Aisne, glad at any price to be quit of the nightmare existence he had of late been leading.

All these symptoms, it will be seen, are of a piece, and all may be referred to the same cause. The purposeless, unmeaning quarrel, the unclothed and unfed armies, the court-favourite generals, the languid operations in the field, the utter indifference of the nation to the whole business, the idiot laughter of the courtiers at their own reverses, the frenzy and lamentations of poor Bernis—what are all these signs but a testimony to the one root-fact that the French Court has got altogether out of touch with the realities of life? Granting that, all the rest follows. In conception and execution the campaign is a consistent and perfectly frank avowal that in the governing body frivolity has passed into that phase when it assumes control of life. From that final and terrible phase there is no return possible. The rout of armies, the loss of colonies, the starvation and misery of the people are events which will be dealt with by this frivolity in accordance with the laws of its own nature. You may cut

these people in pieces, but you will get nothing real or serious out of them. They will pay their visits of ceremony and talk trifles and gallantry in the Bastille, and reserve, in all good faith, their most polished witticism for the scaffold.

And if these great events and the policy adopted by the country bear witness to the dying out of the sense of reality in the Court party, not less clearly does this also appear when we turn to the intellectual movement of the age. In France, more distinctly than elsewhere, the idea leads the way and the great outburst of the Revolution was preceded forty years earlier by an intellectual revolt of corresponding energy and daring. It was during the decade from 1750 to 1760 that this revolt declared itself. The appearance of the *Encyclopædia* may be likened to that movement in a general action when to the scattered shots of scouts and advance guards succeeds the roar of heavy guns in position. The effect of the publication in affording a rallying-point for independent thinkers was decisive. The persecution of the Court and the Jesuits broke in vain upon the movement. D'Alembert might be choked off, but the indomitable Diderot gathered round him a body of associates of unflinching tenacity. The crisis has in it something of the excitement of an actual conflict. It differs from most philosophic enterprises in this, that the theories and definitions of the *Encyclopædists* are not abstract theories and definitions, but are designed for immediate use. They are not shot off into the air, but are aimed at a mark. The appearance of the first instalment of the *Encyclopædia* marks the formal declaration of the mind of France for the nation and the people, and against the Court and the privileged class; and the agitation which ensued is, as Mr. Morley in his life of Diderot points out, not a speculative and philosophical agitation, but a political and social one.

'Political ideas have been grasped as instruments; philosophy 'has become patriotism,' are phrases in which Mr. Morley defines the character of this great mental awakening. In article after article of the *Encyclopædia* the evils of the age are hinted at or criticised. That more than a quarter of all the land of France was lying unbroken or abandoned; that arbitrary imposts resulted in the flight of the population to the large towns; that large tracts of land are turned into wildernesses by the abuse of the game-preserving system; that an equal distribution of profits is preferable to an unequal one, since the latter results in the division of the people into two classes, 'one gorged with riches, the other perishing in misery'; these are the kind of points raised, and these, it will be observed, are thrusts dealt in



earnest. The Society of Jesus, whose misfortune it has ever been to find itself opposed to the cause of freedom and the people, clamours for the suppression of the publication. The King wavers betwixt a snarl and a whimper. It is suppressed, and Diderot is imprisoned. It is continued, and Diderot is released. Meantime the movement all over the country gathers head. In every province and country town the pens are going. Ideas, with that wicked sparkle in them which marks them as missiles, are hurled from all sides against king and courtiers and priests alike. The closeness of the act behind the thought is indicated by the public excitement, and outrageous placards, pamphlets, and satires of ever-increasing bitterness and directness give that excitement vent.

But this, after all, reveals a destructive rather than a constructive purpose, and it is by its constructive purpose that the real character of a movement declares itself. What, then, is the constructive purpose of the Encyclopædists? It may be indicated in two words of Mr. Morley's. They were inspired, he says, by an 'earnest enthusiasm for all the purposes, interests, 'and details of productive industry,' and, following this bent, they attached an importance to physical science and the practical arts which marks 'the distinct association with pacific labour 'of honour and a kind of glory, such as had hitherto been reserved 'for knights and friars.' A keen sympathy with, and earnest desire to resuscitate, all that is practical, all that is productive; sympathy with the workshop, the factory, the agriculturist, the artisan, with all forms of useful and fruitful labour, that is what constitutes the attitude of the Encyclopædists towards life. And the desire to revive conditions favourable to this useful and fruitful labour is their constructive purpose. This is what forms the bond of brotherhood between them, and this is what marks the movement as 'the definite recognition of the basis of a new 'society.'

And all this may be summed up by saying that the object of this movement was to regain touch with the realities of life. That is the long and short of it. At the very moment when frivolity is entering into undisputed command, and, in all affairs of public policy and private life, is busy turning everything into unreality to suit its own nature, the mind of France awakens to the nature of the crisis and declares for poor despised reality. To explode the shams and make-believes which the spirit of frivolity had evolved, and to raise up and re-animate all those down-trodden and oppressed causes and interests which constituted what was real in the national life, became the aim of the French intellect. If ever a nation was saved by ideas, France was so saved in the

eighteenth century. This movement it was which in the world of thought and of ideas represented reality. What share had the Court party in such a movement; what welcome did they accord it?

No mental sensation is more curious than the change we are conscious of in passing from the affairs of the world, and the eager argument and exposition which were exciting the interest and curiosity of all minds in France capable of such emotions, to the affairs of the Court. Here all life seems under the power of some spell or enchantment. No sound from without penetrates the magic circle. It has its own ideas, its own standards, its own tastes and engrossing pursuits, all of which are ignored by the world as the affairs of the world are by it ignored. Looking at it from the outside, you would say that life within this circle was some acted charade or pantomime, and that by-and-by the actors would relapse into the pursuits and duties of everyday life. Only when we have turned the pages slowly of some of the abounding memoirs of the period do we begin to acquire ourselves some feeble consciousness of the seeming reality and apparent genuineness of this sham existence. Let us quote, as a specimen, the following account of the introduction of the Venetian ambassadress to Court:

‘Madame de Luynes made a curtsy to the Queen and another to the ladies of the Court and then went to receive Madame Zeno, the wife of the Venetian ambassador, outside the door of the Queen’s room. They saluted each other, complimented and kissed each other. Then they came in to the Queen, Madame de Luynes walking in front to the right, then the ambassadress, and after her M. de Sainclot. Madame de Luynes having taken up her position, Madame Zeno made one curtsy to the Queen as she entered, a second in the middle of the room, a third when she got close to the Queen, and then kissed the hem of her Majesty’s robe and made a fourth curtsy, at the same time addressing her a brief compliment. A few minutes afterwards the King arrived by the salon which serves as the Queen’s withdrawing-room. Madame Zeno immediately rose, as did all the ladies. She made two or three curtseys during which the King, who had bowed to her as he came in, advanced and kissed her, but only on one side of the face. Madame Zeno then made another curtsy. The King retired the same way he came. The ambassadress then proceeded to repeat the same three curtseys she had made on entering, except that, after the second, she made one to the Court ladies, and reserved the third till she got to the door.’

The Duc de Luynes, the husband of the lady who made the first curtsy, was a very favourable specimen of a French aristocrat of his time. He wrote his memoirs in seventeen volumes, and of those seventeen volumes the above quotation is a fair

sample. Upright and honourable, not wanting in sense, he was a courtier and shared the limitations of interest of the Court party. If the reader will immerse himself for an hour or two in those memoirs of the Duc de Luynes, he will find that as the details of an interminable etiquette are described and dissected the solemn and unquestioning seriousness of the treatment will gradually have its effect upon him. Court ceremony and Court gossip will envelope him. He will find himself accepting as matter of deadly earnest the most petty jealousies and intrigues, scandals and whisperings, sarcasms and effronteries, machinations and plots of mistresses and favourites, and all the thousand trifles which compose the tissue of this effete and bloodless existence. And as the unreal becomes real, the real will become unreal. He will hear the voices, speaking the thoughts that are soon to be put into terrible actions, die away into an unmeaning murmur. Never is the serenity of this 'beautiful Armida-Palace,' to use one of Carlyle's phrases, 'where the inmates live enchanted 'lives,' broken by any sound from the outer world. A faint and far-away note, with little meaning left in it, occasionally penetrates, and our good duke raises his head to catch the unusual sounds. 'On dit que les esprits s'échauffent,' he mutters, vaguely troubled, to himself. And again, 'Les esprits sont 'encore bien éloignés de la soumission que le roi demande.' And yet again, more puzzled than ever, 'la conduite du Parlement devient plus singulière de jour en jour.' Then back we go to the serious business of life, to the number of horses Madame de la Tournelle is to be allowed to drive in her carriage, or the varieties of the royal meals and the distinction between *pot royal*, *petit pot royal*, and *grand pot royal*.

The severance of a section of society from the mind and purpose of its age is, in the case of France, particularly serious; for it is by her hold on ideas that France supports herself. That the English aristocracy of the Georgian reign was inaccessible to ideas did not greatly matter, since, the English genius being practical, the hold of our aristocracy on the national life has always consisted in the active part played by it in party politics and the government of the country. The French aristocracy had long lost any such hold as that; but another hold, the participation in ideas, still remained possible for it, and constituted its last chance of salvation. It was not taken. The dilettante interest in the new philosophy which titillated the curiosity of French society stopped far short of active participation. The reality of that interest was tested by the Turgot administration. Himself perhaps the greatest example living of that spirit at once philosophical and practical which animated

the thought of the age, Turgot, as a desperate remedy, was made Minister of Finance in 1774, and the only really sincere and heartfelt utterance of the Court on record is the storm of protest with which it met the suggestion that it should abandon the separate and artificial system of life and shoulder the common burden of the economic crisis.

That protesting storm and the dismissal of Turgot which followed it signified the rejection by Versailles of the ideas of the age, and is another remarkable proof of the impossibility of getting a thoroughly artificial class to face reality. For all Taine's deceptive industry it is clear that the new philosophy, the philanthropic craze, the return to nature, were never more to the Court party than toys and poses. Into the confines of the enchanted circle the advice and warning of Turgot and the reasoning of Diderot and Voltaire came with the same dull and unmeaning sound as the booming of the Rosbach cannon. The impression left upon one's mind at last is a sense of separation amounting to total severance between Court life and real life. That severance from reality we distinguish as the *note* of the Versailles section of the community, and we shall surely be not far wrong if we discern in this the necessity and justification of the oncoming Revolution. The law of nature is inevitable that the thing cut off from use is cut off from life. A class whose splendour and show are the decoration on solid services performed may be yet secure. But a class whose splendour and show are their own sole justification and aim in life is heading dead for the guillotine.

Perhaps the reader will smile if, turning from these great affairs of state, once more to the Hertford House galleries, we suggest that the spirit we have been observing in matters of government is the spirit which reigns among these tables and cabinets. And yet, for those quick at seizing the character and significance of such things, we doubt if there exists in history, literature, or anything else, any such effective help towards a complete realisation of the French Court and society as is provided by an exhibition like the Wallace Collection. Let the student who would really appreciate the causes of the Revolution leave for an afternoon his journals and memoirs, and, instead of building up laboriously an intellectual conception of those causes, lay himself open here to an æsthetic conception of them. Let him note the agreement and unanimity of all that he sees in these rooms and then go on to seek the reason of this unanimity in the common meaning and intention which all these things share. Let him ask if this meaning does not consist in the essentially decorative purpose of every object present, in the

fact that they one and all strain after show and splendour, and turn their backs on reality and the uses of everyday life. Is it possible to conceive a better expression of that spirit which the aristocrats of France, shorn of their civic duties and feudal responsibilities, brought to Versailles, with which they inoculated the ruling principle, and which, from that hour on, marks every act, not of society only, but of the government? Henceforth take any transaction you like, private or public, and the spirit animating them will be the same. Always the enthusiasm displayed is for the unrealities at the expense of the realities of life. Children are turned into toys, marriage is broken up by fugitive intrigues, the colonies are abandoned in favour of an Austrian Alliance, endless discourses on Court punctilio occupy men's minds to the exclusion of the burning thoughts that are spurring France on to deeds. On all sides and under all circumstances the Court and the Court party, with an infallible instinct, select the unreal and forsake the real. Their genuine preoccupations, those into which they throw their serious effort, are purely frivolous. To eclipse the last mad freak by one still madder, at all costs so to sparkle as to make jaded fashion stare, if only for a moment, these are the things worth living for. In every crisis the test we learnt in the Hertford House galleries, 'a decorative rather than a useful purpose,' applies to the conduct of society and the government.

These are, it seems to us, considerations which should be borne in mind by lovers of this furniture. They endue it with additional interest. Of its many other attractions there is the less need to speak, since these are nowadays appreciated at even more perhaps than their legitimate value. But its historical interest has been unaccountably neglected, and of the large number of people to whose sympathies it appeals so forcibly and who admire it so enthusiastically, few, if any, see in it a representation of the spirit which for fifty years dominated the French government and the French aristocracy, and led up finally to the catastrophe of 1789.



## ART. VIII.—ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.

*Memoirs of Archbishop Temple.* By SEVEN FRIENDS. Edited by E. G. SANDFORD, Archdeacon of Exeter. London: Macmillan & Co. 1906.

THE lives of the last three Archbishops of Canterbury offer a marked contrast to those of their immediate predecessors. So long as the Church played an active part in politics, the Primacy gave its occupant political as well as ecclesiastical importance. But when the Archbishops of Canterbury had been left to find their occupation in the conduct of ecclesiastical business, there followed an interval of more than a century during which they seem to have felt no call to go beyond the routine duties of their office. With the appointment of Archbishop Tait, towards the end of 1868, a new state of things presented itself. The controversies which had arisen inside the Church proved to have interest of various kinds for a considerable part of the nation. This remained true during the lives of Archbishop Benson and Archbishop Temple, nor is there any appearance of its ceasing to be true during the lifetime of the present occupant of the See. Whether from accident or from the call which greater responsibilities make on men's characters, the last three Primates have been men of exceptional powers. They have not, indeed, had to employ them upon matters of equal moment. Tait had to deal with the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, with the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act, and with the imprisonments which followed upon the attempt to apply its provisions. Benson had to try one of his suffragans for alleged offences against the law relating to Ritual, and to deal with the controversy which promised to lead to a partial recognition, and ended in the renewed condemnation, of Anglican Orders by Leo XIII. To Temple it fell to give fresh recognition, and consequently fresh importance, to the Ritual controversy by the Lambeth 'Hearings' and to give his dying blessing to the ill-starred Education Act of 1902. But all three were much before the world and acted under a strong and abiding sense of the far-reaching consequences that might follow upon their acts. They differed greatly in character and considerably in their theological leanings. But they were alike in their desire to turn the opportunities of their great position to the best account and in their determination to sacrifice every personal consideration to the working out of that purpose.

This disposition to take a more decided part in ecclesiastical

affairs coincided with a visible change in the conditions of their office. For many years the position of the Archbishop of Canterbury had differed but little from that of a diocesan bishop. He played the chief part in certain State functions, but when these were over he retired once more into the enjoyment of the customary episcopal leisure. With the extension of the Anglican communion in our own colonies and in the United States there came a change. These young communities began to contrast the isolation in which they found themselves with the external unity of the Roman Catholic Church in all countries. When they came to cast about for a visible centre, the See of Canterbury was the only authority that suggested itself. It was the source from which the Colonial Churches had derived their episcopal succession, while the Episcopal Church of the United States had long forgiven or forgotten the cold welcome extended to its first overtures. To the successful working of a newly devised Patriarchate two characteristics were indispensable. It must be dignified and it must be inefficient. Any want of dignity would make the respect paid to it from so many differing quarters seem absurd. Any active efficiency might invest the nominal authority conceded to it with a real meaning. How essential the quality of inefficiency was may be inferred from an incident at one of the Lambeth Conferences. The mere suggestion that the Archbishop of Canterbury might usefully discharge some of the functions of a Judge of Appeal called forth an immediate intimation from the American bishops that if the proposal were pressed they would be compelled to return to their own country. So long, however, as no claim of this kind was set up, the Anglican Episcopate was everywhere ready to recognise the historic importance of the great English See. The Lambeth Conferences have done much to give shape to this shadowy allegiance, and they promise more and more to assume something of the character of a Federal Council of the Anglican Churches.

Of Archbishop Tait and Archbishop Benson full and detailed lives have been written, and it seemed only natural that Archbishop Temple should receive similar honour. The record of his career which seven of his friends have given us is cast in a different shape from that which biography commonly takes. The title describes the volumes with perfect correctness. The book is not a life of the Archbishop, for it leaves whole sides of him untouched. Nor is it a memoir, for a memoir is usually a life under another name. It is a series of what may be called articles upon different aspects of the Archbishop's many-sided career, and the members of the series show the differences

which might be expected from such a treatment. This method has the advantage that the successive periods of Temple's life have been allotted to specially qualified writers, and where the subject of a biography has filled three episcopal thrones in succession, it is fitting, perhaps, that four out of the writers should be Archdeacons. But the result is that the reader is throughout in the position of an outsider. He learns what seven highly competent witnesses think of the Archbishop, but he is only partly helped to form a similar estimate for himself. Another drawback is a certain want of proportion in the length of the several sections. Different writers have different ideas of the importance of the part allotted to them. The Exeter memoir, for example, fills 350 pages, while something less than 200 is found enough for London, and the Primacy is brought within a still shorter compass. Nor have all the writers used the same materials. Archdeacon Wilson's excellent account of Temple's life at Oxford receives large additions in the 'Editor's Supplement.' Apparently Temple's correspondence seems to have been entrusted to Archdeacon Sandford alone, whilst most of the other writers have had to content themselves with the back volumes of the 'Guardian' newspaper. This inevitably leads to repetition. The 'Editor's Supplement' does not deal merely with omitted periods or incidents of Temple's life; it has to be referred to for the elucidation or completion of some at least of the periods entrusted to other hands. It would be impossible, therefore, to praise the plan of the book if we supposed it to be the free choice of the seven authors. Probably it was not their choice at all, but a necessity arising from the Archbishop's directions as to the use to be made of his letters. Something of the kind at least may be inferred from a hint in the preface that the Archbishop's 'sense of the dignity of individual life made him shrink from the thought of publicity 'being given to its more private history.'

Temple went into residence at Balliol in the Easter term of 1839—a year which was afterwards noted as the high-water mark of the Oxford Movement in the place of its origin. He came up from Blundell's School at Tiverton, whither he had gone as a boy of twelve, having had only his mother's teaching—extraordinarily thorough so far as it went, but going only a little way. She could not pronounce Latin, says her daughter,

'but Frederick had to learn a few lines each day, always repeating the old until seven or ten pages had been learnt. Then the first four or five pages would be left and a further advance made. This went on day by day and year by year until he was twelve years old, and he went to school knowing his grammar perfectly, as no

other boy knew it. He was unable to pronounce it, and was therefore put to the bottom of the school, but he soon picked up the pronunciation and rose rapidly.'

In other ways he was better prepared. He knew a great deal of Euclid, he could speak Italian and modern Greek, and by the time he was seven he had read Duncan's 'Cæsar,' Pope's 'Homer,' and Dryden's 'Virgil.' Once at school, his progress was rapid. He went through the lower school in one half-year, no other boy having ever done it in less than two years. He worked just as hard at football and cricket, and only two years before his death he went back to the scene of his first fight and first victory. "But I was not always successful on this spot," he added after a pause. There is a letter of his, written when he had been only a fortnight at Blundell's, which shows that there was something of the Archbishop in the schoolboy. 'The boys . . . swear so much that I can hardly bear it; and they not only do it themselves, but they take away my things and then say I shall not have them again unless I swear, which of course I will not do.' By the time he was sixteen and a half he was able to win the Blundell scholarship at Balliol, and within a few months of his going into residence his tutor could write: 'I can speak of him as a very good scholar, and as a mathematician I am assured by Ward that his acquirements are quite extraordinary—such as, in the opinion of competent judges to whom he has shown his papers, would ensure his first class *now*, within his second term of residence.'

The occasion of this letter was Temple's exceptional poverty. His father had died after being Governor of Sierra Leone for eight months, and his mother's means were very small. Between the ages of nine and twelve most of his day was spent in farm labour, and to this he probably returned during his holidays. 'I believe,' he told the working men at the Nottingham Church Congress in 1897, 'that at this moment there is not another man in England who would thresh better than I could . . . I learned to plough, and I could plough as straight a furrow as any man in the parish.' But it was not only in the matter of labour that he could claim to know about men who 'work mainly with their bodies.' 'I knew,' he said in the same address, 'what it was, for instance, to be unable to afford a fire, and consequently to be very cold, days and nights. I knew what it was every now and then to live upon rather poor fare. I knew what it was—and I think that was the thing that pinched me most—to wear patched clothes and patched shoes.' His scholarship paid only a part of his necessary university expenses, but he had two exhibitions besides, and just when it

was a question whether he would be able to stay at Oxford, the Master—Dr. Jenkyns—put a 10*l.* note into his hands. ‘I was very much ashamed to take it,’ he said at the Balliol dinner given to him when he was Archbishop, ‘but at that time I was very poor and I took it, and I shall never forget it till the end of my life.’ Temple had a wonderfully good memory for kindnesses.

His time at Oxford was turned to the best possible account. He speaks in his letters of being up and dressed by four in the morning, and sometimes by three. He was second for the Ireland scholarship, and he ‘cannot resist telling’ his mother of the surprise of some of his tutors at finding that what he read with them was not his one subject of study. ‘In his intellectual and spiritual history,’ says Archdeacon Wilson, ‘these years were most stimulating and most formative.’ So far as study went this is no doubt true. Not a moment of the interval that separated the Blundell scholar of 1839 from the Double First of 1842 was wasted. But as regards outside subjects the statement must be taken with one singular qualification. Though he went into residence in the year to which Newman afterwards looked back as marking the close of his career as a convinced Anglican, though he heard his last Anglican sermon and had all along been immensely impressed with Newman’s style and delivery, his perfect English and his great simplicity of manner, though he was a favourite pupil of W. G. Ward’s and voted against his censure and against his degradation, the Tractarian Movement seems to have influenced him hardly at all. How that movement affected the Oxford of Temple’s day is very well described by Archdeacon Wilson :

‘Its influence was of course chiefly felt by the thoughtful few ; but it was by no means limited to them. It permeated more or less the whole mass. . . . To all the varied social, literary, and academic interests, which supplied then, as they do to-day, material for the debating societies, and for the ceaseless talk of the scholars’ table, the wine-party, and the constitutional, there was added this mysterious growing spirit, undefined as yet, which had recently acquired the recognised name of Tractarianism. It was omnipresent ; it was endlessly discussed ; it was distrusted ; it was feared ; but it could not be ignored. No one could see to what it was tending. It interrupted to some extent the literary life of the University ; but it resulted in a moral quickening, a stimulating warmth, a heightened pulse of spiritual life. It not only moved the intellectual men to more anxious thoughtfulness, and the devout to greater devotion, but it gave a certain shade of seriousness even to the boisterous.’

Into a society thus ‘disturbed and stimulated by a religious



‘and theological movement which has no parallel,’ the young Blundell scholar was suddenly plunged, but it seems to have left no mark upon him. Archdeacon Wilson describes him as ‘protected from such unsettlement by his intense application ‘to the duty of the day.’ But this is hardly an adequate explanation. What was it that kept a share in the controversies going on around him from appealing to him as the duty of the day? It was certainly not indifference to theology, for he was familiar with the Schoolmen, and at one time was nearly induced to write a volume on St. Thomas Aquinas in a series of which one of his friends was editor. Nor was it any tendency towards extreme Protestantism, for in 1843 he ‘cannot help feeling doubts whether ‘in the Reformation much was not cast away which was ‘intended for and suited the poor,’ and thinks the abolition of compulsory confession ‘a most hazardous experiment.’ There is a passage in one of his letters, written in 1847, which may supply a hint as to the attitude of his mind. ‘It is specially ‘incumbent,’ he writes, ‘on those who take the safe side, as ‘I have done now, not to make it a lazy side.’ There is a half tone of regret in this ‘as I have done now,’ which may indicate a suspicion that he had not taken the more heroic line. Possibly, too, his friendship with Arthur Clough acted as a warning. To Clough, as Archdeacon Wilson justly says, ‘theology presented itself as too important to be other than the duty of ‘the day,’ and Temple may have watched with alarm the influence which it had upon him. Long afterwards Ward spoke of the ‘bitter pang of self-reproach’ with which he looked back upon his own share in plunging Clough prematurely into theological controversy. ‘What was before all things to have ‘been desired for him was that during his undergraduate ‘course he should have given himself up thoroughly to his ‘classical and mathematical studies,’ and have kept up ‘the ‘habits of prayer and Scripture reading which he brought ‘with him from Rugby.’ This is an exact description of what Temple actually did, but we are still left asking what it was in the two men which made what was possible and natural for one impossible because unnatural for the other.

Some help in answering this question is to be gained from Temple’s letters to his mother, which are unusually numerous during this period. Temple seems to have come up to Oxford with—for a boy—a curiously balanced mind. His first reference to ‘the Pusey party’ reads like a foretaste of a bishop’s charge. They have, he thinks, been much misrepresented. ‘They ‘embody the chief part of the religious portion of Oxford,’ and ‘while their most pernicious doctrines are defended from their

'character of religion and talent, or concealed beneath their 'external plausibility, it must be extremely difficult to check 'them.' Six months later he has been reading the Tracts, and thinks that they have been very much misrepresented. Still, their authors 'have done incalculable mischief by wording 'their opinions so incautiously and so strongly.' (He was still a month short of eighteen.) Two sermons by Pusey make a great impression on him about this time. One of them 'lasted 'nearly two hours,' but he is sure he could have listened more than an hour longer. He notes with characteristic shrewdness that many 'who are very forward in defence of those of Pusey's 'doctrines which would save people the trouble of searching 'for the truth, cannot agree with him when he recommends 'abstinence and frequent prayer.' And then comes this cautious conclusion: 'However I may disagree with Dr. Pusey, I think 'it certainly can do no harm if I give no parties during Lent.' Matters became very strained in Oxford after the appearance of Tract XC., but Temple will not 'even express an opinion on 'the merits of the case.' The offer from Tait of an assistant mastership at Rugby forced him to consider his theological position. He then discovers that though in the first instance he had thought himself opposed to the Tractarian principle of obedience, he had really been acting upon it all through, so that in abandoning Tait and the Evangelicals he was not really inconsistent. 'It was merely my head that was changing, and 'not my heart.' This letter, written in August 1842, shows Temple at the point of nearest approach to the High Church party. He was very much inclined to accept Tait's offer, though he feels that if he goes to Rugby he will have to adopt the most impenetrable reserve—'a habit which I have begun 'to learn already, but which I am always afraid of carrying too 'far.' The Master's wish, however, kept him at Balliol, and in a letter to his mother a few months later we have a confession of faith which contains in substance pretty much what he held ever after. To what authority, he asks, is obedience due? Not to the Bible, because it is the Word of God, for how do we know that it is the Word of God? Not to the Church, for reasons which he does not explain, but which we may suppose to have been the absence of agreement as to where the Church is to be found. Obedience is due to the Bible because it agrees with conscience. 'Other views I have altered; justification by faith, in the sense 'of the words in which it is used commonly, I have given up; 'the necessity of conversion I have given up; the merely typical 'nature of the sacraments I have given up.' But 'the more 'I try to carry out what I have been taught, the more I am

'convinced of the truth of the Bible.' And in a later letter he maintains that this is really the Catholic position. Catholics and Protestants alike begin by acting upon what they have been taught. The distinction between them is the test to which they subject their conclusions. The check upon the Catholic is his conscience. He receives nothing which contradicts that. The check upon the Protestant is his reason; 'he receives nothing which is not logically shown.' Temple's objection to the latter position is that it leaves the poor almost without a religion. They 'can hardly be called Christians at all, since they have no rational ground for their belief.' The publication of Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church' did not shock him, partly because of his sympathy with 'the deep and 'burning hatred' of oppression which it revealed. He shared in the indignation which the action of the University authorities excited in many minds, and this might possibly have led him further but for Ward's own action.

'While the crash of the great catastrophe and the last warning words of that voice which bid the nation beware what it was about to do were still ringing in our ears, a report suddenly reached Oxford that the prophet was very comfortable about the matter, as he had been for the last month engaged to be married; and the report was true! Yes, last term, which was spent by the two parties in preparing for the coming struggle, was spent by Ward in making love, and in January he was accepted. I do not at all blame him for marrying, nor do I feel he has done *wrong* in that, even on his own principles; but I think he might as well have let it out before the great row, and I certainly think it alters the character of his book most completely. It has given me in that way very great pain. From his book and the general style of his conversation I had painted him to myself as such a very great man; one who without any affectation was really feeling and practising all he taught; and I certainly never dreamt, that with such a deep admiration of the Roman system, and such a deep conviction that the adoption of a similar system was the only remedy for our miserable state, he would take a step which, so far as he is concerned, must always form the most insuperable barrier to the introduction of any such system.'

It was in fact one of the many instances in which, in spite of the Thirty-nine Articles, 'the unworthiness of the minister' does hinder the effect of the Word.

We have dwelt—at too great length possibly—upon this episode (for it was hardly more) in Archbishop Temple's life partly because it is the only one which is at all fully dealt with in his letters, and partly because he seems never to have abandoned the theological position here described. The same tendency

towards eclecticism, the same determination to accept so much, and so much only, of any system presented to him as he happened to agree with, continued to characterise him to the end. He was never the slave of mere consistency; he never shrank from denying a conclusion because he seemed to have accepted the premisses; he set little value on complete expositions of doctrine; he had points in common with many types of religious experience; he had at all times and under all circumstances the full courage of his opinions, coupled with entire indifference to much that to some people seemed their natural complement.

On leaving Oxford in 1848, Temple entered the Education Office as an examiner. It was not intended, however, that he should remain there. Kneller Hall was being built, and the Committee of Council had marked him out as the first Principal. By a curious perversity, the clergy insisted on associating the new institution with the exclusion of religion from education. Kneller Hall was long a convenient synonym for all the Church of England was supposed to hold most in horror. 'Generally 'in the country,' Temple wrote in 1850, 'the clergy appear 'to use Kneller Hall as a translation of *γέεννα*.' Mr. Roby's description of this abhorred system hardly bears out the clerical theory of the time:

'The Church Service was used on Sundays, the Principal acting as Chaplain. The Divinity Course, taken every day before breakfast, was begun by accurate study of one Gospel, St. Matthew being almost got by heart. The Acts of the Apostles was next read, and then the Old Testament was commenced, the historical books being read in order, and the prophetic writings being read simultaneously with the contemporaneous history. On alternate days the history of the Church was the subject of lectures, and was to be followed by the study of the Church formularies and Catechism. On Sunday evening St. Paul's Epistles were read in chronological order.'

In time, no doubt, the true character of Temple's work as Principal would have been better understood, but time was what Kneller Hall was not to be given. The intention of the Committee of Council in founding it had been to raise the quality of the teaching given in workhouse schools by raising the character of the teachers. No man could have been better fitted to take this work in hand than the first and only Principal, but the obstacles in his path were insuperable. No young man would willingly go to a workhouse school as workhouse schools then were. If the new system was to be a success there must be a change in the circumstances, as well as in the qualifications, of the teachers. The Committee of Council saw

this clearly, and their wish was to replace workhouse schools by district schools, which were then the latest idea in the education of pauper children. Of late years it has become the fashion to regard these 'barracks' as fit only for immediate abolition. The good work done and the good results often obtained in them are forgotten, as is also the immense advantage of a change which removed pauper children from workhouse associations and secured to the teacher a large and interesting field of action. In 1855, however, the Committee of Council were not troubled by any doubts as to the value of district schools. Their difficulty lay in getting the Treasury to find the money it would cost to build them in sufficient numbers. In the end they gave up the attempt and determined to close Kneller Hall. Temple was made an Inspector of Church Training Colleges. This place he held till his appointment to Rugby, and during his Head Mastership he gave evidence before the Newcastle Education Commission and was an active member of the Schools Inquiry Commission. He had already—in 1856—contributed a paper on National Education to the 'Oxford Essays' for that year. The Act which the Archbishop recommended to the House of Lords in almost his last words is again in the crucible, and it may be interesting to see how far his views in 1856 were identical with those which he expressed in 1902. In the former year the Committee of Council had been at work for sixteen years, and during all that time they had only had the spending of 2,000,000*l.*—not quite a fifth of what in 1902 was given them in a single year. Of this inadequate sum the Committee had made excellent use. They inspected more than two-thirds of the Elementary Schools, they paid pupil-teachers and gave grants towards teachers' salaries and the purchase of books. The faults of the system, in Temple's opinion, were that in order to reach the poorer districts less and less would be demanded from the locality, and this temptation could only be resisted by benefiting rich districts at the expense of the poor. Temple was convinced that the only remedy was to be found in rate aid. He was in favour of giving the parents a voice in the management of the schools which their children attended, and we are inclined to think that some of the difficulties which have subsequently arisen might have been avoided if his recommendation had been listened to.

'It will seem mere enthusiasm to maintain that the labourers should have any voice in the management of the schools where their children are to be educated. And yet, if the labouring classes are ever to learn any kind of self-government, the management of their children's education is the most within their reach. They would never attempt to manage directly, but they would be quite



capable of choosing good managers to act for them. It is likely enough they would make many mistakes, but there is a sound bottom of good sense in the English character on which statesmen may securely build, and in no class is good sense more strong than among the labouring men.'

On another point which has some bearing on present controversies, denominational teaching and its relation to religious liberty, Temple draws an accurate and permanent distinction. Religious liberty may mean either 'the liberty of self-government by a religious community or the liberty of religious action by an individual,' and these two senses are often antagonistic. A religious community—and this is especially true of an Established Church—is commonly made up of a large body of 'steady but not very eager adherents' and of 'a much smaller body of warm partisans.' In 1856 Temple's sympathies went very much with the former class. To study to be quiet and to do their own business was a strong recommendation in his eyes, and he felt with them in their chief want—to be let alone. Upon this he makes a very just observation :

'It is, indeed, the Church's large toleration of this class of men quite as much as the piety of many of her members, and much more than her distinctive teaching, that constitutes her chief hold upon the nation; and nothing would more rapidly and utterly ruin the Church as a national institution than such a restoration of her corporate religious liberty as would enable her officers to meddle with these apparently cool partisans. At present the Church of England is nearly, if not quite, the most tolerant religious body on the face of the earth. In the Church of England, if nowhere else, a Christian knows of a spiritual home which will give him a worship, and a guide, and the sacraments without forcing his conscience in the smallest particular.'

This antagonism between the religious liberty of communities and the religious liberty of individuals only becomes acute when the State is called in to decide between the two parties. Where the Church is established, the case, at all events in theory, is simple. The imposition of terms of communion, the decision who shall and who shall not be accounted members of the community on which the privileges and advantages that go under the general name of Establishment have been conferred, must lie with the authority that has conferred them. If any of the members of that community think that the action of the State leaves too many out or takes too many in, they have the choice between bringing the State to what they think a better mind, or demanding disestablishment, or leaving the community. The State may have made an unwise or an unfortunate use of its

powers, but it has not exceeded them. It is when the intervention of the secular authority is invoked on behalf of individual liberty in a voluntary Church that we come in sight of the difficulty. Is it the business of the State to protect the members of such a Church against their spiritual rulers? The argument in favour of such intervention is that even in the freest of churches spiritual tyranny may inflict very real suffering. But it is not on behalf of all suffering that the State is bound to intervene. It has to consider the nature of the evil, the probability that it could intervene to any good effect, and the mischiefs that might follow upon taking the action demanded of it. Long afterwards Temple gave his matured view upon the question in reference to the ill-fated Irish University Bill of 1873 :

‘The theory of the opposition to the Bill really is that we are to back up the Roman Catholic laity in opposition to the Roman Catholic clergy. No mistake can be greater. You cannot *give* people spiritual liberty. They must *win* it for themselves or they cannot have it. The fair University for Ireland is one in which the Irish people can, if they choose, and so long as they choose, and in as great proportion as they choose, put their clergy in charge of it: not one in which they cannot (a purely secular), nor one in which they must, whether they wish it or no (a denominational); and then they might win their own spiritual liberty as we did long ago.’

The interval of more than thirty years does not seem to have brought us much nearer to the conclusion then reached by Temple’s shrewd common sense.

We pass over the years spent at Rugby (1857-1869), because since the time of Arnold the difference between one Head Master and another is mainly the difference between various methods of applying the same common principles. It was a post for which Temple was exceptionally fitted, and in which he achieved exceptional success. It was one, too, in which he was guarded from the rough abruptness of tone and manner which sometimes injured his influence with strangers, by the closeness of his relation both to boys and masters. From the point of view of his after-career, perhaps the most important incident of this period was the publication of ‘Essays and Reviews.’ We shall shortly see how stoutly he resisted every inducement to express any condemnation of the book or any regret for his own share in it. But it is characteristic of the man that the nearest approach to any explanation of that share was made to the Sixth Form :

‘Before I came to Rugby, before I thought of coming to Rugby, I was asked to write in that book; to have written in that book

as Head Master of Rugby would have been a blunder. It was perhaps a blunder in me not to reconsider my decision of letting the *Essay* be published when I came to Rugby, but inasmuch as it was a past act, it never occurred to me to reconsider it. I thought then, and I still think, even after what has happened, that that book ought to have been published. The book contains opinions which had long been lurking in corners; it was time they were dragged to light and faced. We, the Essayists, knew who were going to write, but we did not know what each was going to write about. We agreed each to write what he thought, and that we were only responsible for our own essay; this was clear to us all, because we knew before writing that we differed widely. In conclusion I would warn you against two things: against entering on the speculations contained in that book in a light or cursory way, and against supposing that I agree with all that is said in that book. I am sure you know me too well to suppose this for an instant.'

The excitement caused by the publication of 'Essays and Reviews' was great, but at the time Temple had but little share in it. 'I wrote my essay,' he says in a letter written in 1860, 'in less than ten hours: a man who was taking part in a serious organised attack on existing opinions would have never dreamt of effecting anything by a ten hours' production.' He had seen none of the other essays before they appeared, but he knew that 'startling things would be said' and believed that it would be 'worth while that they should be said.' At no time, indeed, did he shrink from the chances of controversy. There are some theologians who are quite willing to startle others but resent being startled themselves. From that weakness Temple was wholly free. If, as in this case, he thought the 'prevalent reticence' among the clergy 'most unwholesome,' he was not disposed to be a severe critic of the way in which it had been broken. Nor, having accepted the responsibility in advance, was he the man to seek an escape from it when it threatened to become inconvenient. The Trustees of the school, he writes, 'have been deliberating whether they should dismiss the Head Master. The Head Master declined to discuss with them any question but the welfare of the school.' Rugby had survived the attacks made on Arnold, and the Trustees seem to have thought that it could ride through this storm also. 'It has ended in a great growl, and for the present nothing more.' But Temple was to hear a good deal more of 'Essays and Reviews' later on. Committees of both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury were appointed to examine the book, and after three years' consideration it was 'synodically condemned' in June 1864 'as containing teaching contrary to the doctrine received by the United Church of England

'and Ireland, in common with the whole Catholic Church of 'Christ.' Whatever might be the moral value of this censure, the fact that it had been put forth would to most Prime Ministers have seemed a sufficient reason for not making bishops of the men who had provoked it. But Mr. Gladstone combined with marked deference to ecclesiastical authority an equally marked confidence in his own judgement when the two came into collision. They did come into collision in 1869. Four English bishoprics fell vacant in the autumn of that year, and Temple was offered his choice. Oxford and Manchester had for him great though different attractions, but his love of the West Country outweighed both, and he chose Exeter. At first nothing was heard but congratulation. Bishop Harold Browne wrote to express his respect for him 'as a high-minded, 'conscientious, religious man.' Bishop Wilberforce could not 'forbear writing one line in the remembrance of the past and 'the hopes of the future to reach out a brotherly hand' to him. When, however, it appeared that Dr. Pusey and Lord Shaftesbury had for the first and last time 'consented to act in unison 'in using every effort to prevent the scandal to the Church' caused by Temple's nomination, the two bishops thought it necessary to hedge. Bishop Harold Browne became acutely anxious for the consciences of those to whom the election of the bishop would fall, and prepared a Confession of Faith which he pressed upon Temple's acceptance. Bishop Wilberforce distinguished between the 'natural outcome of my own feelings to F. Temple' and the later desire that 'for the Church's 'sake and that of others, F. Temple should separate himself 'from what Convocation has condemned.' Temple saw that to do this would be to associate himself with the action of Convocation, and to imply that in his opinion the book as a whole had done harm. But this was not his opinion. On the contrary, he thought that it 'has done much good as well as harm, 'and that the good preponderates.' From this position he refused to move even at the request of Dr. Benson, who drew a distinction between keeping silence before the election, which he thought quite right, and keeping silence after the election, which he thought unnecessary. Further opposition showed itself on the occasion of the Confirmation in Bow Church, and certain bishops of the Province, headed by Wordsworth of Lincoln, sent in protests on the day of consecration. So ended an episode not very creditable to either the good sense or foresight of those who took part in it.

The years spent at Exeter were probably the happiest and most useful of Temple's life. In Bishop Phillpotts the diocese

had long enjoyed a strong ruler, but age and infirmity had for some time prevented him from being an active one. 'No 'vicarious labour,' as Archdeacon Sandford justly says, 'can 'be a substitute for the superintendence of the bishop himself.' That superintendence Temple was determined and able to give. He spared himself no labour, he visited parishes the inhabitants of which had never seen a bishop before, he threw himself into the interests of all classes, he made friends with the children, he knew and loved every inch of the Devon country. The tribute which Dean Cowie paid to his ceaseless activity must have delighted Temple's heart. 'In the parts of Devonshire 'that I have known, every clergyman is half unconsciously 'doing twice as much as he did before, and they all say it is 'your doing.' But a life spent in this way yields little to the reviewer. It leaves a bishop little time to take part in the general concerns of the Church, unless by character or circumstances he is drawn away from his diocese to Convocation or to the House of Lords. To the former Temple had at first been hostile, and then indifferent. 'I should not wonder,' he writes in 1852, 'if the present Government were to revive Convocation. 'If they do they will have the vessel on the breakers in a twink-'ling.' And shortly after his consecration as bishop he tells two of his clergy that while it was quite natural that they should think of Convocation, it was 'equally natural' that he should think of Parliament. As time went on he became more inclined to make a debate in the ecclesiastical assembly the occasion for speaking his mind on some question that interested him, and his clear head and admirable business faculty enabled him to get the most out of an antiquated procedure and a curiously undefined position. But the ecclesiastical legislature of an Established Church was not likely to have much attraction for Temple. He was more at home in the House of Lords, and not least so, perhaps, when on one occasion he was the only bishop who voted for opening churchyards to Nonconformist funerals.

In 1885 Temple became Bishop of London, again on Mr. Gladstone's nomination. Here his immense power of work found full scope. He was not at first popular, as his bearing was not calculated to impress strangers favourably. The characteristic sayings which Archdeacon Sandford has collected in his 'Editor's Supplement' speak for the bishop's shrewdness rather than for his proficiency in the art of putting things. The stout vicar who hurried to meet him at a station, and, on telling him that the church was within seven minutes' walk, received for answer, 'Do you have to puff and blow like that after seven



'minutes?' was not likely to think his exertion repaid. But the harsh manner was all manner. It covered great and unfailing kindness of heart, and a keen sympathy with honest work of every kind. The one thing to which Temple would never listen was any suggestion of divided responsibility. He had to make this very clear in the case of one of his suffragan bishops. Under Bishop Jackson the Bishop of Bedford had been allowed to limit his work to East London. He had never been asked, he explained, to take a confirmation out of his own district. Temple's idea of the 'main business of a suffragan' was quite different. It was to help the principal bishop. 'I may delegate work,' he wrote, 'but I cannot delegate responsibility, or hand over any part of the diocese absolutely to another. You wish to be free from the responsibility of being chief, and yet to be as independent as if you were chief. That cannot be.' The diocese of London, Temple thought, ought not to be divided, while at the same time it required the labours 'of more than two or even three bishops.' The two conditions could only be satisfied by making the suffragans so many episcopal curates. Elsewhere the institution of suffragan bishops is an awkward substitute for a subdivision of the diocese; in London alone have they a permanent function, because in London alone would subdivision of the diocese part classes and interests which it is of the highest moment to keep, or rather to bring, together.

But the question to which Temple had to give most consideration in London, and which was destined to accompany him to Canterbury, was the growing developement of ceremonial in the Church. We have already sketched the history of the Ritual movement in reviewing the Life of Bishop Creighton, and there is no need to repeat what we then said. Temple came to the diocese shortly after Archbishop Tait had brought about an ecclesiastical truce. The law indeed remained unaltered. The Public Worship Regulation Act was still in force and still administered by Lord Penzance. But the temper alike of the authorities and of the prosecutors was different. The bishops had been armed with a veto on all proceedings taken under the Act, and it was pretty well known that they intended to exercise the power should occasion arise. Apart from this the authors of the prosecutions had seen reason to doubt their efficacy. The clergy attacked held to their own interpretation of the law, and were ready to go to prison in defence of it. The general opinion of Englishmen was hostile to Ritualism, but it was equally hostile to the measures taken to suppress it when they went the length of sending hardworking and well-intentioned clergymen to gaol. As prosecutions depended upon voluntary

subscriptions, this last consideration was not one to be neglected ; and, in any case, to insist on investing an adversary with the halo that belongs to suffering endured for conscience' sake seemed like preferring passion to policy. The principle of the bishops' veto has never commanded universal assent, but Temple was the means of obtaining the fullest legal confirmation of it. His refusal to allow the Church Association to take proceedings against the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for placing the present reredos in the Cathedral was challenged and overruled in the Queen's Bench Division. But the Court of Appeal reversed this judgement on the ground that the words in the Act empowering the bishop, when exercising his veto, to 'consider the whole circumstances of the case' were 'enabling,' not 'limiting' words, and the House of Lords sustained this view. It rested with the bishop, they held, to decide what constituted the circumstances of the case, and to draw his own conclusion from them. With the veto thus firmly established, prosecutions necessarily came to an end. But Temple's dislike to them rested on higher ground than his sense of the evils of litigation. His strongest characteristic, perhaps, was his passion for good work in his own person, and his admiration of it in the persons of others, and he had too independent and too original a mind not to know that good work is seldom done except in the worker's own way. Other work equally good may be done, but not that particular work. While he was bishop he never attempted to defend the policy of inaction which he had of set purpose adopted. But when he was archbishop he did on one occasion state in the House of Lords what he held to be its real justification :

'We [the bishops] cannot help looking to the main purpose for which the Church exists. We are thinking of men who are at work in the Church with the aim of bringing people to the foot of the Cross. We cannot exclude that consideration ; it is impossible ; and when you find that a man, who is perhaps very foolishly going into all sorts of ritual excesses, is at the same time a devoted servant of the Lord, and devoted to the work which is assigned him to do, you cannot help feeling that you must exercise great delicacy and care before you interfere with such work as his. Archbishop Tait, as you know, carried the Public Worship Regulation Act, and he it was who nevertheless stopped the prosecution of Father Lowder at the East India Docks. I was talking with him not long afterwards, and he said, "I looked into the man's work, and I could not go on "with any prosecution or allow it."'

It has sometimes been said that, in giving 'opinions' about Incense and Reservation, Temple abandoned as Archbishop

of Canterbury the line he had followed as Bishop of London. As thus stated this view has nothing to support it. The interference which Temple had deprecated and refused to sanction was interference by force of law. His objection to prosecutions had never extended to episcopal intervention directed to obtain obedience without resorting to the law courts. The charge is in part borne out, however, by a speech in the House of Lords, in which he declared, 'I, for my part, am quite ready in my own diocese to allow the prosecution of any clergyman who disregards the opinions which I have expressed in reference to the matters which have been argued before me and let it go to the furthest limit it can go.' It is somewhat difficult to follow the reasoning by which the archbishop must be supposed to have justified this change of front to himself. We can only suppose that the delivery of his opinion on the two questions submitted to him—if indeed 'submitted' is the correct term to use of doubts pleaded in order to set up the jurisdiction by men who had really no doubts on the subject—seemed to him to make the law absolutely clear and the duty of obedience to it unmistakeable. Into the merits of this view we shall not enter. Its biographical interest depends on considerations which stand quite apart from its legal value. What was the archbishop's purpose in singling out these particular issues from the many which the Ritual controversy had brought to the front? Undoubtedly the feeling against Ritualism had gathered strength during the preceding year. Sir William Harcourt had been an active combatant all through the summer of 1898, and his vigorous polemic in the 'Times' had given to the controversy a semi-political importance. The Government was alarmed, the House of Commons was excited, and the familiar need of doing something, though few people knew exactly what, was very much in evidence. None of these considerations, however, quite explain the archbishop's action. The real strength of the feeling which Sir William Harcourt had fanned was considerable, and it was perfectly natural that the archbishop should wish to lay it to rest. But the causes of this feeling had very little to do with either Incense or Reservation. The former was used in a small number of churches, chiefly in large towns, where the congregations were mainly composed of people who had been drawn to them by the character of the service. The latter was still more rarely practised, and from the nature of the case was seldom known except to the clergy and to the very few laity who might be associated with them in the custody of the church. If the archbishop's decisions had met with absolute and universal obedience, the churches

affected by them would have been so few that the public at large would soon have forgotten that he had delivered them. The points on which the Ritual controversy really turned were two, Confession and the Mass. No one who is at the pains to go back to the newspaper correspondence of the time, or to the publications of the Church Association and other kindred societies, can have any doubt upon this head. To put down these two things has been the object of the various Church Discipline Bills which have from time to time been introduced by Mr. Austin Taylor, and we do not think it an exaggeration to say that their authors will be satisfied with nothing less. The point on which we are seeking an explanation is not, Why did not Archbishop Temple hear arguments and deliver opinions on these subjects instead of on the two actually chosen? The answer to this question lies on the surface. He held that on both of them the Ritualist position was unassailable. In one of the Ruridecanal Conferences which he organised as Bishop of London, a layman reminded him that there had been a time when 'we would not permit confession to a priest if we knew of it. 'But now we see people going to priests for confession by the 'hundred in broad daylight, and they don't care the snap of a 'finger for you.' This quite accurate description of the change which half a century has made did not disturb Temple in the least. Had the speaker, he said, 'consulted that excellent 'manual, the Book of Common Prayer, he would have seen that 'what confession was before the Reformation, that it was after; 'and what it was after, that it was before. The disciplinary 'use—I admit an important matter—was its only difference.' So again with the other great rock of offence. The objection of the Church Association and their adherents was really, he held, an objection to the law as laid down by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. 'In the great decisions in the 'Gorham case in one direction long ago, and in the Bennett 'case, the supreme tribunal had pronounced in favour of the 'very widest liberty, and to say that men are not open to 'accept the liberty thus opened before them is altogether 'inconsistent with the position which any party in the Church 'has a right to claim.' On the whole Temple probably thought that something had to be sacrificed to public opinion, and he chose what he least valued, or rather what he personally disliked. The obstacles in the way of his success were that his action did not satisfy those who objected to what they held to be false doctrine, while it irritated those who regarded ceremonial as the most effective way of teaching doctrine.

The problem before Archbishop Temple might well have seemed

insoluble. In fact, though not in form, the Church of England is in the middle of a revolution. In no great institution is the machinery more antiquated, in no great institution has this antiquated machinery been made to minister to greater changes. Peaceful and violent revolutions have this in common, that those who are confronted by them have to make their choice between suppressing them and letting them run their course. No fair-minded man will blame the bishops if they find it hard to decide which of these courses to follow, or if different bishops—or for that matter the same bishop at different times—take courses which are inconsistent with one another. But the bigger the man the less we expect this kind of conduct at his hands. The situation by which Temple was confronted was probably one which did not admit of any effective dealing with the substance. But in that case it seems strange that Temple should have thought it worth while to deal with the fringe. And even with that fringe he dealt uncertainly. We have seen that at one time he held that ‘any clergyman who disregards the ‘opinions I have expressed’ was a fit subject of prosecution. But this was only in his own diocese. In the Province and in the Church generally these opinions counted, as he thought, for very little. The archbishop, he said, ‘had a right to address ‘all the bishops and clergy in his province and to state his views ‘to them; it rested with the bishop of each diocese to adopt ‘or not adopt those views, and, if he adopted them, to press ‘them or not press them upon the clergy of his diocese.’ If this was all that the pronouncements at Lambeth came to, the bishops might possibly have preferred to be without a kind of guidance which was rather embarrassing than helpful.

The explanation of this attitude may perhaps be found in the unnoticed influence of old age upon Temple’s special temperament. His wonderful vitality, his great bodily strength, his capacity for taking long journeys and doing with little sleep, his ability to make excellent speeches without preparation—all the conspicuous characteristics that went to the making of his impressive personality—may have been consistent with a lessening faculty of judgment, as they certainly were with a growing habit of self-assertion. This latter habit was not content even with ordering matters for his own lifetime. The sale of Addington was an example of this. No doubt Temple had good ground for thinking that for him a country house was a luxury, and a house in his Cathedral city a necessity. But when we remember the special pleasure which Archbishop Benson took in Addington, and ‘how thoroughly he enjoyed ‘the life of a quiet country gentleman’ which he was able from



time to time to live there, and further that to some archbishops the air and seclusion of Addington might be a tonic, it would have been only reasonable to leave the decision to be made by a younger successor. Temple gave to the question of taste and to the question of health a sentence each. 'I think the day is 'past when Archbishops of Canterbury should appear as country 'gentlemen' disposed of one; a curt statement that he neither needed nor cared for a bracing place disposed of the other. As to Canterbury, 'a bishop once asked him if he thought his successors would wish to live there. With the grim smile which 'accompanied his most terse sayings he replied, "No, I don't. "I want to make 'em.'" Right as his view may have been, to give such prompt and irrevocable effect to it was a masterful act in a tenant for life who could not look forward to more than a few years of possession. It may be noted that with increasing imperiousness of purpose came a corresponding growth in imperiousness of speech. At the Lambeth Conference of 1897, which was attended by 197 bishops, when a debate was nearing its end, a most important bishop rose and said that he wished to make one remark; he felt sure that 'it would not prolong the discussion, which had already 'occupied quite sufficient time.' As commonly happens with such remarks, it did prolong the discussion, and 'when at length 'the archbishop brought the debate to its final close, he observed, "Bishop of —, next time you don't want others to talk, "keep your own mouth shut": hardly, to say the least, a diplomatic mode of addressing a prominent member of an assembly in which the archbishop was only *primus inter pares*.

After abandoning his early preference for rates over taxes as a means of paying for elementary education, and objecting for many years to putting Church schools on what he called a 'slippery slope,' Temple again changed his mind and accepted the Education Act of 1902. On December 4 he spoke in support of the second reading of the Bill, and at what seemed the close of his speech sank back exhausted into his seat. But 'immediately he was up again, and spoke one more sentence: "The "Bill is an honest and statesmanlike measure, and I hope your "Lordships, in spite of any objections that may be made, "will nevertheless pass it into law.'" He was taken back to Lambeth 'and died nineteen days later, at the age of eighty-one 'years and twenty-three days.' It was a dramatic and fitting close to a life of singular detachment from personal ends, and singular persistence in the pursuit of great public objects.

## ART. IX.—PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

*Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.* By W. HOLMAN HUNT. Two vols. London: Macmillan. 1905.

*L'état c'est moi.* Mr. Holman Hunt—to speak in the language of toasts—‘couples’ pre-raphaelitism so closely with the name of Mr. Holman Hunt that the two are in his eyes inseparable. These handsome volumes had been unexceptionable had they been frankly called an autobiography. But as the Pre-raphaelite Brotherhood was *de facto*, albeit not by any formal act, dissolved in the course of the fifties, and Mr. Hunt’s connection therewith may be said to determine when he left England for Egypt and the East—that is to say, with the thirteenth chapter of our first volume—it is difficult to see how by the title of the book the remaining six hundred and odd pages (out of a total of 1,005) are to be justified—save, that is, on the assumption that the pre-raphaelite tradition survived in Mr. Hunt and in him only. For this matter Vol. I., which in its early part might have countenanced a wider view, does in fact rest upon the same assumption. Of the twenty-one photogravure plates in this volume, ‘all, save one alone’ (as the ‘Anti-Jacobin’ says), are from pictures by our present author. The exception is Millais’s ‘Lorenzo and Isabella.’ How can such an arrangement be justified on the theory that this is a history of the Pre-raphaelite Brotherhood? Where is the ‘Carpenter’s Shop’ (‘Jesus in the House of his Parents’), or ‘Ophelia,’ or the ‘Girlhood of Mary Virgin,’ or ‘Ecce Ancilla Domini’?

Where, to come to lesser lights, is Collinson’s ‘Answering the Emigrant’s Letter,’ Charles Collins’s ‘Convent Thoughts,’ Martineau’s ‘Last Day in the Old Home’? Where, above all, are Madox Brown’s more important works? For though Madox Brown was not formally enrolled in the Brotherhood, his painting (in the early fifties, for instance) was pre-raphaelite of pre-raphaelite. A great number of the works just cited are not even represented in the subsidiary wood-engravings inserted in the body of Mr. Hunt’s book. Among these wood-blocks again—the pictures reproduced by wood engraving—the non-Holman Hunts bear to the Holman Hunts the modest proportion of twenty-one to forty-nine. We are speaking, be it understood, of Vol. I. alone, for alone in Vol. I. are we concerned with the P.R.B. at all. It may, of course, be replied that the most notable productions of the most notable of these men (Millais, Madox Brown, Rossetti) have already been reproduced somewhere—in their biographies, or in Mr. Percy Bate’s ‘English

‘Pre-raphaelite Painters.’ But then Mr. Hunt should have frankly owned himself an autobiographer. What we read on page 3 (written with a curious lack of style, which it is only fair to say is unusual)—

‘As chronicler of pre-raphaelitism some personal element must have prominence: only thus can I unfold the circumstances which led me to the centre where those other youths were found who played their part in the movement’

—is a very ill preparation for what is to follow. Perhaps it is a sense of this unequal proportion of things that has hindered Mr. Hunt from giving an index: a most inconvenient omission. But it is right to add that, putting their title aside, these two volumes are full of interest. Though Mr. Holman Hunt has evidently no decided literary gift (unlike in this most of the Brotherhood), he has so much to tell, his personal history, with its privations and struggles, its brilliant triumphs, is so moving, fortune brought the painter into contact with so many men of mark whom he often has the knack of describing with a good deal of vivacity, that the reader is interested from the beginning to the end. And, if he is forced also to admit that Mr. Holman Hunt overestimates the importance of his achievement—which of us does not that at heart?—he rises from the book with a great and cordial admiration for the virile author, entertaining as Seddon, Hunt’s fellow-traveller in the East, said to Madox Brown, ‘a high opinion of his worth and gallantry.’\*

During the days of Eastern travel and residence, that gallantry was proved in more than one threatening adventure; for these, in case a suspicion might arise that time had heightened their colours, we frequently have Seddon’s independent and contemporary testimony. But a steadier kind of courage, a still more admirable virility, were shown by Hunt at the beginning of his career in surmounting all the obstacles which lay before him, resisting all the temptations to turn into rosier, more flowery paths so soon as his first struggles were overpast. William Holman Hunt was the son of a manager in a City warehouse, a man of much ability and sense, we are told, who limited his

---

\* Seddon and Holman Hunt mutually complained of each other, as fellow-travellers are apt to do. One of Seddon’s practical jokes has evidently rankled in Mr. Holman Hunt’s mind. This is the entry in Brown’s diary: ‘Hunt used to be in agonies about his (Seddon’s) joking propensities, and lecture him and get mighty sulky if things did not go right. . . . But Seddon entertains a high opinion of his worth and gallantry.’

hopes to the attainment at last of a position not subject to the ebbs and flows of fortune—and even in that modest ambition he was cruelly deceived. It may be surmised what dismay would be caused in a household such as this by the determination of their only boy to give up that kind of life, to take up the shift Bohemian existence of an artist, such 'twas always esteemed by the *bourgeoisie* of that day. The history of the elder Hunt is tragic. For just when he thought that he had realised his ambition and conquered an independence for his old age, he found he had been taken in by a fraudulent mortgagor; almost all his savings were swallowed up. The blow proved mortal. Thus it was that, though William Holman attained recognition at a comparatively early age (and in a career where many who deserve attain it only after death), his father was not the witness of his triumph; he lived only long enough to acknowledge that his son's bent toward art was irresistible, that his own early opposition had been misplaced. Though Mr. Holman Hunt's successes came soon, his early struggles and sufferings were by no means few or small. He had neither the magnificent gifts nor the happy fortune of 'Johnnie' Millais, who, when the two boys first made friends in the Elgin Room at the British Museum, had already gone from strength to strength, had received medals and prizes while he was yet so small that his head did not appear above the prize-giver's table;\* whereas Hunt was refused twice for admission as an Academy student. He got in soon after this first meeting with Millais; he was then seventeen (born 1827), Millais fifteen. On page 55 of the first volume is the reproduction of a *Selbstportrait* by Holman Hunt at this age, which, to judge by the woodcut, seems admirable. Hunt had not 'got pre-raphaelitism' at this early stage; and time was to show that for him to get pre-raphaelitism was by no means in all ways to get salvation in art.

The critic of these volumes has before him a divided duty and a divided temptation. If he allowed himself to be influenced mainly by the title he would devote almost all his attention to the first 350 pages, and to that which it illustrates more or less satisfactorily, the formation of the famous P.R.B. We have now, it is true, considerable material on this matter. Lives or memoirs of all the protagonists in the movement and the struggle have been published—of Millais, of Madox Brown, of Rossetti,

---

\* The prize-giver on this special occasion was the Duke of Sussex. 'The gentleman is a long time coming forward,' he said. The secretary pointed out the twelve-year-old boy standing on the floor below.

and now of Holman Hunt—and many supplementary diaries, letters, and reminiscences.\* For later developments we have the lives of Morris and of Burne-Jones. Yet this whole movement, this *influence* in art and poetry, which we call pre-raphaelite, is so great, so varied, and subtle, of such perennial interest, that it is impossible to pass it by. It has never yet found its right historian. If Mr. Holman Hunt could have sacrificed himself somewhat a great opportunity was his, and he has missed it. Yet, being what he is, and thinking as he does, he could never have been such an historian as pre-raphaelitism calls for. For Mr. Hunt pre-raphaelitism is little else than that in which it began, a revolt against conventionalism in painting; it is a return to nature, but in a dull and really rather mechanical fashion. It is with him largely a question of technique; and it resolves itself finally into the judgement—more or less unconscious—that those who adopt Mr. Holman Hunt's methods are of the covenant, the rest are outside it. Such a thesis rests on no better ground than that he and Millais were the first to conceive the plan of the particular association which became the P.R.B.†; that such and such painters were, such and such were not, formally enrolled in the association. Such petty considerations are beside the mark. Pre-raphaelitism is interesting as a movement, and from the accident that it was the meeting-point of certain elect spirits. It left its mark as visibly on literature as on art. It is not to be denied that pre-raphaelitism began as a reform of painting and in revolt. To understand how great that revolt was and how needful, we have to summon up before the eye of the mind a whole class of pictures once famous, now forgotten; we have to recall to memory all the conventions of painting which prevailed at this moment—the middle nineteenth century—smothering art and stifling originality. Sanctified some of them were indeed, or at least softened by association with genius. The fantastic draperies; the impossible foliage; landscapes never seen on the surface of this earth, all brown trees in front, all blue trees in the middle distance; the marvellous chiaroscuro, flooding the centre of the picture (no, not quite the centre, that would have been a sin against 'elegance'; a little to the right or a little to the left) with a light that never was on sea or land, wrapped round by a yet more inexplicable shade; the irrepressible bad taste which

---

\* As of W. B. Scott.

† Millais, Hunt, and Gabriel Rossetti, according to the usual tradition, as they were looking at Lasinio's engravings after the frescoes in the Campo-Santo at the house of the Millais.



presided over all subject-pictures, from which genius even such as Turner's (in his classical figures and so forth) could not shake itself free.\* And when in memory we have dwelt awhile with all these things, let us turn and contemplate, through memory still, some of the earliest, the genuine pre-raphaelite works, Hunt's 'Christians Pursued by Druids,' or 'Valentine and 'Silvia,' Millais's 'Carpenter's Shop' or 'Ferdinand,' Rossetti's 'Ecce Ancilla,'† in all their delicacy and simple-mindedness. Then we stand amazed that a group of youths of from twenty to twenty-three could have dared and done so much.

Two geniuses stand out pre-eminent in the group—Rossetti and Millais. Or if in the case of the second the word genius seems too strong, we must allow him a supreme degree of talent. His was a happy nature born to conquer; before whom difficulties seemed to vanish and doors to open at a word. Yet he for a short time endured a share of obloquy. Millais's great gifts pushed him to the front, made him the most conspicuous of pre-raphaelites at the outset; so that when, from some one of the mysterious causes which can never be traced, public opinion in the course of a twelvemonth turned from tolerance to fury against the new school, the hardest blows were aimed at him. Very soon he was elected a member of the body he had come to revolutionise or abolish, and which to this day has been neither abolished nor revolutionised. Millais, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, these three were the nucleus of the 'Brotherhood,' the germ of 'The Germ.' The actual original members were seven—Millais, Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Michael Rossetti, James Collinson, Frederick George Stephens, and Woolner; this, at least, according to W. M. Rossetti, who kept a diary at the time. Mr. Holman Hunt brings in Walter Deverell as an original member, omitting (it would seem) Woolner. Around these seven or eight stood others in sympathy; the whole forming a most fascinating group of *les jeunes* of that day. Madox Brown, then twenty-seven, showed like a father in Israel. 'What a crusty old fellow it is!' said Millais on one occasion. The sorely tried, hard-pressed man was never in full sympathy with anyone or anything save his mistress Art. There was Charles Collins, younger brother of Wilkie, just then much under the influence of Tractarianism; there was John Tupper (brother

\* In the late exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House we have in Turner's wonderful *pastiche*—his 'Venus and Adonis'—striking instances of irrepressible bad taste; the vase, e.g., on the right and the cupids that fly round it.

† Mr. Holman Hunt, by the way, incorrectly names this picture 'Ecce Angelus Dei.'

of the printers and publishers of 'The Germ'); there were Wallis, Martineau, Arthur Hughes, Brett, and Burton, a younger group; till, through Rossetti, the movement passed on, now changed in character, to Burne-Jones, to Morris and the rise of house decoration, to a new fount of poesy in Swinburne. Some of Mr. Hunt's statements touching this period have been challenged, none of any real importance. A graver fault is that our author will not admit of movement; because he remains where he was, the others are but a heretical church. These young men were such as *les jeunes* should be, gay, self-confident, impecunious; the capitation loss on the first number of their organ 'The Germ'—*ll. 15s. 5½d.*—seemed to 'spell ruin' if the project were persevered in; with a due flavouring of waywardness in Rossetti, of bitterness in Brown—who yet, when not hagridden, could be as gay and jovial as the rest. The gaiety and friendliness, alas! rather soon evaporated in a great degree, as these delicate condiments to the dish of life are apt to do: we have some relic of the first in Millais's diary, in the Rossetti papers; not much here in Mr. Holman Hunt; and the members took different roads as time went on. That must have darkened friendship more or less. Beneath all their social qualities, and, we may believe, in every member of the group, so far as his nature allowed, there was that salt that keepeth from corruption, that high endeavour, or that blind groping towards perfection, which is of the essence of religion as it is of the essence of art, and outlives changes of creed, of dogmas, of methods, and formulas. A sort of ascetic laborious severity marked their procedure in their art; 'sloshy' was their favourite term of contempt. The contempt spared not Reynolds, who went by the name of 'Sloshua.' *They*, they persuaded themselves, made a direct return to nature. That is a claim which we shall examine anon. It is a claim which Mr. Holman Hunt reiterates. Some of them—Brown, Woolner, Mr. Hunt himself—were for a while too tragically poor.

'When my earnings on the copy from Dyce's picture were exhausted I was again in the direst impecuniosity. On one occasion I had written a letter and had no stamp for post. I threw myself back in the armchair with the sense of being defeated; thrusting my hands deep down between the seat and the back, my fingers came in contact with a circular disk, which I drew up, with the happy discovery it was half a crown!' (Vol. I. p. 210.)

One would prefer to think that the too-insistent complaints from our author of the neglect of art in England glance as much at his colleagues' distresses as at his own. For Holman Hunt

was the member of the trio at whose door success knocked the earliest.

Woolner and his friend Bernhard Smith did emigrate in despair; Hunt thought of doing the same. Brown contemplated going to India of all places. Under such influences, such preoccupations, he painted his best picture—'The Last of England.'

But why with Mr. Hunt should we talk only of the neglect of art in 'this country,' when what is vigorous and new in art or in literature is ignored in most countries and most times? Over the sea in Barbizon was another group of painters and sculptors not less original, and as simple, as nature-loving, as the English Brotherhood. What reward had they? Jean François Millet was twelve years older than Mr. Holman Hunt, and that means that in this 'Germ' year the middle one of the century, Millet was of the age at which Hunt had attained his apogee, had been paid 3,750*l.* for 'The Finding of Christ in the Temple.' It is doubtful if by his total *œuvre* Millet made during his lifetime so much money. Yet in the staying race for immortality 'twixt (say) the 'Angelus' and the 'Temple picture,' it is not the latter which will survive.

There were quaint humours, too, among the Brotherhood. Collinson is spoken of with a good deal of respect by the Rossettis. He early quitted painting for the life of a 'religious'—he became a Jesuit. Mr. Holman Hunt's description of his extraordinary gift for sleeping is amusing, and, if space allowed, would be worth quotation.

Gabriel Rossetti almost 'discovered' Browning, as we know he quite discovered FitzGerald. Browning's Italian sympathies would, without doubt, have recommended him to the family of the Neapolitan refugee. A just admiration of Carlyle and of Thackeray marks the pages of Mr. Hunt's record as of Madox Brown's diary. Tennyson was almost one of them. Along with Tennyson, hardly inferior in their eyes, Patmore shone conspicuous.\* Touching Bailey we find this entry of W. M. Rossetti:

'Finished reading for the first time Bailey's "Angel World," which must be reviewed for "The Germ" as soon as possible. It is nothing very wonderful, far less *great and powerful* than "Festus."' (P. R. B. Journal, 1850.)

---

\* Except for Brown, who writes (diary): 'Read "The Angel in the House" by Patmore, which is singularly tame and tiresome.' Elsewhere we find Madox Brown holding up Alexander Smith and Longfellow as second only to Tennyson: so that he can hardly be reckoned a critic of weight.

One other member (so we may call her) of this *cénacle*, a woman, calls for notice, so much was her brief remaining span of life bound up with all the members of the Brotherhood, and most with the greatest member of them all. Her 'discovery' is described by Mr. Hunt:

'Rossetti at that date had the habit of coming to me with a drawing folio, and sitting with it designing while I was painting at a further part of the room. When on one occasion evening had set in, and dinner had given place to work, Deverell broke in upon our peaceful labours. He had not been seated many minutes, talking in a somewhat absent manner, when he bounded up, marching, or rather dancing to and fro about the room, and, stopping emphatically, he whispered, "You fellows can't tell what a stupendously beautiful creature I have found. By Jove! she's like a queen, magnificently tall, with a lovely figure, a stately neck, and a face of the most delicate and finished modelling; the flow of surface from the temples over the cheek is exactly like the carving of a Pheidean goddess. Wait a minute! I haven't done; she has grey eyes, and her hair is like dazzling copper, and shimmers with lustre as she waves it down. And now, where do you think I lighted on this paragon of beauty? Why, in a milliner's back workroom when I went out with my mother shopping. Having nothing to amuse me, while the woman was tempting my mother with something, I peered over the blind of a glass door at the back of the shop, and there was this unexpected jewel. I got my mother to persuade the miraculous creature to sit for me for my Viola in 'Twelfth Night,' and to-day I have been trying to paint her; but I have made a mess of my beginning. To-morrow she's coming again; you two should come down and see her; she's really a wonder; for while her friends, of course, are quite humble, she behaves like a real lady, by clear common-sense, and without any affectation, knowing perfectly, too, how to keep people at a respectful distance.'" (Vol. I. pp. 198-9.)

This miraculous vision—it need not be said—was Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal—for two brief years Elizabeth Eleanor Rossetti.

Elizabeth Siddal sat to a good many of the pre-raphaelites; to Holman Hunt for a girl in his 'Druid' picture ('Christians 'rescued from Druids'), for Silvia in 'Valentine and Silvia'; to Deverell for Viola in a picture from 'Twelfth Night'; Millais has rendered her beauty immortal in 'Ophelia.' Very soon she captured and was captured by the impetuous Gabriel—that angel with leaden feet. So long as he painted her, Rossetti's women are of much the finer type; 'Bel Colore' in the late exhibition at Burlington House is a good example of this. After her death his art declined in all ways.

The three or four years which lay about the middle of the last century were the *anni mirabiles* of pre-raphaelitism in art

and in literature. From Rossetti alone the production was wondrous. Because his poems—whose strange dramatic history all men know—were not given in book form to the reading public till 1870, we are all apt to forget how marvellously precocious was his genius, unsurpassed—if even then surpassed—save by the genius of Keats. W. M. Rossetti tells us that ‘The Blessed Damosel’ was written in 1847,\* and, together with ‘My Sister’s Sleep,’ was sent in that year to William Bell Scott. Now, in 1847, Gabriel Rossetti was only nineteen. ‘The Blessed Damosel’ is a thing almost as unique in poetry, though on a smaller scale, as ‘The Ancient Mariner.’ ‘The Burden of Nineveh,’ ‘Sister Helen,’ ‘Staff and Scrip,’ and ‘Jenny’ were all written within three or four years of the middle century.† Nothing that Rossetti wrote subsequently reached the height of these poems taken collectively; and all were finished before he was thirty. Add thereto that in this same period Rossetti painted the best of his pictures, the delicate ‘Girlhood of Mary Virgin’ (1848-9), ‘The Ecce Ancilla Domini’ (1849-50), a landscape painted at Sevenoaks when Rossetti stayed there with Holman Hunt, ‘Giotto Painting the Portrait of Dante’ (water-colour), and numerous crayon and pen-and-ink drawings. It is no wonder that Mr. Holman Hunt, not without a certain acerbity, claims Rossetti as his pupil. Hunt himself was in these years doing his best work, ‘The Eve of St. Agnes,’ ‘The Christians Pursued by Druids,’ ‘Valentine and Silvia,’ ‘The Hireling Shepherd’; Millais, if not his best, his best in this genre, some of it unsurpassed in any method—‘Lorenzo and Isabella,’ ‘Ophelia,’ the much-abused ‘Carpenter’s Shop.’ There was strength enough in these giants to revolutionise painting and leave a deep impress on literature. They did both. Yet the weight of their genius sat lightly upon them. Their money cares were often great, but their spirits were high, and they were all (in those days) companionable. Millais and Hunt were the most together, Rossetti and Madox Brown. Mr. Holman Hunt tells us of the long stay which he and his chief friend made at Oxford, and afterwards together near Ewell and at Surbiton. There Millais found the ‘Ophelia’ stream. Holman Hunt and Rossetti made a little tour in Belgium and France—a little tour, yet the longest Gabriel made throughout his life. ‘Rossetti,’ writes our author, ‘was the best

---

\* This must have been the main portion, for we read also in W. M. Rossetti’s diary of 1850, ‘Gabriel has written another stanza of “The Blessed Damosel.”’

† About ‘Jenny’ there is some doubt. This, W. M. Rossetti thinks, was not completed till 1858. Gabriel would then be thirty.



'of travelling companions, ever in the best of temper, and our journey was overbrimming with delight in the beauties both of Nature and art.' Rossetti brimmed over in all manner of verse, too, in consequence, from doggerel to the beautiful lines on the 'Carillon':

John Memeling and John Van Eyck  
Hold state at Bruges.

He was lost in admiration for the first of these two. In October 1850, Hunt and Rossetti were together at Sevenoaks—Hunt upon the background of the 'Two Gentlemen,' undamped but deluged in rain. It would seem that John Tupper had some theory—founded on scientific grounds\*—touching the real, the essential colour of foliage. Rossetti writes to him:

'Dear Jack,—Before ever I saw your note to Hunt of this morning you had already been forcibly recalled to my mind on arriving here by the desire I should be endowed with the privileges which would result from a pet theory of yours. The fact is, between you and me, that the leaves on the trees I have to paint here appear red, yellow, &c., to my eyes; and as of course I know them on that account to be really a vivid green, it seems rather annoying that I cannot do them so; my subject shrieking aloud for Spring.'†

'Twixt 1850 and 1854, the P.R.B. struggled through seas of vituperation to something like fame. The official critics might write what they chose, and Dickens even (Dickens of all people!) brandish the scalping-knife. But the 'graduate of Oxford' *locutus est*, and strongly on the other side. Among all the younger intellectuals Ruskin was now a prophet. Millais, who had been most abused, rose first into consideration: Holman Hunt lagged but a little way behind. By 1854 he had become a semi-celebrity, when he was still only twenty-even. On the appearance of 'The Light of the World,' Ruskin wrote eloquently in defence of it: 'Ruskin's admirable letter on 'Hunt's admirable picture' notes Madox Brown. The present writer can remember in his boyhood that 'The Light of the 'World' was still spoken of with almost religious fervour. One great voice was discordant: true, it belonged to a man who knew nothing technically about art. Holman Hunt had got to know Thomas Carlyle by this time, and the exactitude of Hunt's work—in less pretentious pictures, such as the 'Strayed Sheep'—appealed greatly to the prophet, now beginning to grow old.

\* Misunderstood? W. M. Rossetti has no idea what the theory was. We may guess that it rested on the word 'chlorophyl,' as the chemical constituent of the nourishment gained by vegetables.

† W. M. Rossetti, 'Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters,' p. 23.

Not so 'The Light of the World.' Mr. Hunt very frankly records Carlyle's strictures thereupon :

'You call that thing, I ween, a picture of Jesus Christ. Now you cannot gain any profit to yourself, except in mere pecuniary sense, or profit anyone else on earth, in putting into shape a mere papistical fantasy like that, for it can only be an inanity, or a delusion to everyone that may look on it. It is a poor misshaped presentation of the noblest, the brotherliest, and the most heroic-minded Being that ever walked God's earth. Do you ever suppose that Jesus walked about bedizened in priestly robes and a crown, and with yon jewels on His breast, and a gilt aureole round His head ? Ne'er crown nor pontifical robe did the world e'er give to such as Him,' &c. (Vol. I. p. 355.)

Here spake the natural-supernaturalist. Without discussing the theological side of Carlyle's argument, there is beside in it an utterance of sound sense and 'veracity,' to which it had been well for the young painter if he had lent an ear. Now, indeed, had come the parting of the ways for him. For Ruskin, and the public who followed Ruskin, admired this picture chiefly on a principle, the converse of the proverbial 'fine feathers make fine birds'—namely, that 'fine subjects make fine pictures,' a theory most dangerous in all art, most dangerous, if not absolutely fatal, to the future art of Mr. Holman Hunt.

This proposition is a very different one from the theory, which Carlyle certainly would have been the first to approve, that in all the greatest art there is a certain high seriousness. But the two propositions are easily confounded. Hunt, who determined henceforth to paint very serious subjects, generally Biblical ones, and to paint them *really*—i.e. on the scene of their transaction, from the materials which best represented their original elements—was the most affected by this well-meant, ill-founded 'ethical' criticism of Ruskin's ; and he was above all other painters to reap the benefit of its influence. In a remoter sense he reaped the benefits of Carlyle's prophethip, which was bringing a seriousness into all life and all men's thoughts, which had done much to create the new Broad Church Party, the party of Maurice, of Christian Socialism, of Kingsley and his 'Alton Locke.'\* A new and serious world was springing into existence—both Tennyson and Browning were of it—a very different world from the Georgian world of Dickens and Thackeray.

Not for his ultimate good, but as one cannot but feel with rare courage and strength of mind and character, Mr. Hunt, now

---

\* Madox Brown, in his 'Work,' took Carlyle and Maurice as his types of intellectual labour.

that his hardest struggles seemed over, when he had paid all his debts and even amassed a little capital of 700*l.* and his reputation was in the crescent, determined to jeopardise fame and capital by two years' exile to be spent mostly in Syria and Palestine. 'With rare courage and strength of character.' But Mr. Hunt has the defects of his qualities. He had, it would seem, hitherto influenced the aims of his brother pre-raphaelites in a degree beyond that his genius warranted. Yet he must in his turn have benefited, if unconsciously, by the influence and criticism of men greater than himself, of Millais and Rossetti, of Madox Brown likewise. Now he cut himself adrift from them all. Now we do in fact leave the history of pre-raphaelitism behind. Save by that theory of Mr. Hunt's, *l'état c'est moi*, the mystic letters P.R.B. have no place on the cover of his second volume. This is not saying, however, that the remaining portion of this autobiography lacks its own interests.

The 'Brotherhood' friendship accompanied him till the start. If many of his comrades refused to believe his departure so instant, and thus when they came to say good-bye found him already gone, yet, after he had taken leave of the elder Millais,—

'John came back with me and helped me to pack. . . . He accompanied me to the station. I had not had time to dine, and Millais rushed to the buffet and seized any likely food he could, tossing it after me into the moving carriage. What a leave-taking it was with him in my heart when the train started! Did other men have such a sacred friendship as that we had formed?'

The traveller carried away with him a daguerreotype of Rossetti's 'Girlhood of Mary,' on which the painter had written (quoting from 'Philip van Artevelde'):

There's that betwixt us been, which men remember  
Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,  
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed  
From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up.

'From D. G. R.'

Time knows no relenting, no returning. These passages sound the knell of the P.R.B. Millais, Rossetti, Hunt, each was to follow his separate road in art and life, and more and more these ways were destined to diverge.

A hundred travellers have by now described the regions which Mr. Holman Hunt visited in 1854 and 1855. Sixty years separate us from the publication of 'Eothen.' True, some of the things which Kinglake saw and that Mr. Hunt saw exist

no more. Jerusalem is not quite the same to-day as when the artist first looked upon it :

‘ We climbed up with sight alone bent on the horses’ path. Suddenly and unbidden our beasts stopped, we raised our eyes, and there all the scene had opened, a great landscape was spread out before us, and in the centre stood the city. Foursquare it was and compact in itself, without suburb, except the enclosure round the tomb of David, and half-way down Zion there was a new white building with a wall of its own to guard it. In an angle with a track leading to it from our standing-post was the western gate. Above the walls at this angle towered three or four ancient fortresses, and to the south of these, above the stretch of wall, spread certain handsome fir trees, while a few graceful cypresses pierced the rounded outlines of the group, making, with the minaret standing by, a variegated cluster of history. In front of these the mount sloped down to a deepening valley, which helped to give this face of the fortified city some resemblance to Windsor Castle, a likeness, however, that was forgotten almost as soon as it was fancied, for on the north the wall could be traced descending the sloping platform with a fosse cut in the rock outside, until at the east there was a raised angle from which the wall started southward, brinking what evidently, although lost in its depth, was the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The inner side of this wall was apparent in places between nearer buildings ; the domes and minarets rose against a range with swelling outlines forming the Mount of Olives and the Hill of Offence, and where the line of the northern mass sloped down and left a gap between itself and a southern continuation of the sweep, appeared a far-distant horizontal range of mountains of amethyst and azure hue, the Mountains of Moab.

‘ The afternoon sun was already beginning to glow with the softness of amber, the breeze from the sea had awakened the birds, and the windmills turned with a music as of new life. This, then, was the stage on which the dramas were enacted which have stirred the blood of the greatest races on the face of the earth, and turned the current of all their purpose. There was an unspeakable spirit of secrecy in the air, while an appropriate beauty that breathed in the scene raised in my mind, without intelligible link, the image of some beautiful queen mute and dead, but with eyes open and staring to the heavens, as though not even yet to be at peace.’ (Vol. I. pp. 400-1.)

At a later stage he writes :

‘ I regard one who has not sojourned in a tent as not having thoroughly lived ; for without such experience how can a man feel what is his own relation to silent Nature, and to his disorderly fellows ? When slumber came I was no longer an outcast ; the distance between London and the remote wilderness of Judea was annulled. Sleep vanquished distance and time. I was at home with my dear and true friends, the comrades of my highest ambition ;

we were talking warmly and listening charmedly to ideas and plans beloved of both [*sic*]. I was with the real working Brotherhood, and as I asked for unseen ones they appeared. I had much to tell and not less to hear; many there were whom I took by the hand and grasped familiarly by the shoulder. It was satisfaction almost to pain. While still eager in debate a force of separation came between us; I held out my arms as it seemed, but I was torn backwards across the round dark sea and over the wind-swept hills, and, waking, I found myself again in the lonely tent pitched in the desolate valley,

Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed,

with the creatures of the wilderness screaming and howling from above and below, aggrieved that our fires barred the way between them and the salt or water, which it was their wont to visit by night.' (Vol. I. pp. 495-6.)

Mr. Hunt can describe, but his writing has not the nameless charm which has made of 'Eothen' a classic; and though there are many more passages we should be glad to quote from the Oriental period, want of space forbids that indulgence. Our author had for companion Thomas Seddon, the landscape painter, whose 'Jerusalem' was bought by the nation, who, as we saw, despite of bickerings, bore his testimony to 'Hunt's worth and gallantry.' Adventures in truth were not lacking, whether during an expedition they made with a party to Hebron, or during Hunt's stay partly alone at Oosdoom on the shores of the Dead Sea. That was for the picture of the 'Scapegoat.' For the still more celebrated 'Finding of Jesus in the Temple' a long residence in or hard by Jerusalem was needed. Endless difficulties stood in the way of getting models: they afforded Mr. Hunt some opportunities of studying the intricacy of Oriental character. His models had to be found (naturally) among the Jews settled in Jerusalem. If Mr. Hunt's surmise touching the 'cities of the plain,' of De Saulcy's supposed discovery, be a correct surmise, it sheds a curious light on the trustworthiness or untrustworthiness of that courtly antiquary who is credited with writing, for Napoleon III., Napoleon's 'Life of Cæsar.'

But looking upon these volumes as a history of pre-raphaelitism, even if that be embodied only in Mr. Hunt's work, the many pages of Vols. I. and II. devoted to Hunt's Oriental residence in 1854-6 are hardly justified. The pictures themselves which Mr. Hunt painted there, 'The Afterglow,' 'The Scapegoat,' 'The Finding in the Temple,' these alone can show what of good or of evil Mr. Hunt's Eastern adventures brought into his art.

Early in 1856, Holman Hunt returned to England *via* Constantinople—with a hurried visit to the Crimea. At Pera he ran against an old friend, an artist and quasi-disciple, Mike



Halliday ; \* and they set up a studio together. All had much changed in these two years. In the words of a most humorous sadness of Christina Rossetti's sonnet, the P.R.B. 'was in 'its decadence.'

And he at last the champion, great Millais,  
Winds up his signature with A.R.A.  
So rivers merge in the perpetual sea ;  
So luscious fruit must fall when overripe,  
And so the consummated P.R.B.

At any rate, the fame of the member with whom we are here concerned had suffered no eclipse. Fortune had favoured his daring. 'The Light of the World' had but gained admirers : and public interest was caught by the personal note, this voluntary exile of the aspiring young artist. In something of the same way public fancy was caught by the personal note of Louis Stevenson's *involuntary* exile, by the struggle of that literary Hercules with Thanatos, quite as much as by the excellence of his achievements in letters. When therefore the 'Temple picture' was ready for exhibition, such a reception awaited it as has rarely been bestowed on any picture in England, such a reception as might have made a belated pre-raphaelite dream that he was in Italy in the early Renaissance—such a reception as Browning has described :

Where learned age should greet  
My face ; and youth, the star not yet distinct  
Above his hair, lie learning at my feet.

Of the pictures brought back 'The Scapegoat' was first exhibited. Sir Robert Peel offered 250*l.* for it—the price asked was 350*l.*—with the added compliment ('twould be but ambiguous to-day) that the work should hang a pendant to one of Landseer's. That this offer was refused shows that our artist was well aware of his changed position. When finally the 'Temple picture' was achieved and exhibited (alone) Gambart paid down the extraordinary price (for those days) of 5,500 guineas. The town flocked to see it. 'Visitors began to arrive in numbers of eight 'hundred to a thousand a day.' All the aspirations of pre-raphaelitism, mixed up as it was with the aspirations of Carlyleism, of earnest Broad-Churchism and the rest, must to many (to the

---

\* 'Halliday, a sinecurist and gent, swell and hunchback and artist combined.'—Madox Brown's Diary. 'As friendly and obliging a man as I have ever known. . . . He was not a gent but a gentleman.'  
—W. M. Rossetti's note on foregoing.

artist not last we may guess) have seemed here to reach their consummation and receive their crown.

Is it his modesty or a shade of obtuseness in our author that we have to thank for the account of the reception by Thackeray and by Dickens of him and his pictures? In any case it makes a piquant contrast worth quoting: for from this time forward the autobiography owes much of its interest to the appearance in it of many men of note with whom Mr. Holman Hunt was brought into contact — Gladstone, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Richard Owen, *both* the Carlyles, Ruskin, Trelawney, Meredith.

‘Disburdened of all my anxiety in launching my picture, one day I went earlier than usual for the full gathering of the Cosmopolitan Club. Thackeray and an intimate friend alone were there; as I approached the great man, he ejaculated, “God bless my living soul! here we are in the presence of the happiest man of the day. I hope that what I hear is true, that you have sold a picture for 5,500 guineas?”’

“It is true, I’m glad to say, that I have now signed an agreement with Gambart,” I returned.

“Now, you are still a young man,” he continued, “and to have got so handsome a sum for one picture, and that I hear not a large one, is a truly wonderful piece of good fortune, and I congratulate you heartily; you have cause to be jubilant.”

“But,” I said, “I must not allow you to assume that I have suddenly become a wealthy adventurer; I began the work years ago, and to do it I had to risk not only my little store of worldly goods in going to the place, but also all the chances of success which I had gained before leaving England, and in truth the difficulties I had to overcome cost me so much, that ten or twelve paintings might have been done in the time. I am sure that I understate the case when I say that other men of my age have been saving more than I shall get at the best, even when this business is finished.”’

“Well, well,” he said, “they [the spongers on successful men] are a dispensation of Providence by which we are brought to reflect upon poor human nature, but then 5,500 guineas at thirty-three, that is a good turning point in a man’s fortune; I remember when I was about the same age I had been writing for some months for —, and the magazine had, in consequence of my contributions, been restored from a state near collapse to increasing stability; at that juncture my wife fell ill, and the doctors assured me that she must be taken for a month to the seaside. I had no funds for this, and thinking it not unreasonable, I wrote to the editor: ‘Dear sir, I am in severe need of ready money, I shall be sending the usual copy for the end of the month, could you oblige me by advancing me 20*l.* on the forthcoming contribution to your magazine, and thus greatly oblige, W. M. T.’

“The reply was prompt: it was to the effect that the editor had

made a rule never to pre-pay his writers, and that he was obliged to adhere to his regulation.”” (Vol. II. pp. 194-195.)

‘ Meeting Dickens at a party in the full swing of the season, I was greeted with, “ You have caused my hatter to be madder than ever.”’ [All hatters being *ex officio* mad]. “ He declares that you have choked up Bond Street with the carriages for your exhibition, so that none of his established customers can get to his shop.”’ (*Ibid.* p. 197.)

On the picture itself we for the moment reserve judgement. But it was natural and it was right that Holman Hunt should figure as a champion and a hero in the eyes of all those—and a second batch of them was coming to the fore—who had enlisted under the colours of the P.R.B. Thus the young Burne-Jones, fresh from Oxford, glowing with enthusiasm and with pride in being allowed to call himself a pupil of Rossetti, speaks of Holman Hunt in terms of endless enthusiasm: ‘ A glorious day, it has been a glorious day. For whilst I was painting in Rossetti’s studio there entered the greatest genius that is on earth alive, William Holman Hunt.’

Yet the painter of the ‘ Temple picture ’ had nothing in common with this new group, this aftermath of pre-raphaelitism which was to boast itself in the names of Burne-Jones and Morris, in the reform of decorative art, in the influence of the firm Morris, Marshall, Falkner & Co.\* The new pre-raphaelitism was to be enforced on the literary side by a young poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne. Instead of the immense but regulated talents of a Millais, the energy and common-sense of both Millais and Holman Hunt, it was to be swayed by spasmodic passions, fierce desires, and immeasurable regrets, such as recall the lesser dramas of the Elizabethan age. The year of the exhibition of the ‘ Temple picture ’ is likewise by a strange contrast the year of Rossetti’s marriage. It lasted not two years. Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal had beautified half a dozen pictures of the pre-raphaelite school. Elizabeth Eleanor Rossetti had now already long since passed into the exclusive possession of her wayward husband.

What hath man done here ? How atone,  
Great God ! for that which man hath done ?

It were unjust and far too harsh to give Rossetti’s lines the meaning they have as applied in the poem. But that Eleanor Siddal had been marred by her marriage we cannot question.

---

\* Madox Brown, who was a partner in this firm, makes a sort of link between the neo-pre-raphaelitism and the old.

The partiality of a brother admits that Gabriel was not formed for married life, and that his wife, while she had taken to opium, 'doubtless by doctor's orders,' alternated opiates with stimulants. On *her* this should be accounted no reproach, and the reproaches which might be levelled at her husband he has, as it were, discounted by that strange action of remorse when he consigned his MS. volume of poems to an expected oblivion by laying them in his wife's coffin, 'beside her cheek underneath her hair'—a fine and passionate act which savours of a larger day than ours. Nor is its merit then destroyed even by the after reversal. The luckless girl could not have lived long: and she learnt much in her connection with Rossetti. Wherefore if Rossetti marred that life, he had made it also in great measure. Eleanor Siddal became in the ten years that she was under Rossetti's influence no mean artist and a genuine poet, if a slight. Madox Brown spoke of her as a woman without a parallel. And Swinburne's large praise of her, that too savours of heroic times, and is itself a monument to the unhappy lady, for which some might not be so discontent to die.

'It is impossible [Swinburne writes] that even the reptile rancour, the omnivorous malignity of Iago himself, could have dreamed of trying to cast a slur on the memory of that incomparable lady, whose maiden name was Siddal, and whose married name was Rossetti. To one at least who knew her better than most of her husband's friends the memory of all her marvellous charms of mind and person—her matchless grace, loveliness, courage, endurance, wit, humour, heroism, and sweetness—is too dear and sacred to be profaned by any attempt at expression. The vilest of the vile could not have dreamt of "trying to cast a slur upon her memory."'

How far is the neo-pre-raphaelitism of which these words and acts are the expression from Hunt's or Millais's early work! How far, too, from Mr. Holman Hunt's subsequent career after the exhibition of the 'Temple picture' onward from this second epochal period of 1860-1862!

The old pre-raphaelitism is dead. Millais is now (1860-62) passing in his career from 'The Black Brunswicker' to his 'St. Agnes Eve.' The subsequent career of our artist is interesting, partly, it has been said, for the glimpses which he gives us of other great or conspicuous men of the day. In the history of art it is important only so far as his work is of importance.

The best known of Holman Hunt's pictures which succeeded 'The Finding of Christ in the Temple,' are 'Christ among the Doctors,' 'Isabella with the Pot of Basil,' 'The Shadow of Death' (Holman Hunt's 'Carpenter's Shop'), 'The Triumph of the Innocents,' 'May Morning: Magdalen Tower.'

What shall we say, then, of these things? What shall we say of the pre-raphaelite movement on its pictorial side alone, forgetting those aspects which we have already hinted at, its place in the intellectual life of the century, and considering the pictorial achievement rather in its later stages, when Mr. Hunt is the representative of the old pre-raphaelitism?

When we consider pre-raphaelitism in this narrower sense, as mere pictorial *achievement*, it shrinks, alas! woefully in dimensions. The modern critic cannot (it must be confessed) find in it very much worthy of imitation or deserving of praise. The fable of Columbus' egg is for ever being re-enacted in the history of mankind. But must it not seem unaccountable to *us* that, even in its prime, pre-raphaelitism—as Millais with his 'Huguenots,' as Holman Hunt with his 'Valentine and Silvia'—should have taken infinite pains, should have spent weeks or months painting the backgrounds of its pictures, and then brought them back to the studios and painted in the figures by 'studio light'? This did not seem strange to Millais nor to Hunt then. For the 'plein-air' school had not arisen: Bastien-Lepage, the first to paint a portrait in the open air, was yet unborn. How *could*, one thinks to-day, how could these pre-raphaelites persuade themselves that they had gone back to Nature, when the light which shone upon their figures was a light absolutely different from that which had shone upon their backgrounds? The only answer is that men had not then got to think of light as a substantive part of every picture—light which is modified always by atmosphere. The new school had got so far as to be shocked by the false chiaroscuro of conventional landscape-painting. But it never reached a true theory of chiaroscuro and of the modification of tones by distance. Such things, the understanding whereof we exact in a painter of to-day, were hid from their eyes. It is the utter want of atmosphere in Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures—in the later ones more conspicuously than the earlier—which makes them sometimes terrible and haunting, a sort of nightmares rather than works of art. No doubt the exaggeration of certain mannerisms of the artist—his opalesque painting and so forth—heighten the unreality, the terror. But the germ of the evil was at the beginning.

Shall we not say that the *fons et origo* of it all lay in this, that these artists did not *think* in the medium of their art? It is, maybe, to consider too curiously and too metaphysically to trace things back so far. Yet, we suspect that all their failures might be shown to have their source here. Thus, the very literary atmosphere which girt round the pre-raphaelite painting was



unfavourable to its healthy growth. A painter can no more paint his best while he thinks in words than may a musician when he thinks in images, as Handel did sometimes, in his 'hailstone choruses' and suchlike. Music should represent the *spirit* of things seen, but not try to excite visible images of them. And painting, on its side, should think first of all on the mere image, the pictorial effect, not begin with the literary *idea*. Ruskin could never rid himself of his literary ideas. He was too great a man of letters to be a really good critic of pictures. And though the 'graduate of Oxford' had nothing directly to do with the starting of pre-raphaelitism, indirectly he must have had much to do with it, through the influence he exercised on all men's thoughts.

In one letter to Rossetti, however, Ruskin makes an excellent remark—that the best work an artist does is the work he does with *ease*. Would it had penetrated the thought of some others of the fraternity! But of course the critic has contradicted his own dictum a hundred times. The most tragic part about some of the pre-raphaelites—notably about Mr. Hunt and Madox Brown—is their immense industry. The latter, to judge by his diary, seems (to take one example) to have spent many weeks in painting a shawl in his 'Last of England,' many weeks of wintry weather and of extreme poverty, during which the unhappy Mrs. Brown went shawless. Madox Brown did not perceive that, in dwelling so long over a simple detail, he allowed, nay compelled, all the pictorial qualities of the shawl to disappear from view. He saw not this, because Brown thought in *words*, and in words a shawl is always a shawl. Had he thought through the media of colour and of form he would have realised that there were but moments, or brief minutes at most, when the shawl was endowed for him with the best of its pictorial qualities. The thought of Mr. Hunt painting steadily for two years at his 'Scapegoat' and his 'Temple picture,' of the old Jews and the young Jews who filed one by one through his studio, to be worked at for hours and hours on end, when the lighting must have changed, and still more certainly the fatigued eye of the painter must have lost all the delicate shades of colour, this is not less tragic; not less conspicuous an example of wasted energy. Despite their courage, their belief in art, their high endeavour, there is about all the typical pre-raphaelites something amateurish. They remind one of a man who, translating from a foreign language, looks out each word with incomparable diligence, but has never bethought him how much better it would have been to master the language first, then had he no need of his dictionary. Holman Hunt, Madox Brown,

almost all these men save Millais, were masters neither of drawing nor of colouring. It is not that they failed to give an idea of movement in their figures—for that is the most difficult point of mere drawing, and many of the great masters hardly attain it; but somehow their figures often seem more than motionless; they seem petrified. So the figures in 'Work,' so the figures in Mr. Hunt's 'Awakened Conscience.' In the 'Finding in the Temple' the three principal figures are but motionless: the subsidiary ones are of wood or stone.\* And yet Madox Brown certainly, Holman Hunt too perhaps, were better as draughtsmen than as colourists, and their pictures, save for certain details, which appeal to the intellect rather than the sense of beauty,† look better in reproduction than in themselves. Now the root of this amateurishness lies in the fact that in ordinary life the painters of that day thought otherwise than as artists, they thought as literary men, they thought in words, and they made of their art but a *translation* from intellectual ideas on to the canvas.

It will be urged 'Is then the literary side of life to have no influence upon painting? Does the painter paint best when 'he is an unlettered clown?' Should the philosophy of Carlyle, of Browning, have passed over the heads of our 'Brotherhood' as unperceived as wild birds flying in the night? By no means. Only literature, philosophy, must not pass into a man's art *directly* through his intellect. They must mould him, and in this wise mould his achievement. They must not lie, as 'ideas' only, in the purlieus of his mind. That is to say, until they have been really absorbed into the man himself, his intellectual ideas cannot find a place in his pictures, nor, sooth to say, in a man's writings either, if his writing is to be a work of art. For the rule applies to writers also; and, properly understood, it decides the oft-discussed thesis touching books with a purpose. The key of the riddle is that the artist, the *artifex*, the creator, whether he create through words or paint or harmonies of sound, is an alembic, not a conduit.

---

\* It is not to be denied that there are also very excellent things in this picture—the figures quite at the back, the wondrously fine lattice-work, and the landscape beyond.

† The reflected colour on Julia's cheek, for example, in 'Valentine and Silvia.'

## ART. X.—SOME ASPECTS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

1. *International Law*. A Treatise. By L. OPPENHEIM, LL.D., Lecturer in Public International Law at the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Vol. I. Peace. Vol. II. War and Neutrality. London: Longmans & Co. 1906.
2. *Reports of Prize Cases determined in the High Court of Admiralty, before the Lords Commissioners of Appeals in Prize Causes, and before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, from 1745 to 1859*. Edited by E. S. ROSCOE, Admiralty Registrar of the Supreme Court. In two vols. London: Stevens & Sons, Ltd. 1905.

THE present is a fitting time for a new work on International Law, in which the position of that subject should be clearly formulated. A book, therefore, such as that of Dr. Oppenheim is very opportune. Its object is best stated in the author's words. 'My book is intended,' he writes in the preface, 'to present International Law as it is, not as it ought to be,' and, as he states somewhat earlier, 'to give a complete survey of 'the subject.' This object the writer has attained, for we survey International Law as it exists to-day, laid before us judicially and clearly, without national partiality, and without any professorial intolerance. The academic teacher—but from this criticism we except Dr. Oppenheim—is naturally a little contemptuous of the practical man who tries in his business to unite theory with practice, whereas the teacher, not having to think of business profits, goes logically to a conclusion. In the past, especially on the Continent, discussions on International Law have too often been conducted on an academic basis, and doctrines have been put forward fit rather for Utopia than for this world. It was one great merit of Lord Stowell's judgements that, though delivered in a luminous manner and on a broad theoretical basis, he never lost sight of practical necessities.

To return, however, to Dr. Oppenheim's work, of which it is desirable to note a most useful feature—the bibliography which precedes each division or chapter. Nearly contemporaneously with Dr. Oppenheim's work appeared the two volumes called 'English Prize Cases,' in which are collected all the important and permanently useful decisions, from 1745 to 1859, of the English Prize Court, which are to be found scattered in various volumes of law reports. The consecutive character of this collection enables the student to follow

the tendencies of English jurists in their interpretation of International Law as it affects the rights of neutrals and belligerents, and emphasises the monumental influence of Lord Stowell. It may even be regarded as of a distinct historical value, possessing, indeed, something of the picturesque, for the judgements turn on sea-fights, blockades, captures, and rescues. We see much of the eighteenth-century privateer, daring and eager for plunder, who often allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion in his desire to make a prize of an opulent merchantman. Rival admirals compete for prizes, and their advocates raise subtle distinctions as to the result of a manœuvre or a breeze in the capture of an enemy's ship. Merchants are very cunning in their endeavour to transfer their wares uncaptured from a hostile to a neutral port, and often incur the displeasure of the court for their want of candour, and so the entire picture of one phase of international life during the Napoleonic wars is vividly represented in these interesting memorials of the English Prize Court.

The 'English Prize Cases,' it is stated in the preface, is the result of a recommendation by the Interdepartmental Committee on Prize Law which sat in 1902. It is a publication which, we should like to point out, does credit, as regards paper, print, and binding, to its publishers, and we may perhaps suggest that Government publications could more often be issued by private firms. When we compare the 'English Prize Cases' with the volumes of 'State Trials,' published some years ago by the Stationery Office, we can only wish that the new arrangement could be made a precedent.

A book such as that of Dr. Oppenheim, published near the end of a momentous war, naturally raises considerations as to the progress of International Law and its relation to international disputes. To enter into a discussion as to the nature of what is called International Law is in these days unnecessary. It is not law in the proper sense of the word, and it is undoubtedly desirable that students should properly grasp its exact state. But those who have even cursorily studied public affairs know well enough, as Dr. Oppenheim says, that, 'in practice, International Law is constantly recognised as law'; there is, it is true, no sovereign authority which can enforce it, but some practices have become so recognised as binding on nations that, while remembering that the term is used primarily as a convenient phrase, publicists are justified in continuing a formula which is convenient from every point of view. And there cannot be a doubt that, law or no law, so-called International Law, the code by which international conduct is guided,

is becoming more clearly ascertained and more morally binding on civilised nations. It is not only in municipal law that we move from precedent to precedent; the same feature is observable in international intercourse. Unquestionably also the growth of International Law involves an improvement in the methods of civilisation.

One may regard the publication of the immortal work of Grotius in 1625 as the basis of modern International Law:

‘It would be very misleading and in no way congruent with the facts of history to believe that Grotius’s doctrines were as a body at once universally accepted. No such thing happened, nor could have happened. What did soon take place was that whenever an international question of legal importance arose, Grotius’s book was consulted, and its authority was so overwhelming that in many cases its rules were considered right. How those rules of Grotius which have more or less quickly been recognised by the common consent of the writers on International Law have gradually received similar acceptance at the hands of the Family of Nations is a process of development which in each single phase cannot be ascertained. It can only be stated that at the end of the seventeenth century the civilised States considered themselves bound by a Law of Nations the rules of which were to a great extent the rules of Grotius. This does not mean that these rules have from the end of that century never been broken. On the contrary, they have frequently been broken. But whenever this occurred the States concerned maintained either that they did not intend to break these rules, or that their acts were in harmony with them, or that they were justified by just causes and circumstances in breaking them. And the development of the Law of Nations did not come to a standstill with the reception of the bulk of the rules of Grotius. More and more rules were gradually required and therefore gradually grew. All the historical important events and facts of international life from the time of Grotius down to our own have, on the one hand, given occasion to the manifestation of the existence of a Law of Nations, and, on the other hand, in their turn made the Law of Nations constantly and gradually develop into a more perfect and more complete system of legal rules.’ (Oppenheim, i. 58-59.)

Starting, then, with Grotius’s work as a basis, we find some practices gradually obtaining international recognition; such, for instance, is the right during times of war of visit and search of neutral vessels by belligerents, and the gradual growth of the doctrine which has been shortly summarised as ‘free ships, free goods.’ This doctrine was never acted upon by Great Britain until 1854, when, in order to fall into line with the French practice, it was conceded by this country, and was finally fixed by the Declaration of Paris. No principle was really relied on by either side. On the one hand the Dutch



and other Continental nations found it to their advantage, with considerable commerce and weak navies, to insist on a doctrine which was to their commercial advantage. On the other, Great Britain, with numerous ships of war and any number of privateers, took an equally selfish view of the question, and saw in the seizure of enemy's goods on neutral vessels a greater national and commercial advantage than in their exemption. Yet the recognition of the freedom from capture of enemy's property on neutral ships unquestionably involves the recognition of a principle, for it is a recognition that belligerent rights should be limited in such cases as do not actually result in aiding and abetting warlike operations. A corollary, therefore, of the freedom of enemy's goods on neutral vessels is the classification, and if possible the limitation of contraband articles, even if not the absolute freedom of all contraband goods, whether the property of neutrals or belligerents. There is no question that one belligerent has the right to seize the property of the other, and the only reason why belligerent goods are not liable to capture on neutral vessels is because it inconveniences neutral trade. In the eighteenth century the right of search at sea could be exercised with comparatively little inconvenience. Ships were relatively few and small, but to-day ships are increased a hundred-fold in number and in size. So that at the present day the right of search really means the right of the temporary capture and the serious delay of enormous cargoes. A good many persons know what a laden ship below her hatchways is like, but it is difficult for those who have not this knowledge quite to realise what a search really means if it goes beyond a perusal of bills of lading and manifests. The logical result of the doctrine sanctioned by the Declaration of Paris is the abolition of the right of search, as being a right inconsistent with the conditions of modern commerce and shipping. Lord Stowell and the civilians, and the naval captains who served under Nelson and Howe and Collingwood, would never at any moment have contemplated even the possibility that Great Britain would one day admit that free ships make free goods; and because the abolition of search and of contraband seems at first sight out of the question, it by no means follows that it may not hereafter occur. We are not now arguing for or against this change, but a consideration of it arises from an historical survey of the past movements of International Law.

The right to seize contraband, though sound enough in principle, is to some extent a primitive right, and is incompatible with neutral privileges which have come into existence in regard to the supplying of belligerents with cash. This privilege is

essentially modern, and has caused no little difference among writers on International Law, who, as is often the case, have laid down theories without reference to the practical pressure which is tending to the formulation of international rules.

‘It is a moot point in the theory of International Law whether a neutral is obliged by his duty of impartiality to prevent his subjects from granting subsidies and loans to belligerents for the purpose of enabling them to continue the war. Several writers maintain either that a neutral is obliged to prevent such loans and subsidies altogether, or at least that he must prohibit a public subscription on neutral territory for such loans and subsidies. On the other hand, the number of writers is constantly growing who maintain that, since money is just as much an article of commerce as goods, a neutral is in no wise obliged to prevent on his territory public subscription on the part of his subjects for loans to the belligerents. In contradistinction to the theory of International Law, the practice of the States has beyond doubt established the fact that neutrals need not prevent the subscription for loans to belligerents on their territory. Thus in 1854, during the Crimean War, France in vain protested against a Russian loan being brought out in Amsterdam, Berlin, and Hamburg. In 1870, during the Franco-German War, a French loan was brought out in London. In 1877, during the Russo-Turkish War, no neutral prevented his subjects from subscribing for the Russian loan. Again, in 1904, during the Russo-Japanese War, Japanese loans came out in London and Berlin, and Russian loans in Paris and Berlin.’ (Oppenheim, ii. 380-381.)

The right of citizens of neutral States to lend money is therefore now thoroughly established, but how infinitesimally harmful to one belligerent is a cargo of rifles, consigned to another, compared to a loan of ten millions, which will purchase any number of cargoes of arms, and be the means of carrying on a war an appreciable time! Yet at present, though free ships make free goods, free ships do not make contraband unseizable, and consequently neutral commerce may be disturbed to an unprecedented extent to prevent the carriage of a few tons of munitions of war at the very time when the nations whose ships are being stopped, searched, and captured are supplying the belligerents with millions of pounds.

If contraband in neutral vessels became free, ships of war would necessarily become more exclusively purely fighting machines, their non-combative functions being limited to the seizure of belligerent ships and to the blockade of belligerent ports. It is even doubtful whether, having regard to the limitation of seizure of belligerent property caused by the formal abolition of privateering in 1856, purely commercial

property at sea—ships and cargo—may not, one of these days, become exempt from capture. It is obvious that the seizure of non-contraband property does not affect the progress of a war. It is merely the cause of loss to non-combatants. The Hague Convention expressly enacted that 'private property 'cannot be confiscated': this referred to private property on land, in the territory of an enemy. Here, returning for a moment to the main consideration out of which this question of search and seizure at sea has arisen, it is as well to point out that in this formal statement of a portion of International Law we have an example of its growth, of its affinity to civilised usages, and of the practical power or value of these international rules, of what is for practical purposes International Law, though it may not be law in the strict sense of the term. But the practical question which obviously arises is, How can the seizure of private property at sea be any longer theoretically defended? 'The Declaration of Paris,' says Dr. Oppenheim, 'has not touched upon the old rule that private 'enemy vessels, and private enemy goods thereon, may be seized 'and appropriated, and this rule is therefore as valid as ever 'heretofore.'\* But in theory what is the difference between a seizure of merchandise on the high seas and the pillage of a factory on land? In neither case are warlike operations advanced, and in theory one seizure is as indefensible or as proper as the other. And if nations, actuated by motives of civilisation, refuse any longer to sanction pillage on land, how long will it be before the seizure of private enemy property at sea is stated, at some future international congress, to be illegal? The moment that the question is regarded from the non-theoretical point of view it is clear that the seizure of enemy's private property at sea involves considerations of a political character. The carriage of goods by sea has grown so exceedingly that the very idea of seizure is sufficient to disturb markets all over the world. This fact was very much evidenced in the Russo-Japanese war by the stoppage and search of quite a few neutral ships for contraband. Therefore Great Britain, with the strongest navy in the world, by the continuance of the present rule has an unrivalled power of terror, a worldwide means of disturbance of the commerce of other nations in time of war. On the other hand, this country with the largest carrying trade in the world, has the most to suffer by its continuance. We thus find that the existence

---

\* Vol. ii. p. 185. The phrase 'as ever heretofore' appears to be German rather than English.

or the abrogation of the rule involves a collision between two antagonistic schools of thought—the naval and diplomatic as against the commercial. The former is not concerned with the manner in which the rule would affect commercial interests in time of war. It sees in it an opportunity for operations which necessarily have a disturbing effect on belligerent commerce, and it feels that a strong navy can do much to protect the British mercantile fleet in time of war. But merchants and shipowners look equally naturally to their own interests, and while the merchant sees probabilities of great loss of goods, the shipowner has not only to fear the loss of ships, but the transference of his carrying trade to foreign vessels. It is obvious that the magnitude and intricacy of modern commerce must in future largely render convoys a merely nominal protection in time of war. In the old days a great deal of the oversea traffic came at stated seasons, and time was little thought of. But to-day all these conditions are vitally changed; International, like Municipal Law, is affected by the world's changes, and these unquestionably tend towards the freedom from capture of private property and the setting free of ships of war for two purposes only—that of fighting the enemy and that of blockading his ports.

It is necessary to return to the evolution of International Law and the gradual adoption by the various nations of the world of certain practices, so that these have become generally binding: in other words, law. Since the Declaration of Paris there has occurred the Geneva Convention of 1864 for the amelioration of the conditions of warfare, the Declaration of St. Petersburg of 1868 to prevent the use of explosive bullets, and of still greater importance the Hague Conference of 1899. The results of this Conference are succinctly summed up by Dr. Oppenheim:

‘It produced, apart from three Declarations of minor importance, a Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Conflicts, a Convention regarding the Laws and Customs of War on Land, and a Convention for the Adaptation to Maritime Warfare of the Principles of the Geneva Convention. It also formulated, among others, the three wishes (1) that a conference should in the near future regulate the rights and duties of neutrals, (2) that a future conference should contemplate the declaration of the inviolability of private property in naval warfare, (3) that a future conference should settle the question of the bombardment of ports, towns, and villages by naval forces.’ (i. 72.)

The Hague Conference, apart from its practical results in establishing an International Court of Arbitration, is essentially

of historical importance because it emphasises the tendency towards international legislation, as it may be termed, in regard to law. In other words, it is a sign of the growth of International Law, for it marks the era of direct international agreement or legislation as the modern and most satisfactory basis from which International Law, generally binding, should spring.

To some extent, in considering the various steps by which this result has been reached, Dr. Oppenheim seems to cast his net rather too widely and not to make sufficient distinction between International Law, as a code of international rules, and international agreement by which the position of one or more States is regulated. For example, by the Treaty of Berlin, Servia, Roumania and Montenegro became independent and sovereign States, an important event in European history, but not one which affects the course of International Law. Sometimes, too, there have been agreements which, however well meant, are little more than academic pronouncements, and therefore of no practical value, as when in 1871 the Conference of London solemnly declared 'that it is an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty or modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the consent of the Contracting Powers by means of an amicable arrangement.' Professors of International Law have from time to time incurred the displeasure of practical persons from a too academic and dogmatic tone of discussion, but no writer ever enunciated a more palpable platitude than this, since unless a treaty, like any other engagement, was intended to be adhered to by each of the contracting parties, it would not be worth the paper on which it was written, nor would the enunciation by a conference of the representatives of the Great Powers of this fundamental element of every international contract make it one whit more binding. Unquestionably, however, the Hague Convention of 1899 is the most important point, historical and practical, in the modern evolution of International Law. It emphasises the possibility of codification even more emphatically than did the short, though most important, Declaration of Paris, and by calling in the aid of moderation and of arbitration it enunciates the principle that international disputes should, if possible, be decided, not by the arbitrament of arms on the battlefield, but by calm discussion in the halls of international justice, and it therefore undoubtedly casts on a nation, which does resort to arms, the gravest responsibility. Upon the subject of codification Dr. Oppenheim has an interesting and important chapter in which the reasons not only in favour of codification, but why it is possible, are very clearly



stated. Codification is common sense ; it does not prevent disputes, and it cannot, in Municipal or in International Law, cover all points which may arise. But it has the supreme merit of stating legal principles in clear language. Every man is supposed to know the Municipal Law of his own country, and its statement in language which he who runs may read is a condition precedent to any such knowledge.

The reasons in favour of the codification of Municipal Law may be almost indefinitely multiplied without exaggerating or making too much of their value. But the codification of International Law is far more important than of Municipal Law for the reason that in the former sphere of jurisprudence codification really makes the law. The codification of International Law can only be accomplished by an international agreement binding on the parties to it, and the very fact of the agreement transforms a reasonable practice, or a practice adhered to by one or two nations only, into a rule binding on the whole world ; in other words, it creates as nearly as may be a piece of International Law. The absence of a code of Municipal Law does not imply the absence of a law ; but the absence of a code of International Law often means the absence of an International Law or generally binding rule on such points as have not been universally agreed upon by the aggregate of civilised nations. A code need not be lengthy, nor need it include a series of propositions on one subject. The Declaration of Paris is an example—if one were needed—of a short code of four articles, two of which only touch on the same subject. These two are self-contained, but the point that blockades, to be binding, must be effective, refers only to one part of a subject in regard to which there may be increased codification at some future time. This law as to the necessity of an effective blockade in order to be binding is a useful illustration of the desirability of a code. In the year 1809 the Privy Council, in the case of the *Nancy* ('English Prize Cases,' i. 105), laid down the principle that 'it was the duty of the blockaders to 'maintain such a force as would be of itself sufficient to enforce 'the blockade.' The Declaration of Paris put an end once for all to the dicta of writers who, for example, insisted that in order to make a blockade effective stationary vessels should lie before the port, and to any question as to a blockade *de facto* and a blockade by notification. Now the question is one of fact only—namely, is a blockade in reality effectual ? The law, as law it may well be termed, is therefore on this point settled, and, as one may say, codified and made binding on all the signatories to the Treaty of Paris. But this basis of

international legislation on the subject of blockades could be considerably enlarged. Thus Lord Stowell held in 1799 that 'if a ship that has broken a blockade is taken in any part of 'that voyage she is taken *in delicto*, subject to confiscation.' But the practice of nations on the matter is not fixed.

'It is likewise a moot point when the period of time comes to an end during which a blockade-running vessel may be said to be *in delicto*. According to Continental theory and practice, such vessel is *in delicto* only as long as she is on the spot of the line of blockade, or, having fled from there, as long as she is pursued by one of the blockading cruisers. On the other hand, according to the practice of Great Britain and the United States, a blockade-running vessel is held to be *in delicto* as long as she *has not completed her voyage from the blockaded port to the port of her destination and back to the port from which she started originally*, the voyage out and home being considered one voyage. But a vessel is held to be *in delicto* as long only as the blockade continues, capture being no longer admissible in case the blockade has been raised or has otherwise come to an end.' (Oppenheim, ii. 417.)

Here is a simple and practical point, of vital importance to shipowners, which should and could be placed outside the regions of controversy.

A matter of even greater commercial importance, equally fit for settlement once for all by international agreement, is a definition of the law in regard to the right of neutral vessels, lying in a belligerent port when it is placed under blockade, to come out. But though the right is universally conceded and could be formulated without much difficulty, the question at once arises, for what period of time after the notification of the blockade is the privilege of free exit to last? Fifteen days may be regarded as the length of time usually allowed, and for it there is the precedent of the Crimean War, the American Civil War and the Franco-German War of 1870. But in 1838, in establishing the blockade of Buenos Ayres, France allowed neutral ships to have the privilege for forty-two days. It is obvious that, if the number of privileged days were stated in a code, neutral shipowners, on the approach or on the declaration of a war, would know exactly the time during which their ships might safely leave a blockaded port. It may be said that it can be assumed from international usage that neutral vessels would be safe from capture for fifteen days, but a belligerent would be free to shorten this period unless and until it was a party to a distinct international agreement.

Another pressing question in regard to blockades is whether or not pacific blockades should be permitted by International

Law, and, if it be settled in the affirmative, whether or not a pacific blockade is binding on neutral ships. It is remarkable that an action which is an addition to non-pacific means of compulsion should not have sprung into practice until the nineteenth century. The term 'a pacific blockade' is very contradictory, for the closing of a port or ports of a friendly Power by the ships of another is in fact an act of war. As Dr. Oppenheim says, 'blockade, being a violation of the 'territorial supremacy of the blockaded State, is *prima facie* of 'a hostile character.'

The first instance of this new means of international compulsion happened in 1827, 'when, during the Greek insurrection, 'Great Britain, France, and Russia intervened in the interest 'of the independence of Greece, and blockaded those parts of 'the Greek coast which were occupied by Turkish troops.' The ultimate result of this pacific blockade was that far from pacific event, the battle of Navarino. This, however, is the first in a series of actually hostile acts for the purpose of bringing pressure to bear on a nation. No unanimity, as Dr. Oppenheim says, exists as to the legality of these blockades, which, it is obvious, must result in war unless the State whose port, or ports, are blockaded is too weak to resent this unfriendly action. By many writers the value of a pacific blockade as a means of a settlement of international differences without actual war is properly doubted, and when it is analysed it will be seen to be a rude and unsatisfactory means of compelling a weak Power to do something at the bidding of a strong Power. The latter may have right on its side or it may be in the wrong, but the recognition of pacific blockade by International Law would certainly, if not properly safeguarded, tend rather to the settlement of disputes by arms than by arbitration. Pacific blockade is in fact an act of international police, an international sanction which can only be considered legitimate when it is used to compel a State to do some act which has been ordered by an international tribunal. To legalise pacific blockade by a single Power, or even several Powers on their own initiative, is in truth to permit a kind of international lynch law. When a war has broken out between two States a blockade may be a legitimate act of war, but used as an instrument in the course of negotiations it is open to many objections, both theoretical and practical. Its anomalous character is clearly indicated by the confusion of practice and theory in regard to the point whether or not a pacific blockade should be respected by ships of these States. 'The vast majority of writers' deny the right of a Power which has instituted a pacific blockade to prevent the ingress and

egress of such vessels. But it is obvious that a blockade against the ships of a blockaded Power only is not effective, and in nine cases out of ten can be little more than a mixture of a threat and some inconvenience to the business of the blockaded port. If it is to be effectual it should be complete, and if it is to be complete it should only be used as a species of international punishment or means of compulsion after the State against which it is to be used has had judgement pronounced against it by an international tribunal.

‘There are other parts [of the Law of Nations],’ writes Dr. Oppenheim, ‘which are certainly ripe for codification.’ Here is an example of a portion of International Law which is ripe for the process. And it should never be forgotten that those portions of the law which it is most desirable should be formulated in a code are the parts which touch the practical side of commerce, and that it is those parts which it is most easy to codify because there is a momentum in favour of such codification. Such a body as the Institute of International Law—we may here, by the way, express a wish that this society and the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations would unite and form one society—can do useful work by drafting specimen codes. These, when the time comes for practical work, may hasten the creation of definite international codes, but no academic body has the force which is necessary alike in legislation for municipal and for international purposes. Practical necessity, as evidenced by the requirements of a Government or by the weight of public opinion, is absolutely essential for carrying out the work of codification. It is for this reason that we have reached a time suitable for some work of this kind. A great war has not long ago come to an end, and it has vividly recalled to neutral nations some of the dangers to which, as neutrals, they are exposed :

‘International Law is, just like Municipal Law, a product of moral and of economic factors, and at the same time the basis for a favourable development of moral and economic interests. This being an indisputable fact, it may therefore fearlessly be maintained that an immeasurable progress is guaranteed to International Law, since there are eternal moral and economic factors working in its favour.’ (Oppenheim, i. 75.)

The Hague Convention, certain as it is sooner or later to be followed by similar agreements, is therefore a modern basis for the codification and for the ascertainment of the admitted rules of International Law, as the work of Grotius was for the development of the law some centuries ago. But apart from direct results, the Hague Convention, by laying down two principles—

namely, first the agreement of the Signatory Powers to have recourse, before going to war, to the good offices or mediation of another Power, and the recognition of the propriety of a third Power stepping in for this purpose, and secondly that international disputes may be settled by arbitration—increased the importance of International Law. For though many subjects may arise both for good offices and mediation and for arbitration which may involve simply questions of fact, of good faith, and of Municipal Law, yet, nevertheless, they may equally require for their solution rules of International Law. In other words, tribunals for the decision of international questions are assisted by common rules of International Law and also tend to its classification and growth.

Questions as to good offices, mediation, and arbitration belong rather to international morality and procedure than to substantive International Law, a distinction which is not perhaps as clearly apparent in works on International Law as it should be. It is interesting, however, to note that the action of President Roosevelt in regard to the Russo-Japanese War was based quite strictly on the Articles of the Hague Convention. 'The right to offer good offices and mediation belongs to Powers not engaged in the conflict [*étrangères au conflit*] even during the course of hostilities' (Art. III.). 'The rôle of the mediator,' says Art. IV., 'consists in harmonising opposing pretensions.' Whether, without the Hague Convention, the American President would have undertaken the office of mediator cannot be definitely asserted, but unquestionably the Hague Convention gave him a moral and express international right to intervene as a mediator in the conflict. This right is an immense gain to civilisation and must tend sometimes to prevent and sometimes to end wars, but it does not, as has been said, affect the body of International Law, which contains the rules by which the conduct of nations is to be regulated, and not the practice or procedure under which those rules are to be applied.

From what has already been written in this article it is clear that there is abundant material ready for codification: that is, for definite international agreement. Some of this material may perhaps be called of old standing, though such a matter as that of a pacific blockade is one of modern growth. But codification will not prevent new questions from arising which demand international settlement, and no one can doubt that a European war, if, unhappily, one should occur, would raise all sorts of points undreamt of by our immediate forefathers. One may feel some surprise that the Russo-Japanese War raised points of great



interest to European nations. There is no doubt, however, that this was the case.

For incidents during the course of this conflict showed that some international agreement is required, for example, in regard to the admission of the ships of war of a belligerent into neutral waters, the limitation of the right of hospitality, and the duration of the stay of such vessels in neutral waters. As we all remember, this was for a time a burning question; it would be most unfortunate if the international interest which it aroused were allowed to disappear without some practical result. 'It cannot be said,' writes Dr. Oppenheim (ii. 355), 'that the rule adopted in 1862 by Great Britain, and followed 'by some other maritime States, not to allow a longer stay 'than twenty-four hours is a rule of International Law. It 'is left to the consideration of neutrals to adopt any rule they 'think fit as long as the admitted men-of-war do not prolong 'their stay for any other than ordinary and legitimate purposes.' The still uncertain, almost embryonic, character of a great mass of International Law is well exemplified by this statement. For it is scarcely possible to imagine any question of greater practical importance, both from the point of view of neutrals and of belligerents. A neutral State may give cause to a belligerent to doubt its neutrality, or a belligerent may become involved in difficulties with a neutral Power by the want of clearness of International Law on this point. Yet, important as is the question as to the length of time which a belligerent man-of-war may remain in a neutral port, it is but one, and in many respects a subsidiary one, of the rules by which the conduct of a neutral Power should be governed with relation to belligerents. Many of these rules, such as that which forbids a belligerent man-of-war to capture belligerent ships within a neutral belt are unquestionably fundamental and capable of being formulated in a code. To enumerate these various points would be alike unreasonable and wearisome.

The new questions which have arisen, produced by mechanical progress such as wireless telegraphy and floating mines, will require very careful attention. Upon the latter interesting subject Dr. Oppenheim suggests some practical rules :

'The matter [he says] ought to be regulated in the following way :—Every belligerent is allowed to drop floating mechanical mines inside his own or the territorial waters of the enemy, provided warning is given to neutrals to avoid the waters concerned. On the open sea no dropping of such mines is allowed except inside a line of blockade. In any case, all floating mines must be properly moored, so as to prevent, as far as possible, their drifting away.

Under no circumstances and conditions is it allowed to set floating mines adrift.' (ii. 190.)

We are not clear how far these rules are likely to be adopted by every nation, for they certainly raise questions upon which technical opinion may differ. Thus, to forbid mines to be dropped in the open sea might sensibly lessen the offensive power of a belligerent, and in like manner the compulsory mooring of mines in belligerent waters might perceptibly limit their action. On the other hand, there stands in the forefront of such a discussion as this the welfare of neutrals: the tendency of international agreement in modern times was unquestionably to limit the power of belligerents where the rights of belligerents and the welfare of neutrals came into conflict, and these latter considerations would probably determine the question in the direction which Dr. Oppenheim indicates.

Another matter which has grown out of the progress of civilisation, and is of quite recent growth, is that of the right of belligerents to interfere with telegraph cables laid beneath the sea. These instruments have been in existence for so comparatively short a time that no definite international usage has been established on this point. Therefore there is here, unlike the case of some other questions, a clean slate upon which a set of international rules may be written, without hindrance from conflicting national practices. The only definite rules on this point seem to be those contained in Art. 5 of the Naval War Code of the United States, which it may be useful and interesting to quote :

' (1) Submarine telegraphic cables between points in the territory of an enemy, or between the territory of the United States and that of an enemy, are subject to such treatment as the necessities of war may require.

' (2) Submarine telegraphic cables between the territory of an enemy and neutral territory may be interrupted within the territorial jurisdiction of the enemy.

' (3) Submarine telegraphic cables between two neutral territories shall be held inviolable and free from interruption.' (ii. 225.)

In 1902 the Institute of International Law adopted five rules on the same subject, but they have not the importance of those approved by the Government of the United States, since they express an academic opinion only. The weak point in the so-called American rules is that the first of them cannot be regarded as a rule of conduct at all. It leaves the question at large, but it has at least this characteristic, that it does not declare in so many words that a cable between points on a belligerent territory,

or between two belligerent territories, may be cut. In other words, it recognises that a cable is a means of communication which should not be interfered with if such interference can be avoided. The third rule is one upon which it is to be hoped there can be no disagreement, so that it may be equally hoped that it will in no long time be a recognised rule of International Law, embodied in a code. The second rule seems to be open to criticism. Submarine cables are not things in the nature of contraband, and there is, *prima facie*, no reason why a cable between an enemy's territory and a neutral territory should have an iota of influence on the course of a war. Therefore one may fairly ask why a belligerent should have the right to interrupt a cable between the territory of his enemy and of a neutral. He may, it is true, have suspicions that messages useful to such enemy are conveyed over this cable, but they may equally well be conveyed over a cable between two neutral countries. At present we cannot hope for rules, in the interest of non-combatants, more liberal than those which have been formulated by the United States. It is evident that the cutting of communication between points on belligerent territory might have a vital influence on the course of a war. If, for example, Korea and Japan were integral parts of one territory, the severance of a cable between these places might have had no little result on a war between Russia and Japan waged in Manchuria. It is not difficult to imagine other instances in which the same result might follow, so that any advance on the United States rules appears improbable and visionary.

Another point, somewhat similar in character, arises in reference to the use of wireless telegraphy. Whether sufficient experience of this infant science has yet been obtained to make international legislation desirable is somewhat doubtful. It is possible to be premature in formulating international rules as well as late. But one aspect of the question scarcely seems doubtful: namely, that it is, or should be, illegal for a belligerent to make use of neutral territory for the purpose of a station for wireless telegraphy, as happened in the late war, when the Russians installed an apparatus for wireless telegraphy at Chifu and from that point communicated with Port Arthur. To do this is to make use of neutral territory for actual purposes of war, and it would, if legitimate, enable a belligerent, whose armies were near the confines of neutral territory, to erect telegraph stations on such territory, with, as one may assume, much advantage to himself. Such a user of neutral territory differs entirely from the mere transmission of messages by a belligerent over neutral telegraph wires erected by neutrals on neutral

territory. It assumes an occupation by a belligerent of a piece of neutral territory, and it would justify an attack by another belligerent on such station. In other words, it is adverse to the entire theory of neutral responsibility.

But in regard to the solution of all problems of International Law the main object to be kept in view, both by publicists and statesmen, is that large portions of international usage are now fit to be formulated in a code, and that by such codification they become binding on civilised nations as nearly as international rules can be law in the strict sense of the term. The time has in fact arrived when an actual code of International Law might be attempted. We have referred in some detail to the question of blockade and have shown that little difficulty now exists in formulating some rules of International Law on this subject. But one of these is already to be found in the Declaration of Paris, and therefore this rule would have to be taken from that document and placed with any other rules which might be formulated in a code which should deal with the question of blockade. The fact that there would be little difficulty in effecting this shows how far we have gone towards the definite ascertainment of many of the principles and rules of International Law; in other words, that international morality has now, in respect of many matters, a perfectly understood series of rules.

But especially in reducing to a final shape rules by which the conduct of belligerents and neutrals is to be governed, general principles should be regarded, and not merely temporary and ephemeral conditions. If a code of International Law in regard to the search and capture of neutral vessels could have been adopted during the Russo-Japanese War, it can scarcely be doubted that the British public would have desired it to be as favourable as possible to neutral vessels. This national attitude might and probably would be changed if the position of Great Britain were also changed from a neutral to that of a belligerent. International rules have always been regarded and worked from a somewhat selfish national point of view. It was natural that this should be so. But in the future it is to be hoped that, as far as may be, international rules will be regarded from the point of view of the general welfare of the family of nations, which we cannot doubt is best served, in regard to the position of neutrals and belligerents, by the limitation, as far as is reasonably possible, of the rights of belligerents.

ART. XI.—THE ROYAL POOR-LAW COMMISSION, 1905,  
AND THE CONDITION OF THE POOR.

1. *The Poor Law Commissioners' Report of 1834.* [Cd. 2728.] (1905 reprint. Price 1s. 8d.)
2. *The Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the Local Government Board, for 1904–1905.* [Cd. 2661.] Price 4s. 10d.
3. *The Strength of the People.* By HELEN BOSANQUET. London: Macmillan, 1902.
4. *Old-Age Pensions.* London: Macmillan, 1903. A collection of short papers.
5. *The Relief of Distress due to Want of Employment. Report of a Special Committee of the Council of the Charity Organisation Society.* November 1904.
6. *Report of the Departmental Committee on Vagrancy.* [Cd. 2852.] Price 1s. 6d.

THE members of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws are now settling down to work. The problems which they are called upon to solve are scarcely, if at all, less serious, and cover a wider area, than those which confronted their great predecessors more than seventy years ago; and it is interesting to compare the terms of reference in the two cases.

They are as follows:

‘*Reference of February 1832.*—To make a diligent and full inquiry into the practical operation of the laws for the relief of the poor in England and Wales, and into the manner in which those laws are administered; and to report whether any and what alterations, amendments, or improvements may be beneficially made in the said laws, or in the manner of administering them; and how the same may be carried into effect.’

‘*Reference of November 1905.*—To inquire (1) into the working of the laws relating to the relief of poor persons in the United Kingdom; (2) into the various means which have been adopted outside of the Poor Laws for meeting distress arising from want of employment, particularly during periods of severe industrial depression. And to consider and report whether any, and if so what, modifications of the Poor Laws, or changes in their administration, or fresh legislation for dealing with distress, are advisable.’

The new Commissioners, though they will have ready to their hands masses of information of an extent, variety, and accuracy far beyond what was available in 1832, will, no doubt, have to collect special evidence, as the old Commissioners did. And something may be learnt by observing the steps taken by the



earlier Commission. The following quotation speaks for itself ; it is taken from the preface to the volume, published in March 1833, of extracts from evidence collected by the Assistant Commissioners during the previous few months :

‘ The most important, and certainly the most painful, parts of its contents (i.e. the volume of extracts) are—the proof that the maladministration which was supposed to be principally confined to some of the agricultural districts appears to have spread over almost every part of the country, and into the manufacturing towns ; the proof that actual intimidation, directed against those who are, or are supposed to be, unfavourable to profuse relief, is one of the most extensive sources of maladministration ; and the proof that the evil, though checked in some places by extraordinary energy and talents, is, on the whole, steadily and rapidly progressive.’

As a fact, the instructions issued at the outset to the Assistant Commissioners show that the question was believed to be chiefly a rural one, although, of course, its urban aspect was not disregarded. This appears not only from the instructions themselves, but from the three sets of queries, two for rural districts, and one for towns, which were supplied for circulation.

As regards these queries, the Commissioners are careful to point out that mere written replies are of comparatively little value unless sifted and tested, and the Assistant Commissioners are enjoined

‘ to ascertain the state of the poor by personal inquiry among them, and the administration of the poor laws, by being present at vestries and at the sessions of magistrates . . . dwelling (in such investigations) principally on those facts from which some general inference may be drawn, and which form the rule rather than the exception.’

This conduct of inquiry on the spot was a marked feature of the policy of the Commissioners. The Assistant Commissioners were carefully chosen and appointed, not by Government nor by a Department, but by the Commissioners themselves. Their Reports, obtained in the manner above prescribed, not only furnished their chiefs with solid facts, ascertained upon a uniform and well-considered system ; but imparted to the evidence and to the main Report a vividness, full of personal and topical illustration, far beyond what is usually to be found in such documents. It is to be hoped that the excellent example then set may be followed to-day.

It is further to be hoped that the present Commissioners, while setting about their task with equal method, will cover the whole ground from the outset—namely, ‘ The improvement of the condition of the poor.’ This consideration, which might well have been expressly embodied, as it is surely

implied, in the reference, should govern all inquiry and be the object of every recommendation. To confine the investigation only to Poor Law relief, as the old Commissioners practically did, even taking the expression in the fullest possible extent, would be too narrow. The issue raised is wider and deeper. It is no less than this: 'By what modifications of law or administration can the existing sources of assistance, moral and material, public and private, which are ostensibly designed for the benefit of the poor, be so utilised as to do the greatest possible amount of good, and the least possible amount of harm ?'

It follows that the inquiry ought to take into account the administration of charitable funds, endowed or otherwise, as well as that of funds furnished by rates or taxes. Nor will any system be complete which does not aim at co-ordinating all such forces.

These two considerations appear to be nearly sufficient, and to be paramount. Others either grow naturally out of them, or must be admitted to lie outside the scope of any such Commission as the present. For instance, on the one hand, although sanitation, secular education, and moral instruction are, of course, intimately connected with the condition of the poor, they cannot possibly be included. On the other hand, trade and labour questions of all kinds are so bound up with that condition that the Commissioners will be unable to disregard them, particularly in dealing with the second branch of the reference. The ideal state of society would be that every man dependent upon his labour should, during his working years, be able to earn enough to maintain himself throughout life, and those whom he might be legally or morally bound to support. Such an ideal state of things can scarcely be said to exist now ; and if the improvement of the condition of the poor is to be the governing motive of the present investigation, these employment-problems must to some extent be examined, and their relation to the more specific questions must be determined.

The old queries show that even the old Commissioners made some examination into such points ; but the present inquiry must obviously be far more complicated. What, then, may be expected to be the general characteristics of the present situation, and the events which have led up to it, as the same will be disclosed and substantiated by proper evidence ?

Broadly speaking, the evils which occasioned the appointment of the 1832 Commission were first and most clearly observed in connection with able-bodied pauperism, especially as regards outdoor relief in all its forms, though in the course of the

inquiry it became obvious that in the greater part of the districts examined, both town and country, the relief funds were in many other ways being applied to purposes opposed to the letter, and still more to the spirit, of the original Poor Law, of the forty-third of Elizabeth, and, (in the words of the report,) were 'destructive to the morals of the most numerous class, and the 'welfare of all.'

There was, in fact, a general assumption that a labouring man could not be expected, even if able-bodied, to maintain himself and his family; but the mischief was wider than this might seem to involve; it penetrated into all branches of administration, poisoning all relations of life, at every age for either sex, and affecting alike labourers and their families, employers, landowners, and the very administrators of relief. Idleness, improvidence, discontent, corruption, vice and violence, were the result, and many parts of the country were on the verge of ruin. The story, once familiar, is not so well remembered now. Fortunately the old Report has recently been reprinted, to speak for itself; and it would have been well if copious extracts from the evidence had been appended to it, together with passages from the subsequent annual Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners engaged in carrying the new law into effect. The Local Government Board might do worse than issue such a supplementary volume.

It need not be denied that other causes besides a bad Poor Law were at work to produce such a terrible state of things. Some of them will be alluded to presently. The point is that by systematic and laborious inquiry the 1832 Commissioners laid it bare in all its ramifications, and proceeded to make definite recommendations for its reform, founded upon what they describe as 'the most extensive, and at the same time the 'most consistent, body of evidence that was ever brought to 'bear upon a single subject.'

These recommendations were broad and simple. Dealing, as they did, with poor rates provided compulsorily from public sources only, and definitely putting on one side 'charities' as a separate subject, they drew a sharp distinction between the merely 'poor' and the 'indigent' or destitute, whom they held to be alone within the province of the Poor Law. And as regards the relief of these indigent, they laid down the principle which must ever underlie good Poor Law administration, that 'The 'situation of the individual relieved shall not, on the whole, be 'made really or apparently so eligible as the situation of the 'independent labourer of the lowest class.' The rest of their recommendations, as well as the statute in which they were

embodied, are little more than an application of this fundamental principle. The establishment of unions and boards of guardians, with well-regulated workhouses and officers, the abolition of partial relief, the constitution of a central authority, with power of control and audit, all these were only the machinery for effecting the one great object, the manufacture wholesale, of the independent, self-reliant individual.

The passing of this great Act was followed by a transformation of national character. Founded upon an intimate knowledge of the state of the country, backed on the whole by the support of an instructed and really alarmed public, (a support which has not, unfortunately, at all periods or in all places survived the removal of the more serious causes for alarm), directed against the pernicious influences which were sapping and stifling the manhood of the people, it set free, as administered by the strong men chosen for the task, the latent forces of energy existing everywhere, and prepared the able-bodied man to make full use of the openings which the years brought in rapid succession.

Those who adversely criticise its principles and its leading administrators, perhaps without having mastered the former, or having tried to understand the high character of the latter, sometimes contend that the labouring classes had no chance previously; and that without the rapid development, commercial and political, which followed the passing of the Act, without the far-reaching influence of the introduction of steam power into locomotion and manufactures, without cheapened food and clothing, improved sanitation and education, and general amelioration of conditions, the new law would have had little to boast of. But it may equally well be argued that if the Poor Law of 1834 had not been passed, the other factors would have had comparatively little chance of coming into play, and industrial development would have been seriously retarded. Moreover, the time was a crucial one. If British labour had not been free to take full advantage of the prodigious widening of its opportunities, who can say what would have been the effect upon this country in the great race for the markets of the world? The fairer view is that none of these factors could have had so much effect without the others. But this does not imply that any of them was not essential.

Besides, these general factors have not ceased to operate, and have been, indeed, multiplied and reinforced in many ways. The opening of new markets, the extension of all means of communication, the endless discoveries of science, the community of property in all knowledge, the removal of checks and

hindrances and disabilities of every kind, the freedom from prolonged wars, all have gone to provide, in increasing measure, for the 'working man,' opportunities far beyond what could have been dreamed of in the reign of William IV., or even the early part of that of Queen Victoria. Yet here we are in 1906 face to face with social difficulties, arising out of the condition of the poor, which have necessitated another Poor Law Commission! What is the meaning of it? Never, probably, have there been so many good men and women spending themselves in the endeavour to find out what is right, and to do it. On the one hand, never have there been greater riches and prosperity; never has the standard of middle-class life been higher; never, on the whole, has the condition of the ordinary labourer or artisan been better, with higher wages, shorter hours, lower prices, and larger supply of all kinds of commodities formerly unprocurable; yet, on the other hand, poverty and degradation, if less extensive, are still only too deep. Why is it? Is it the fault of the Poor Law of 1834? Were its main principles wrong? Have they become antiquated? Or have they been ignored or not applied?

Several points are clear. In the first place, just as there have been many factors at work for good, so there have been others at work for evil; both, alike, distinct from Poor Law or its administration. The very growth of material prosperity, by raising the standard of comfort and expenditure on the part of those who could afford to live up to it, has affected those who could not, and the labouring classes now probably spend more on food, dress, amusements, and holidays than ever before, or than many of them ought properly to do if they wish to rise in the world, or to be able to fulfil their own proper obligations. Fortunes, it has been said, are more easily saved than made. Certainly money is more easily spent than saved. The love of money may, indeed, be the root of many kinds of evil; but thriftlessness and extravagance are very fruitful seeds, and there appears to be a growing distaste for steady work and an excessive indulgence in recreation, which are having a seriously bad effect in some trades, if not upon the nation itself as a whole.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon other less innocent subjects of expenditure, such as gambling and drink. It is enough to say that side by side with the evidences of thrift, which savings banks, friendly societies, &c., do undoubtedly afford, there exist only too many proofs of a contrary tendency, leading down the fatal slope.

Again, the development of manufactures and industries,



with its rapid changes ; foreign competition ; the disputes between trade unions and employers, disturbing business for months at a time, and sometimes driving away capital altogether ; perhaps the unsettling effects of partial or misconceived education, certainly the imaginary attractions of town-life ; the reduction in the number of hands needed for agriculture, and the general increase of population—all these things have contributed to dislocations of markets and to collections of people in places where their labour is not continuously required. And once more, it is a sad fact that, although ministers of religion are more active and earnest than formerly, although there is much talk of patriotism, and much admiration of athleticism, the standard of life of the lower classes in large towns is still deplorably low, whether as regards morality, public spirit, or mere animal well-being.

These evils, however, can hardly be directly charged against the Poor Law alone, and are only in point as evidence of forces telling against a healthy state of society, just as the general material progress has exercised its influence in the other direction. The question is whether, and how far, the Poor Law of 1834 in itself, or by the way in which it has been amended, extended, and administered, can at all be regarded as contributing to the existence of a condition of things calling for the appointment of a new Commission of Inquiry.

Now it ought to be made clear in the Report, that the Poor Law has not only not been a failure, but has even changed for the better in many respects since 1834, both by actual amendment and by improved administration in certain particulars. Pauperism has much declined, especially able-bodied pauperism—*pace* Mr. Chamberlain, whose colossal and unrecanted blunder as to the number of able-bodied inmates of workhouses must have shaken the faith of many believers in his accuracy. Pauper children are better brought up and educated, and start in life with better chances ; the feeble-minded and epileptic, though still needing further provision, are better looked after. So are the blind and afflicted. The pauper lunatic is cared for as never before ; and the numbers discharged as ‘cured,’ or well enough to return to their friends, would have surprised our ancestors. The workhouses and workhouse infirmaries, especially in the big towns, are almost too good, and are giving rise to difficult questions in consequence. So comfortable are they in some places that the workhouse test is becoming inoperative. The Poor Law conferences, and the associations of Poor Law unions and of Poor Law officers, have preserved and stimulated an amount of interest in Poor Law matters which must be witnessed to be appre-

ciated. Guardians can learn the results of various modes of administration, and records and statistics are only too voluminous. Lastly the theory and practice of charitable relief are more keenly and intelligently studied every year. And yet, in spite of all these marks of progress, there is, nevertheless, admittedly need for a new Commission!

There have, indeed, long been signs of trouble. As to this, there has been agreement among persons whose views widely differ with regard to the right steps to be taken. Before the 1886 Mansion House Fund, before the Salvation Army set itself to reclaim 'Darkest England,' or Sir Charles Booth and Mr. Rowntree focussed the public eye upon the dark patches of London and York, the existence of a growing mass of casual labour, partly vagrant, partly seasonal, partly rising and falling with the nature or state of trade, local or general, but wholly unable, or in some cases unwilling, to find and keep regular employment, has been recognised. Winter after winter in varying degree, mainly in the metropolis, the question has arisen. Funds have been raised; shelters, soup-kitchens, labour farms, relief works, have been started; distress committees, emigration agencies, charitable agencies of all kinds, have been at work; conferences have been held; inquiry committees, appointed by Government, by Departments, by local authorities, by private societies or groups of individuals, have sat, taken evidence, and reported; the experience of foreign countries has been consulted—and yet the question has remained unanswered, and has even become more acute. It is deplorable to think of the thousands of individuals who, whether by their own fault or that of others, are living lives without backbone, or hope, or steady object, or happiness worthy of the name. Doctors sometimes enforce their counsels by pointing out that of the thousands of cases in hospitals and infirmaries, a very large percentage owe their ailments to preventable causes, mere neglect of plain rules of healthy living from youth upwards. How many of the social wrecks around us are due to neglect of equally plain rules of life! There is only one sadder reflection, and that is, how many others are due to causes beyond their own control. Both classes are equally subjects for the most searching inquiry. For, although, in the words of the Report, in November 1904, of a special committee of the Charity Organisation Society to inquire into 'the relief of distress due to 'want of employment,' 'The problem is only in part industrial and economic. In great part it is a problem of social competence and moral responsibility'; still it is to be hoped that the Commissioners will not be content to deal with only a branch,

but will recognise the necessity for stating clearly each and every cause contributing to deterioration of the condition of the poor.

So far, what has been said may be regarded as a very brief sketch of the general sequence of events which have led to the present state of affairs, especially as regards the 'Unemployed,' the object having been to indicate the nature of the evidence which may fairly be expected as a basis for any preliminary statement. This question, of the Unemployed, has probably had more to do with the appointment of the new Commission than has any other Poor Law question. It has latterly even thrown into the shade the question of the 'Aged Poor,' which, under the name of 'Old Age Pensions,' has for several years attracted attention. And it will be necessary to say a little more about both of these matters and the principles involved before going on to consider the lines upon which the Commissioners' recommendations may perhaps be made.

What, then, are the underlying difficulties? Is it the Poor Law that is fundamentally wrong? or has it not had a fair chance? The principle running through the old Report is that of discouraging dependence upon State aid. The doctrines of Bentham held the field in those days. It cannot be denied that the tendency of recent years has been more and more in a contrary direction. The Englishman's theory of a commonwealth seventy years ago might almost be said to have been that it should be composed of individuals rendering the maximum of public service and receiving the minimum of remuneration in return: 'The State's business is my business; but my business 'is not the State's business.' Such a conception is not without its faults: great benefits have resulted from the extension of the State's sphere of action; but it will be a bad day for this country when the converse is accepted as the ideal. Yet, apart from the extraordinary multiplication of societies and agencies designed to render assistance in all emergencies of life, there has undoubtedly been a developement of general Poor Law administration which indicates a decided weakening of the old principles, even if it does not justify the complaint of the individualists that we are tending to admit the responsibility of the State for the welfare of everyone from the cradle to the grave. The backbone of the 1834 system was that the destitute alone were proper recipients of poor's relief, and that they should be treated with strict impartiality, the application of the work-house test acting as a kind of 'mitigated necessity,' and no claim to preferential treatment on the ground of desert, or to public employment, being in any way admitted. And where

these principles have been steadily applied, it must be confessed that there has been a striking absence of those difficulties which are now under discussion. Nowadays, however, the tendency seems to be to consider poverty, not actual destitution, as the necessary condition for relief; and, further, to aim at discriminating between individuals, classifying them according to their 'deserts,' and extending to those judged more 'deserving' a better treatment than that bestowed upon those of inferior qualifications. This is the system in force, with much elaboration, in Denmark; where apparently it does not work badly; and some people are anxious that it should definitely be adopted in this country, with regard at any rate to institutions. It is not so clear what is suggested as regards outdoor paupers. English and Danish conditions of life are, however, very different; and the whole matter is on so much larger a scale here that, unless Boards of Guardians could be endowed with superhuman qualities, an attempt to settle our Poor Law upon similar lines would almost inevitably lead to injustice and discontent, and would in time fall into discredit. Moreover, any system under which the receipt of public relief can be made a kind of honour seems to be an inversion of the relations between the independent man and the pauper. The old Commissioners speak their minds on the point clearly enough,\* and it appears to be desirable rather to strengthen than to weaken the reluctance of the poor 'to come on the parish.' There will always, no doubt, be exceptional cases whom it would be desirable to save from going into the workhouse; but it is to be hoped that the Commissioners will do nothing to weaken the force of their predecessors' weighty words: 'The bane of all pauper legislation has been the legislation for extreme cases. Every exception, every violation of the general rule to meet a real case of unusual hardship, lets in a whole class of fraudulent cases by which that rule must in time be destroyed.' It is better that every effort should be made to deal with such cases otherwise than out of the rates,

\* Speaking of 'the natural tendency to award to the deserving more than is necessary, or, where more than necessary relief is afforded to all, to distinguish the deserving by extra allowances,' they say: 'The whole evidence shows the danger of such an attempt. It appears that such endeavours to constitute the distributors of relief into a tribunal for the reward of merit, out of the property of others, have not only failed in effecting the benevolent intentions of their promoters, but have been sources of fraud on the part of the distributors, and of discontent and violence on the part of the claimants.'

and thus maintain the distinction between the destitute and the poor.

Take, for instance, the question of the aged poor. The proportion of old people who were obliged to become paupers was until recently growing smaller, even if it is not so still. The number of such persons, at any given time, must be intimately connected with the condition of things prevalent during the period when they were in a position to make provision for their old age. If the younger generation see their seniors receiving poor relief as a matter of course, if not as a badge of merit, and under conditions which do not make it undesirable, they are less likely to take steps to keep themselves from a like fate, and not more likely to trouble themselves about any of their own relatives who may seek relief also. It is true that the advocates of old-age pensions disclaim, usually, any wish to provide such pensions through the Poor Law. But the difference is an imaginary one, and in proportion as the number of pensioners, or old age outdoor paupers, grows, so will the number grow of those who more or less consciously will shape their lives in the expectation of similar support in their closing years.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon the several projects of old-age pensions; several points may, nevertheless, be stated. First, there is no danger of starvation; the Poor Law secures subsistence to all.\* Next, the difference between pensioner and pauper is only one of name, so that the offer of pensions in a desirable form must intensify the very condition of things against which the agitation began—i.e. increase the number of old people dependent on the public. Again, the provision of State pensions must either be universal or not. If universal, besides being ruinously expensive, it must interfere with all existing sources of old-age allowances, e.g. friendly societies, trades unions, railway and other industrial

---

\* It should never be forgotten, in considering either of these two great questions, that, strictly speaking, there is no absolute *necessity* for any assistance beyond Poor Law relief. People often write, and talk, and act as if there were no such thing as the Poor Law. The solid fact remains that the State has long ago taken upon itself the tremendous responsibility of securing food, lodging, and clothing, as well as medical attendance and nursing, for every destitute person. No one need perish for lack of sustenance. No doubt there is a very proper repugnance, especially on the part of the more respectable poor, to apply to the relieving officer—long may it be so. But there he is, and he is criminally responsible if, by refusing an order for the workhouse or other proper form of relief, he allows any applicant to starve.



undertakings, private employers' benevolence, and, last but not least, the help by friends and relatives. If not universal, and if given only to those satisfying certain tests, or belonging to certain classes, State pensions will not help some of those who would need them most, and who may be equally deserving (e.g. old-age pauperism is mostly female; yet very few women could qualify under any scheme for pensions through friendly societies). If they are only given to persons whose means are below a certain line, they must act as an inducement to others to come, or appear to come, below that line. And, generally, they must affect wages; nor is there any finality as to age, amount, or conditions in any scheme that has yet been propounded. Well might Lord Rothschild's (Treasury) Committee of 1896-1898 say:

'It is only very slowly, and with great reluctance that we have been forced to the conclusion that none of the schemes submitted to us would attain the objects \* which the Government had in view, and that we ourselves are unable, after repeated attempts, to devise any proposal free from inherent disadvantages.'

The Royal Commission of 1893 had similarly reported against all the schemes submitted to them; but it is fair to state that Mr. Chaplin's Parliamentary Committee of 1899 (not possessing by any means the qualifications of the two previous bodies) did report in favour of a scheme by which anyone over sixty-five, not subject to certain disqualifications, having not more than 10s. a week, and having made reasonable efforts to provide for himself and those dependent on him, should receive a pension of from 5s. to 7s. payable by a committee appointed by Boards of Guardians, with others added. Schemes practically identical, except for the vague safeguard of 'reasonable providence,' had been examined and rejected by both the Royal Commission and Lord Rothschild's Committee. In fact, all the various proposals have been exhaustively considered, and the present Commissioners will find ample materials for forming their opinion. The experience of some countries where pension schemes have been in operation, such as New Zealand or Germany, is not altogether encouraging either from their immediate results or from the prospects of their progressive developement. The one important thing is that, on the whole, the condition of the independent person should not by contrast be made to appear less desirable than that of either pauper or pensioner.

Next as to the 'Unemployed.' The quotation from Babbage's

\* Their reference precluded them from considering any schemes based on compulsion, or requiring no provision by the pensioner.

'Principles of Taxation,' selected by Sir G. Nicholls for the title-page of his *History of the English Poor Law*, now seems somewhat antiquated. No doubt it is still as true as it was when that passage was written, or selected, that safety from riots is more economically ensured by a guarded system of public relief than by brutal methods of repression; but no one dreams, in these days, of denying subsistence to the unemployed, and then shooting them down if they take it for themselves. For all practical purposes, the right even of the able-bodied to relief as a last resort is conceded, and there is small likelihood of really dangerous disturbance. The danger which modern statesmen may have to face is more purely political. For we live in times when one man's vote is as good as another's. A powerfully-organised proletariat may turn elections; may even sweep the board, and place power in the hands of comparative ignorance. A Parliament containing a majority of ill-instructed members, however well-meaning, may in a single session do incalculable harm. Even a local authority, whether a Board of Guardians or otherwise, may in one period of office demoralise a whole district, and exercise upon trade effects which years of good management may scarcely undo. It is therefore indeed as important as ever, from the point of view of social stability, that the labouring classes shall be well-to-do and contented. There is no question of Russian or French revolutionary perils; but careful observers have long been anxious as to the outcome of extravagant local administration, and so long as the mass of electors may expect both to participate (directly or indirectly) in the benefits or employment dispensed, and also to escape the direct pressure of the burden thereby created, it is quite possible at any time that they will not listen to warnings nor take the longer view.

The causes of unemployment are indeed various. The general state of trade in relation to the industries of the particular locality; the nature of those industries themselves, whether permanent, or seasonal, or otherwise intermittent; the conditions of employment, as to age, service, or payment of wages; the pressure of internal or external circumstances, such as strikes; local administrative policy, as to Poor Law or otherwise (e.g. the disturbing effect of high rates upon the employment of capital); lastly, the personal element, i.e. the habits and ideals of the poor themselves, the efficiency of their labour, the relations between them and their employers and landlords, and the extent and character of the charitable or religious agencies at work amongst them—into all these it is right that full inquiry should be made, and the results digested.

Not that we need expect that any heroic panacea will be evolved. The Commissioners will do good service if they only make clear once more the broad fact that, in its bearings on the question of unemployment, a Poor Law must essentially be rather negative than positive, at any rate in the direction of doing actual good. A bad Poor Law or bad administration can do actual harm; but the best can do little more than give natural healthy forces free play. It has been said that men cannot be made virtuous by Act of Parliament. It is certainly true that they cannot thus be made thrifty, sober, and industrious. All that can be done is to remove obstacles to that course, and make the adoption of it easier and more attractive than its neglect.

Attempts on a large scale by public authorities to provide distress employment, unless for strictly temporary purposes and to meet transitory crises, have always a tendency to perpetuate the evil which they are meant to remove; while even in those exceptional cases the difficulty of securing the reabsorption of labour in the market after a certain time may be a serious one. The recognition of a right of the labouring classes to have work found for them at the public charge has been tried, notably in Paris in 1848, and has been followed by worse evils than unemployment. Even where the numbers involved have been so small as to obscure the general result, such experiments, however well-intended, have been accompanied by drawbacks so serious as to discredit them when closely examined. The impossibility of finding employment suitable to all the various classes of applicants; the difficulty of supervision; the deteriorating influence, upon the better or stronger workman, of those who are unable or unwilling to reach his standard of quantity or quality; the 'wages dilemma'—i.e. full pay or easy conditions tending to attract others besides the genuine unemployed, and a lower rate being objected to as 'relief' in disguise; the injustice to the independent man—i.e. if the work is really needed, it can only be given to A by withholding it from B: drawbacks such as these, and others, have been observed in connexion with ordinary relief work, over and over again. Nor are labour colonies much more free from objection, regarded as a means of meeting distress from want of employment. They are of uncertain operation unless entrusted with powers of detention; it has not been proved that they have had much success in setting on their feet again those who pass through a period of discipline within them; unless extended so as to include manufactures and handicrafts, they, like relief works, fail to provide suitable occupations for men unused to physical exertion, while even in the case of strong men labour is least in demand at times of year when

there are most unemployed ; they are not easily adaptable for women and children ; they can hardly exist without competition with the outside labour market. On the other hand, when applied to the lowest class, the vagrant and mendicant, the system does segregate large bodies of persons whom for many reasons it is desirable to keep from mixing freely with others, and does keep them out of harm and wholesomely employed. And, as conducted on the Continent, this kind of colony is comparatively inexpensive, owing largely to the lower standard of living prevalent abroad. If, however, they are to be established as State institutions, and as part of a general scheme for dealing with unemployment, there will have to be two or three grades, and the experiment, besides being an alarmingly large one, will be very difficult to discontinue. Subject to what the Departmental Committee on Vagrancy may say as regards habitual beggars and tramps, it would appear desirable to allow such experiments to go on being conducted by private agencies for some time longer in all other cases.\*

---

\* Since this article was written, the admirable Report of the above Committee has been published. They consider that Poor Law authorities should be relieved of the care of the vagrant altogether. Casual wards, they advise, should be placed everywhere under the Police ; and they do not shrink from recommending the introduction of a system of prolonged detention, up to three years, of habitual vagrants in Labour Colonies ; not so much with any great hopes of reform, as for such reasons as those indicated above. At the same time, they strongly recommend that such colonies should not, at any rate in the first instance, be provided by the State, preferring to leave this to the option of local authorities (Counties and County Boroughs) and to philanthropic agencies, with capitation contributions, towards maintenance, from the Exchequer ; the colonies to comprise industrial as well as agricultural occupations, to be organised economically and unattractively, and to be regulated and inspected under State control, though not under State management—except as regards one proposed Penal Colony for bad offenders. In this way they consider that the experiment, which they emphatically declare ought not to be tried by the State, may properly be made. Whether local authorities, already so burdened with work, will be very quick to exercise the proposed powers remains to be seen ; but the wisdom of declining to commit the State to the venture seems abundantly clear, at a stage when the best type of such establishments, and the number of prospective inmates, are unascertained, and in view of the difficulty of making uniform and simultaneous provision, on a large scale, of sites, premises, equipment, and efficient staff. The Committee realise, however, ‘that if such institutions are established and are utilised very extensively it may hereafter become necessary that the

Much evidence, whether for or against these various means of dealing with distress, is accessible, and the Commissioners may be trusted to examine it thoroughly and impartially. One thing we may be sure they will not forget : the danger of creating an excrescence which cannot be removed. Most people will agree that it is better for a man to earn his livelihood in work which is not created for the express purpose of affording him employment. In that ideal state of society to which reference has already been made, the self-supporting workman may indeed be working for the State, just as he may be working for himself or for anybody else, but his work will be work which is needed to meet the ordinary demand of the labour market, and will command its market price. If such work cannot be obtained in one place, it will be obtainable in another ; and there will be no such thing as aggregation of superfluous labour, because openings for labour will always be seized with the least possible delay. It may, however, well be the function of the State to facilitate this. The whole question of emigration and removal is involved, and provided that it is treated judiciously, there seems little reason why public and private organisations should not co-operate more and more. Australia seems to be opening her doors, and there is plenty of room in Canada for the right kind of emigrants. As in 1834, so now, the great thing needed is that the able-bodied man should be enabled and encouraged to take advantage of his opportunities. He must not be tempted to cling to one spot, or one town, or even one country, but to look to wider fields. It is a new developement of openings that is needed, not an artificial provision of 'employment' at home. Eyes and wings, not chains (even if gilded) and poultices ! The world is open, as never before ; and any law or system is cramping and bad which makes it easier for men to drag on in semi-dependence where they happen to be, or to gather round the doleful centres of artificial employment, than to strike out into new lines of work, or into new countries, where they may live worthy lives.\*

---

State should intervene and assume control.' It may be noted that they further recommend that female vagrants (who should never be admitted to casual wards, only to workhouses) should be sent, if 'habituals,' to special colonies for women : and that children of vagrants should be placed in industrial schools. And they conclude by drawing attention to 'the real cause of vagrancy—indiscriminate dole-giving.'

\* It is, perhaps, worth noting, as an instance of the fluidity of modern labour, that thousands of Italian labourers cross and recross the Atlantic *annually*, between Italy and South America, for harvest work, as our Irish labourers do between Ireland and England.



A clear and convincing statement of all these facts and causes, and of the general principles to be borne in view in endeavouring to deal with those causes, will be no less important than actual recommendations. For no recommendations will carry weight, or become law, nor will any law have full effect, unless public opinion is thoroughly saturated with the facts, and convinced of the truth with which they are presented and analysed. If once public opinion is really aroused and instructed, the problem will be more than half solved.

There is at any rate one object which all parties alike ought to have at heart, the material well-being of the country—i.e. the maintenance of such a state of affairs that there shall be plenty of useful, well-paid, well-done work. Apart from the great conditions of national safety, internal tranquillity, and public morality, without which such a state of affairs cannot exist, there is nothing more essential to commercial prosperity than that the nation shall include the largest possible proportion of persons, thrifty, sober, capable, and energetic in their several stations and callings. In such a matter the standards of the well-to-do are, no doubt, as important an element as those of the labouring classes. We are not here concerned with the former; but it cannot be denied that Poor Laws and their administration do exercise an enormous influence, whether indirectly for good or directly for evil, upon the formation of the habits and character of the labourer and artisan. The recent General Election has revealed, to some extent, the growing sense of power on the part of Labour. Whether we like it or not, one of the large historical movements has begun. There is vital importance in seeing that it does good, not harm. So far as it may reduce selfish extravagance or idleness among the rich, and promote increased opportunity and responsibility among the poor, it may do great good. Everything will eventually turn upon the character of the masses of voters. But, in any case, movements imply change; and when once such a movement as this begins, the motion may become much accelerated.

Whether, nevertheless, the development be fast or slow, its existence is a comparatively novel feature, differentiating the present epoch from that of 1832; and one of the most serious questions confronting the statesmen who may happen to be in office when the Commissioners' Report is presented, and the time has come for taking action upon it, will be this question of the Poor Laws. A powerful Labour Party, even if not dominated by the Socialistic section, will not be very unlike other political parties if they make a full use of their influence for their own ends without much regard for others.

On the one hand, therefore, there may be the temptation to regard the welfare of the labouring classes, and the poor generally, as a condition attainable by increased material assistance out of public funds, or by public provision of employment. On the other hand, there will be more need than ever that these classes, so potent politically, should not be enervated and pauperised. The strength of the people consists not so much in what may be done for them as in what is done by them, and in what they are. And unless there is steady and uniform administration of a Poor Law resting on a basis of broad and intelligible principles, generally accepted as sound, and guarded against the influences of interest and the fluctuations of popular sentiment, anxiety may well be felt for the stability of the whole structure of the State.

Some reflections\* may be added as to the main lines upon which the Commissioners' recommendations might be laid down. The subject naturally divides itself into money, machinery, and administrative principles.

First, then, as to money. It has long been recognised that the functions of charity and the Poor Law are radically distinct. There are obvious differences between a fund collected compulsorily and one provided voluntarily. It is, however, also true that each class of fund is intended directly or indirectly to improve the condition of the poor. And although legislation cannot control the nature, amount, or application of private beneficence, this is not the case with endowed charities, many of which are practically wasted in small doles. And we may hope that the Commissioners will be able to recommend some way of gradually bringing the two great classes of funds, voluntary and compulsory, into an intelligible and systematised relation to each other, so that voluntary funds may more and more be reserved for non-pauper cases, avoiding the waste and confusion caused where numbers of individuals are supported out of both funds, administered with little or no regard to each other's operations.

In the case of the compulsory fund there is need and room for considerable improvement. To begin with, where the sum raised for the Relief of the Poor is included with other sums raised for other purposes, the fund itself bulks too largely in the public eye. The term 'Poor Rate' is misleading. It has outlived the state of things in which it came into existence. Really now collected for all local purposes, county, district, or even parish, it

---

\* See a paper by Mr. C. S. Loch on 'The Developement of Charity Organisation,' 'Charity Organisation Review,' vol. xv. N.S. p. 63.

is still called 'Poor Rate.' What wonder if the poor look on it as their fund, and consider that they get too little out of it? The name should everywhere (as it is in London) be 'General 'Rate,' or some such term, and the different purposes for which the money is being raised should invariably be stated on the back of the demand note.

The proportion in which the local rate should be supplemented by Exchequer contributions, or be spread over wider areas, the purposes for which such contributions should be made, and the precise sources from which they should be supplied, are matters rather, perhaps, within the scope of Local Taxation reform than of Poor Law reform. At the same time the Commissioners may be able to underline the principle hitherto accepted, that where careful expenditure is especially desirable, especial pains should be taken that the expenders feel the direct burden.

Similar considerations apply with regard to the direct payment of rates, a question, however, full of difficulty. The Local Government Act, 1894, has swept away the last bulwarks, and representation no longer follows taxation. In all local elections now the great preponderance of voting is vested in electors who pay no rates directly, and who, therefore, are never in a position to realise personally the difference between good and bad administration from the point of view of economy. When ratepayers alone had votes, and those in proportion to the amount of their rateable property, there was some responsibility. Possibly the balance was too much in favour of the well-to-do. Nowadays it is all the other way, especially as railway and other large companies, paying a very large proportion of the total amount of rates, and affected by local authorities' administration at every turn, have no votes at all. In fact the control of any election is only a question of whether or not the poorer electors happen to take any interest in it. If they do so, or can be induced to poll, the result is absolutely in their hands—i.e. in the hands of those who will not feel the burden, who are (in the case of poor relief) potential beneficiaries,\* and who, presumably, by education and habit, are least fitted to have a determining voice. It is not necessary, here, to speculate on the best means of securing a true incidence of local taxation upon various classes of property or of individuals. That, again, is rather a matter of Local Taxation reform. All that Poor Law

---

\* The indirect interests in lavish administration are almost as strong, and more widely spread, than the direct interests. Where outdoor relief is in question, the small tradesmen, the landlords, the publicans, the relatives, even the charitable are all exposed to its insidious temptations.

reformers need claim, and should try to obtain, is that electors of spenders should, like the spenders, distinctly and personally feel the burden of such expenditure. This used formerly to be the case; but the collection of large numbers of small amounts was found to be difficult, tedious, and expensive, and the fact that magistrates were empowered to excuse payment of rates, on the ground of poverty, led to difficulties of another character, the excusal of rates being one of the most abused forms of outdoor relief. The result was the introduction of the practice of compounding for rates, by which a landowner, in return for his undertaking to pay the rates on his property in occupation of small tenants who would otherwise pay them, is enabled to obtain the benefit of a reduction of the total amount of such rates; this deduction corresponding more or less to the amount of expenses saved by his so doing. Now it has been found that landlords can, if they will, get over the difficulty in another way—viz. by collecting the rates with the rent, the two items being shown separately both in demand note and in receipt. Whether it is possible to introduce such a system universally and compulsorily without reviving the old evils is matter for inquiry and consideration; all that need be noted here is that it has been, and is being, done on a large scale already, with good results, and that if it can be done successfully it will have a considerable effect on Poor Law administration.\*

Secondly, as to the machinery by which the available funds should be administered. Experienced persons have argued that uniform administration of the best kind can never be expected from elected Boards of Guardians, and that the work should be rather placed under rigid official control. Strong evidence to this effect was, indeed, produced to the old Commissioners. It may be true, and it is certainly the case that guardians' work is in some respects quasi-judicial (with unusually frequent temptations to bias), and in others analogous to the management of large business establishments, in neither of which cases has it yet been found advisable to rely upon popular suffrage for the choice of chiefs. It is also true that large boards or committees are open to variations of general policy, or even of day-to-day administration, by reason of changes in their body at elections, or by the presence or absence of individual members on particular occasions. And there are other obvious objections. But on the whole, and having regard to practical possibilities, it is probable that the Commissioners will be driven

---

\* See 'The Separate Payment of Rates,' by Mr. C. S. Loch, 'Charity Organisation Review,' vol. xiv. N.S. p. 91.

to try to adapt the existing system, with modifications, rather than attempt an experiment the introduction of which would raise violent opposition, which would entail very sweeping changes, and which would in the working probably develop unforeseen difficulties of its own without the safeguard of popular support.\*

The present machinery may be considered under three heads—viz. Boards of Guardians, their officers, and the Local Government Board as central authority. Taking first the Guardians, reasons have been given above for holding that in some way the administration of both endowed and voluntary charities should be more closely co-ordinated than at present with that of moneys raised compulsorily. There is so little co-operation, however, among charitable agencies themselves as yet, that full co-operation between them on the one hand, and Poor Law authorities on the other, is difficult to conceive. Several systems have been suggested.

It has been proposed that Boards of Guardians should, besides the elected members, comprise others added as representatives of charitable institutions, friendly societies, trade unions, &c., with a view to the combined body being entrusted with the dispensation of the funds raised compulsorily, and also of certain of the voluntary or charity funds. Such a proposal, however, seems open to serious objections. Although the allocation of such moneys as might come under their control might conceivably sometimes be satisfactorily effected, it is more likely that the distinction between the two classes of funds would become less marked, at any rate in the eyes of the poor, and this would almost inevitably give rise to claims for relief on the ground of 'poverty' ranking with claims on the ground of 'distinction,' and so widening the circle of claimants indefinitely.

Co-operation between separate bodies appears to be more feasible. In towns, at any rate, a good deal has been done; and possibly the new 'Distress Committees' under the Unemployed Workmen Act, 1905, may lead to the growth of organised charity wherever they exist. But in rural unions the difficulty will probably remain very great, if not insuperable. Nevertheless, if the formation, in suitable areas, of separate bodies, controlling charitable funds, could be facilitated and regularised, to whom Guardians might refer cases appearing unadapted for treatment under the Poor Law, something might come of it, even in the country. Such an organisation might simplify

---

\* The subject is discussed in the 'Quarterly Review' for January 1906.



and harmonise charitable work, save overlapping, and avoid duplication of machinery. It might be that, subject to vested interests, means could be devised by which an increasing number of endowments should gradually come under some kind of uniform control—whether or not of the larger local non-Poor Law authorities ; to be by them allocated, as might from time to time be found advisable, to the above smaller local bodies, for disposition in concert with the Guardians, though independently of them. One great thing to be aimed at is that all parties concerned should have mutual access to the fullest possible information, and proceed upon well-considered principles. Possibly such points might be left, within limits, to the Central Authority to deal with or vary by scheme and order, thus securing a certain degree of elasticity.

As regards the constitution of Guardians themselves (which might similarly be left under general control of the Central Authority), it is suggested that their direct election *ad hoc* might be abolished, and their creation rest with other elected bodies. For instance, there might be a small ‘Guardians’ Committee’ of the local authority (borough councils or urban district councils in towns, rural district councils in the country), with additional members nominated by some independent higher authority, or otherwise. All members should hold office for at least three years, retiring annually in thirds.

The principal ‘Central Authority’ would naturally be the Local Government Board, with increased powers—e.g. control of endowed charities and a strengthened inspectorate. It is possible to imagine the creation of a new department—a kind of compound of the Poor Law branch of the Local Government Board, the Charity Commission, and the Labour Department of the Board of Trade—whose function should be the promotion of the common good of the poor, and which might be known by some corresponding title such as the Board of Industry or Labour. But perhaps this is too ambitious a scheme, though the general work of the Local Government Board, which has become very heavy, would be considerably relieved. Whatever the Central Authority might be, they would retain the existing powers of the Local Government Board, as regards appointment and dismissal of officers, audit, issue of regulations, and possibly others. They might, for instance, have powers to make and vary orders and regulations as to the mode of dealing with distress from want of employment,\* as to borrowing by local authorities, &c. There might be power to determine in

---

\* Cf. s. 4 of the Unemployed Workmen Act, 1905.

what proportion any given expenditure of a Guardians' Committee should be borne by nation, county, district, or parish; in the same way as the Board are now, under the Public Health Acts, enabled to declare certain expenses to be a 'special charge' upon some particular area. It may be worth considering whether they might be authorised to assume more direct control of workhouses and Poor Law infirmaries, especially if a system of classification by workhouses were adopted, the Guardians retaining the right to act as visitors. And if a means of enforcing directions were needed, it might be found by entrusting the Central Authority with some measure of control over the allotment of Exchequer contributions; so that, if necessary, these contributions might be partly or wholly delayed or reduced, or in extreme cases withheld.

The remaining branch of the 'machinery' is that of the officers. This is a matter which should be left within the scope of the Central Authority, so far as changes in the existing Orders are concerned. With regard to the clerks and office staffs, as well as to indoor officers and servants, no suggestion is here offered. But with regard to relieving officers, who are only less important than Guardians, as being bound to obey their lawful directions, such conditions of appointment should be laid down as would ensure a high standard of efficiency. Their influence for good or for evil is very large; a competent relieving officer's qualities being felt in many cases which never come before his Board at all, and by no means only in the way in which his investigations and reports are conducted as to those which do come up. It might be well that Guardians' Committees should not have absolutely free hands as respects the number of relieving officers required by their union, or the salary paid to them, or as to the necessity for the appointment of cross visitors or superintendent relieving officers.

Having thus considered the constitution of Central Authority, Guardians, and officers, as well as the sources and collection of the funds at their disposal, it remains to add a few words on the general subject of 'administration,' in a wide sense of the term.

To begin with, steps should be taken to secure the issue, on uniform lines, of reports (in a form to be approved by the Central Authority) upon the finance and general proceedings of Guardians' Committees. Such reports, with any available information about co-ordinated charities, should be rendered annually to the local authorities concerned, who in their turn might report to the Central Authority. Sums required for Poor Law purposes might be the subject of annual estimate by the committee, and the amount granted by the local authority not be exceeded

without special application and further grant. All forms and books in use by them should be carefully reconsidered. The case-paper system, by which all records and documents relating to each case are kept together, with a history sheet on which is entered every decision of the Guardians as it occurs, is working well in an increasing number of unions, and might be adopted compulsorily instead of the cumbersome application and report books, which become out of date periodically, and go to swell the piles of lumber in the offices. The system of workhouse books and accounts, which are at present a severe tax upon many country masters, who have no staff to assist them with their office work, might perhaps be simplified; but, of course, no relaxation should be allowed of any regulations which are essential as checks upon waste or fraud, as materials for audit, or as records valuable for other purposes.

The control of workhouses (which might now be called poor-houses), infirmaries, workhouse schools, scattered homes, &c., could be left much as it is, subject to increased vigilance of inspection. Much has been said and written about 'Classification in Workhouses' and 'Classification by Workhouses,' but the latter is scarcely possible in rural districts, where distances would make removals expensive, and practically prohibit visiting by relations. As regards the former, provided that the governing principle is maintained—viz. that, on the whole, the condition of the pauper inmate is not made more attractive than that of the independent labourer—there can be no harm, indeed the contrary, in endeavouring to make life in such institutions as comfortable as may be, and particularly in the case of respectable old folk, whose inability to maintain themselves is due to no fault of their own. There is some safeguard in the mere conditions of order and discipline of an institution, and Guardians can already do all that is necessary.

In further relation to relief given in Poor Law institutions, the following points may be noted. As regards children, experience seems to show that elasticity has advantages, one system being suitable in one place and another elsewhere. Even the much-abused method of retaining them within the workhouse has produced good results, with proper precautions; but under no circumstances ought it to be possible, as it is now, for them to be left at any time in the sole charge of pauper inmates. As to 'boarding-out' (which may be the best, or the worst, of all systems), closer supervision ought to be ensured by an increase in the number of female inspectors. And it is doubtful whether boarding-out within the union should be permitted, in view of the contrasts which it sometimes displays.

The matter of the feeble-minded is still under inquiry by another Royal Commission, and nothing need here be said, unless it be to urge again the importance of increased powers of detention being given, especially in the case of females.

The question of Poor Law infirmaries and their proper relation to hospitals—as well as that of the financial maintenance of the latter—is one of grave difficulty. If the reference to the Commissioners is, as has been suggested, wide enough to embrace all forms of relief, charitable or otherwise, it is hard to see how the inquiry can leave hospitals out of consideration. But it is to be trusted that nothing but the very clearest necessity will lead the Commissioners to do anything towards throwing the hospitals ‘on the rates,’ a step which would inevitably add largely and at once to the cost of maintenance, and which would probably, with equal certainty in the long run, diminish efficiency. On the other hand, the surgical and medical profession have reason for dissatisfaction at being denied the use of the great Poor Law infirmaries as clinical training grounds; and it is well worth considering whether these institutions, which are maintained for the public, out of public money, might not be made to serve public ends in other ways besides those of affording proper treatment to the inmates. If this can be done in hospitals without injury to the patients—whose interests must, of course, always come first—surely it can be done in infirmaries.

Passing to the subject of outdoor relief, about which probably more has been written and said than about any one other branch of Poor Law administration, two things are tolerably clear: first, that it cannot be abolished altogether; and secondly, that you may always have as many outdoor paupers as you choose to pay for. The first proposition can scarcely, nowadays, be disputed; e.g. there must always be cases of sickness not admitting of removal. On the other hand, the extraordinary inequalities subsisting between unions all over the country in the matter of outdoor pauperism are sufficient proof of the second proposition, or, at any rate, show conclusively that the number of such paupers depends very much upon administration. Readers of the present article are being spared the infliction of statistics; but anyone who is curious on this point can easily find ample evidence of diversity as to both rates of pauperism and amounts of expenditure as between unions of fairly similar conditions, whether rural, urban, or city, and even as between neighbouring parishes in London itself. It is obvious that, where the extremes are so discordant, everybody cannot be right. Nor can it be desirable that such inequalities should exist, for the poor are entitled to fair and consistent

treatment. If by suggesting any amendments in the various orders as to outdoor relief, which are now somewhat complicated, the Commissioners can facilitate the provision, in some simple and intelligible form, of a set of rules which can be imposed upon and readily followed by all Guardians' Committees and officers, and which will lead to steady and consistent administration of outdoor relief, including medical outdoor relief, upon moderate and practical lines, they will have done a great deal.

One more point. It seems to be a paradox to say that no one ought to be compulsorily made a pauper in the public interest. This, however, can happen now in cases of infectious disease. Sanitary authorities have no power to give compensation or even maintenance where a person, not himself sick, is prevented from following his ordinary business by being isolated for the safety of the public. Such a person, if unable to support his family, can in fact only receive Poor Law relief. This is clearly wrong, and could be remedied by a short clause, in the next Public Health Act, authorising sanitary authorities to render assistance in cases where they are satisfied that there is need for it, and that such need has arisen in consequence of proper precautions taken for the protection of the public.

It remains to add a few words on 'distress arising from want of employment, particularly during periods of severe industrial depression.' In this direction alone are the Commissioners specifically enjoined to extend their inquiries outside 'the working of the laws relating to the relief of poor persons,' and they are to report whether 'fresh legislation for dealing with distress' is advisable.

The methods which have been adopted are many and various. They may be classified as alleviative, repressive, and preventive or remedial.

Under the first head come such things as soup-kitchens, shelters, relief funds (unless carefully applied), relief works of all kinds, Poor Law relief, and to some extent labour colonies, in so far as they are used, not as places of restraint or of training, but as places where a man can be tided over a period of difficulty and get back his health and strength in the meantime. As regards all these forms of alleviatives, probably the most that can be said of them is that they are unavoidable in times of emergency, but that unless combined with remedial influences they leave the recipients no better off than they find them. In fact, in so far as their regular recurrence leads people to rely upon them, they tend to promote a low standard of life, to keep labour in places where the demand for it is small, and so to do rather



harm than good in the long run. On the whole, therefore, the less of alleviative measures on a large scale the better. Such forms are at their best when administered by man to man, springing from the personal wish to help known cases, though even here mere doles are not charity in its true sense.

As to *repressive* measures, there is little to say. It is possible that some increased powers of detention in workhouses and casual wards, as well as power to order detention in labour colonies or similar institutions, may be found desirable.

The root of the matter has to be sought elsewhere. And the Commissioners will necessarily pay most attention to those methods which can properly be called *preventive* or *remedial*. Most of these have been already indicated. There has recently, however, been a new departure in the shape of the Unemployed Workmen Act, 1905, which, with the consequent regulations, is the latest attempt to deal with the question of distress. This enactment may do some good, or may do more harm; but it should have one useful result, for before August 4, 1908, when it will expire if not renewed, the experience gained under it, and the exhaustive records compiled, will have furnished the Commissioners with masses of co-ordinated material from all over the country; very possibly, too, it will have supplied some striking illustrations of its own inherent danger. The full organisation prescribed has been duly established in London, with its Central Body and twenty-eight Borough Distress Committees, and also in no less than sixty-six large boroughs and nine large urban districts, each having its Distress Committee with powers of a Central Body; and the counties and minor boroughs are perforce adopting the same system or in the alternative appointing the prescribed 'Special Committees' with powers limited to the collection of information. Whatever may be thought of the Act, as running perilously near the statutory acknowledgment of a duty on the part of the State to provide work, it must be admitted to be carefully guarded, as it stands and by the regulations made under it, if (which, however, is quite improbable) the safeguards can all be maintained in the working. And it does provide a uniform system, subject to fairly comprehensive central control, of handling emigration removal, relief work, and farm colonies, with a minimum call on public money and proper provision for inquiry into individual cases, recording of facts, and keeping and auditing of accounts. It may even lay the foundation of some such kind of co-operation between Poor Law and charity as has already been suggested. Further, the thousands of persons engaged in administering it are likely to learn a great deal. Its very elaborateness and caution are,

however, already provoking some dissatisfaction, and sooner or later there will certainly be proposals to give more power of raising money and applying it without so much investigation.\* Here the Report—dealing, as no doubt it will, with the way in which the Act may have worked—will be of extreme value.

On the whole, whatever the Commissioners may do, they are not likely to make much lighter the work of Poor Law administration. Something, however, may be effected in this direction. 'Assessment' seems a function more suitable for general local authorities than for Guardians. The law of 'settlement' might be simplified, or abolished altogether. And the consolidation and codification of the Poor Law Acts and Orders has long been called for; nor is any better opportunity likely to be found than the time when the Poor Law itself is under comprehensive examination.

Lastly, the present occasion is unique for one other purpose, the instruction of the general public. For seventy years there has been no such a chance. During the whole of that period experiments have been tried, and experience has been accumulating, both at home and abroad. Yet there has been no one adequate exhaustive survey of the whole field. Portions of it (in area, subject, or time) have been examined over and over again by all kinds of examiners, skilled and unskilled, official and unofficial; but the masses of information which have been obtained have scarcely been utilised in such a way as to be generally accessible and intelligible. The successive annual Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners, the Poor Law Board, and of late years the Local Government Board, are of course crammed with valuable records and matter of all kinds. The pity of it is that they are crammed only too full—more so every year. How many voters read them? How many ratepayers? How many Guardians? How many officials? The Poor Law material is never brought to a head in a form readable by the man in the street. The 'Reports' themselves are almost as crowded with figures as are the appendices. The dry little abstracts of the admirable Reports of the Inspectors (which are printed in full in an appendix, and might well be published also in separate form) do little to relieve the dryness of the main documents. It is not here suggested, of course, that these annual volumes are useless, and ought to be discontinued, or that they should be written in the style of the 'Daily Mail.' On the contrary, they are a mine of information, and

---

\* The regulations appear to have been already relaxed (March 1906).

their dryness is the proper dryness of formal official statement. But, for any likelihood of their directly forming public opinion to any degree, even if they were read, which in their present bulk and at a price of 4s. or 5s. they never can be, they might as well not be printed at all. Compare them with the Report of 1834, and the difference is manifest. And the concluding words of this paper shall be the expression of a hope first that the new Poor-Law Inquiry Commissioners will frame their Report, or some summary of it, in such form that it may be widely circulated, at a low price, and universally read and understood by ordinary men ; the evidence on which it is based, and so far as possible all elaborate statistics, being kept separate, but accessible by all who wish to study the subject in detail ; and secondly that whether upon the Commissioners' recommendation or otherwise the annual report of the Local Government Board may in future be accompanied by a shorter and simpler memorandum, purchasable for a few pence, and so expressed as to make clear to the public what, in the opinion of the responsible Department best qualified to judge, has been the drift or tendency of social economics during the period under review, with no less clear expressions of opinion as to any lessons to be deduced therefrom.

In other words, a clear lead is wanted ; it will be the privilege of the new Commissioners to give it in the first instance, and, further, to ensure that it shall not be forgotten afterwards.

## INDEX.

---

### A.

- American Foreign Policy, The Growth of*, review of books concerning, 236—evolution of imperialism, 236—relations between President and Senate, 237—financial protectorate over San Domingo, 238—President Roosevelt's ideals, 239—Americans who live abroad, 239—'Washington's forgotten maxim,' 241—Monroe doctrine, 241—Cuba, 245—British Columbia, 249—Calhoun's declaration regarding Monroe doctrine, 249—French invasion of Mexico, 250—President Cleveland and Lord Salisbury, 250—American empire over seas, 252—President Roosevelt's tour in Southern States, 253—Porto Rico and Philippines, 254—South American Republics, 256—Venezuela, 257—American interference in European affairs, 257—Anglo-American 'entente,' 258—Panama Canal, 260—West Indies and American Trusts, 261.
- Architecture, Thought in*, review of books concerning, 180—sources of Western architecture, mediæval or classic, 180—mediæval age an epoch of action, 182—Pointed style, 182—influence of chivalry, 183—Arthurian romance, 187—France and Gothic architecture, 188—Gothic compared with Norman, 189—Doric as type of noble spaciousness, 193—Rome, 194—Renaissance, 196—Italian Gothic, 197—Cathedral of Florence, 198—dome instead of spire, 199—Louis Quatorze, 202—Renaissance ideas in England, 205—English Gothic, 207—Victorian art, 207—vertical and horizontal principles, 208.
- Ashley, W. J.*, his 'Progress of the German Working Classes' reviewed, 1.
- Aulard, A.*, his 'Culte de la Raison' reviewed, 33.

### B.

- Balfour's Government, The Fall of*, review of its causes, 263—Fabian policy and its failure, 263—Mr. Chamberlain's capture of Liberal Unionist organisation, 265—Free Trade elbowed out of Unionist party, 265—Board of Trade returns and British exports, 266—Lord Hugh Cecil and Lord Londonderry, 267—Mr. Balfour's speech at Newcastle, 268—Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Bristol, 269; and at Oxford, 270—'Monroe doctrine' for Canada, 271—why did Mr. Balfour resign? 271—comparison with the Home Rule débâcle, 272—position of Liberal Unionists, 273—the new Cabinet, 276—verdict of the Election, 279.
- Barral-Montferrat, Marquis de*, his 'De Monroe à Roosevelt' reviewed, 236.

- Barrett, Charlotte*, her 'Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arblay' reviewed, 85.
- Barthélemy, H. de*, his book on the French nobility reviewed, 410.
- Beeching, Canon*, his 'Analysis' of 'In Memoriam' reviewed, 297.
- Bernson, B.*, his book on Italian Art reviewed, 180.
- Birmingham, G. A.*, his 'Seething Pot' and 'Hyacinth' reviewed, 362.
- Blake, William*, *The Visionary Art of*, review of publications concerning, 161—Art as Religion and Imagination as God, 162—inspiration, 164—allegory and vision, 164—doctrine of 'states' or regions of good and evil, 169—Last Judgment, 170—'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' 172—genius and acquired invention, 173—realism of imagination, 174—golden rule of art, a firm and determined outline, 175—prefers fresco to oil painting, 177—three years at Felpham, 178—compared with Early Florentine painters, 179.
- Blomfield, R.*, his books on Architecture reviewed, 180.
- Bosanquet, Helen*, her 'Strength of the People' reviewed, 488.
- Bradley, Prof. A. C.*, his 'Commentary' on 'In Memoriam' reviewed, 297.
- British Museum Library*, review of its Catalogue, 117—Sir Hans Sloane's collections, 117—Montague House, 118—Gray's description of readers, 118—Charles Lamb, 119—printed books, 119—private liberality, 120—King's library, 121—Grenville collection, 121—Ashbee's books, 122—Ayscough's catalogue, 123—Panizzi's reforms, 123—compilation of printed catalogue, 124—system of construction, 127—pseudonyms, 130—academies and periodical publications, 130—binding, 133—skilful administration, 134—varieties of readers, 135—bibliography, 135.
- Bullen, F. T.*, his 'Back to Sunny Seas' reviewed, 236.
- Burney, Fanny*, review of books concerning, 85—'Early Diary,' 85—five novels, 87—'Evelina,' 88—'Cecilia,' 89—Austin Dobson's biography of her, 90—marriage, 91, 114—'Camilla,' 91—Burney family, 92—middle class society in eighteenth century, 93—George III. and his Court, 94, 104—Dr. Johnson, 97—Samuel Crisp, 99—Dr. Burney, 102—the Queen, 105—luncheon by stealth, 106—her husband, M. d'Arblay, 111—French exiles, 112—Mme. de Staël and Talleyrand, 112—Rousseau, 113—her later years, 115.
- Butcher, S. H.*, his book on the 'Greek Genius' reviewed, 180.

## C.

- Callahan, J. M.*, his book on Cuba reviewed, 236.
- Canning and the Treaty of Tilsit*, review of books concerning, 345—battle of Friedland death-blow to Third Coalition, 345—meeting of Emperors Alexander and Napoleon at Tilsit, 346—Canning's decision to coerce Denmark, 354—British fleet at Elsinore, 356—Napoleon's plan to use Danish fleet in invading Great Britain foreseen by Canning, 359.
- Champion, E.*, his book on the French Church reviewed, 33.



- Chapman, Elizabeth R.*, her 'Companion' to 'In Memoriam' reviewed, 297.  
*Collins, J. Churton*, his edition of 'In Memoriam' reviewed, 297.

## D.

- Dearmer, Mabel*, her 'Difficult Way' reviewed, 64.  
*Diehl, C.*, his Byzantine studies reviewed, 387.  
*Dobson, A.*, his 'Fanny Burney' reviewed, 85.

## E.

- Ellis, Annie*, her 'Early Diary of Frances Burney' reviewed, 85.

## F.

- French Revolution, Religion under the*, review of books concerning, 33—power of the Church during seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, 34—persecution of Protestants, 34—clerical campaign against Rationalism, 35—'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' 36—secret societies and Encyclopædists, 36—Illuminists, 37—hospital scandals and prison horrors, 38—ecclesiastical abuses, not Christianity, attacked, 38—revolutionary clerics, 39—disendowment, 40—salaried clergy, 41—monastic property, 43—Civil Constitution of the Clergy, 44—oath of fidelity demanded from ecclesiastics, 46—Pope Pius VI. and the new Constitution, 47—second funeral of Voltaire, 48—Legislative Assembly and the Church, 49—massacres of priests, 52—adventures of the Papal Internuncio, 52—National Convention's anti-Christian campaign, 53—M. Emery in the Conciergerie, 53—persecution of priests, 54—Republican classicism, 55—separation of Church and State, 56—Directorate, 57—Theophilanthropy, 58—Concordat, 59—the Church under Napoleon, 59.
- Furniture, History in*, review of books concerning, 410—French eighteenth century furniture, 411—luxury the master motive, 412—ornament superseding utility, 413—Louis Quatorze, 414—Louis Quinze, 415—pleasure-loving society, 416—aristocracy at Versailles, 418—French eighteenth century foreign policy retrograde, 418—Pompadour quarrel, 420—French defeat at Rosbach, 421—the Revolution, 423—Encyclopædists, 423—attempt to regain touch with realities of life, 424—artificiality of Court and society, 425.

## G

- Gatty, Dr. A.*, his 'Key' to 'In Memoriam' reviewed, 297.  
*Gauthier-Villars, H.*, his book on the marriage of Louis XV. reviewed, 410.  
*Genung, J. F.*, his edition of 'In Memoriam' reviewed, 297.  
*Giri, G.*, his 'Suicidio di T. Lucretio' reviewed, 137.  
*Goschen, Viscount*, his 'Essays on Economic Questions' reviewed, 1.

## II.

*Havard, H.*, his book on furniture reviewed, 410.

*Hawthorne, Nathaniel*, review of works and biographies of, 210—early years, 212—'Fanshawe,' 212—isolation from society, 213—legend of John Hathorne, 213—literary novitiate, 214—'Twice Told Tales,' 215—marriage, 215—Brook Farm socialist colony, 216—'Blithedale Romance,' 216—'Note Books,' 218—life at Concord, 219—'Mosses from an Old Manse,' 'Scarlet Letter,' and other tales, 219, 231—brilliant literary contemporaries, 220—Emerson at Concord, 221—Thoreau, 222—George Ripley, 223—Margaret Fuller, 224—Channing and Alcott, 225—John Brown's fate, 227—'The Seven Vagabonds,' 229—self-portrayal, 229—'House of the Seven Gables,' 233—'Transformation,' 233—grave in Sleepy Hollow, 235.

*Henderson, J., jun.*, his 'American Diplomatic Questions' reviewed, 236.

*Hichens, R.*, his 'Garden of Allah' reviewed, 64.

*Hill, Constance*, her 'Juniper Hall' reviewed, 85.

*Hunt, W. Holman*, his 'Pre-Raphaelitism' reviewed, 450.

*Hutton, W. H.*, his 'Burford Papers' reviewed, 85.

## I.

'*In Memoriam*' after *Fifty Years*, review of editions of, 297—author's notes, 298—Bradley's Commentary, 300—nature studies, 301—Tennyson and Hallam, 302—foreign travels, 303—death of Hallam, 304—love, poverty, and golden dreams, 305—Government pension, 305—growth of the poem, 306—half-century of popularity, 307—German, French, Italian, and Latin translations, 307—literature of elucidation, 308—alleged plagiarism, 308—difficult passages, 309—similar poems on death of a friend, 311—utterances on Immortality, 312—old faith and new doubts, 313—'the Christ that is to be,' 314—FitzGerald's opinion, 316—message of hope, 317.

*International Law*, review of books concerning, 471—Grotius's doctrines, 473—Declaration of Paris, 473—contraband and right of search, 474—supplying belligerents with money, 474—seizure of private property, 476—Geneva Convention and Hague Conference, 477—treaty obligations, 478—codification required, 479—blockades, 479—President Roosevelt and Russo-Japanese War, 483—belligerent ships in neutral ports, 484—floating mines, 484—submarine cables, 485—wireless telegraphy, 486—general principles, 487.

*Ireland, Criticisms of Life in*, review of books concerning, 362—power of Catholic hierarchy, 362, 370, 378—conflicting ideals of Protestant and Catholic, 363—George Moore's pictures of Irish life in 'The Lake,' 364—separation of the sexes, 368—Gaelic League and freedom, 369—attractions of America, 369—'The Seething Pot,' 371—policemen representatives of direct power of

England, 373—Home Rule and Mr. Parnell, 376—English government and Rome's ascendancy, 377, 383—religious emotion, 379—'Hyacinth,' 379—Protestants not Nationalists, 383—nuns as trade competitors, 384—priests as educators, 385—Irish Protestant Church and Trinity College, 385.

## J.

- James, H.*, his life of Nathaniel Hawthorne reviewed, 210.  
*Jardin des Plantes, The*, review of books concerning, 319—its popularity, 319—experiments in evolution, 320—founded by Richelieu, 321—Buffon as director, 322—botanical garden and its foreign correspondents, 324—mineral collections, 325—monks supplanted by antelopes and lions, 326—Buffon's 'Histoire Naturelle,' 327—Daubenton's discoveries, 330, 334—national workshops, 331—Buffon junior, 332—Count and Marquis de la Billarderie, superintendents, 333—Bernardin de St. Pierre as a successor of Buffon, 335—menagerie, 339—natural history library, 340—vicissitudes during French Revolution, 340—museum, 342.

## L.

- Lanfrey, P.*, his book on the Church in the eighteenth century reviewed, 33.  
*Lethaby, W. R.*, his 'Mediaeval Art' reviewed, 180.  
*Loisel, G.*, his book on the Jardin des Plantes reviewed, 319.  
*Lucretius and his Times*, review of books concerning, 137—depression of agriculture, 137—Social War, 139—Slave War and conspiracy of Catiline, 140—Julius Cæsar and Julian Laws, 140—Cicero and the murder of Cæsar, 141—first Triumvirate, 142—vanity of ambition, 143—rivalry of rank, 144—Jerome and Pontanus on life of Lucretius, 145—his poems criticised by Cicero, 146—Giacomo Giri on 'The Legend of Lucretius,' 148—alleged suicide, 149—Epicureanism and world-weariness, 150—his friendships, 152—Epicurus's theory of atoms, 153—explanation of magnetism, 154—fixity of natural laws, 155—evolution of all things from dead atoms, 156—influence on Virgil, 157.

## M.

- Mallet, B.*, his Life of Sir Louis Mallet reviewed, 1.  
*Malmesbury, First Earl of*, diaries and letters reviewed, 345.  
*Marshall, A.*, his 'Handbuch der Volkswirtschaftslehre' reviewed, 1.  
*Masson, J.*, his book on Lucretius reviewed, 137.  
*Méric, Mgr.*, his book on the Church and the French Revolution reviewed, 33.  
*Moore, C. H.*, his book on Renaissance Architecture reviewed, 180.  
*Moore, G.*, his 'Untilled Field' and 'The Lake' reviewed, 362.  
*Morel, L.*, his 'Commentary' on 'In Memoriam' reviewed, 297.  
*Munro, H. A. J.*, his book on Catullus reviewed, 137.

## N.

*Nolhac, P. de*, his book on Marie Antoinette reviewed, 410.  
*Novels with a Philosophy*, review of some, 64—Mr. Wells's 'Kipps,' 66—Miss Sinclair's 'Divine Fire,' 72—Mrs. Dearmer's 'Difficult Way,' 74—Mr. Hichens's 'Garden of Allah,' 79.

## O.

*Oppenheim, Dr. L.*, his 'International Law' reviewed, 471.

## P.

*Political Situation, The*, review of debates concerning, 281—Free Trade the issue at the General Election, 281—Mr. Balfour's attitude upon the fiscal question, 282—Unionist Free Traders compared with Peelites, 284—composition of new Government, 285—Army reform, 285—Chinese labour, 286—responsible government for the Transvaal, 287—composition of new House of Commons, 288—Labour party, 289—retrenchment incompatible with demands for increased expenditure, 290—direct and indirect taxation, 291—Government's anomalous position in House of Lords, 292—Education Act, 293—Welsh disestablishment, 293—necessity for union in Liberal party, 295.

*Poor-Law Commission and Condition of the Poor*, review of reports concerning, 488—terms of reference, 488—Commission of 1832, 490—Act of 1834, 492—ameliorated conditions of working classes, 492—prosperity and extravagance, 493—workhouses and treatment of pauperism, 494—fluctuations of employment, 495—State aid, 496—Danish system, 497—old-age pensions, 498—unemployment, 500—vagrancy, 502—emigration, 503—Parliamentary Labour party, 504—'Poor Rate,' 505—Boards of Guardians, 507—Distress Committees, 508—Central Authority, 509—control of workhouses, 511—boarding-out, 511—infirmaries, 512—infectious disease, 513—soup-kitchens and temporary relief, 513—preventive and remedial measures, 514—Commissioners' Reports, 515.

*Pre-Raphaelitism*, review of Mr. Holman Hunt's book concerning, 450—Hunt's early struggles, 452—formation of Brotherhood, 452—conventionalism, 453—seven original members of P.R.B., 454—'The Germ,' 455—impecuniosity, 455—Elizabeth Siddal, 457, 466—Rossetti, 458—Ruskin's defence of Hunt's 'Light of the World,' 459—Carlyle's criticism, 460—Hunt's travels in Palestine, 461—Jerusalem, 462—'The Scapegoat' and 'Jesus in the Temple,' 463—Thackeray and Dickens on Hunt's pictures, 465—Burne-Jones, Morris, and Swinburne, 466—Rossetti's marriage to Miss Siddal, 466—new pre-Raphaelitism, 467—achievements and defects, 468.

*Pressensé, E. de*, his book on the Church and the French Revolution reviewed, 33.

*Protection and the Working Classes*, review of publications concern-

ing, 1—Mr. Chamberlain, Tariff Reform, and working classes, 2—arguments from statistics, 4—emigration, 5—working-class savings, 5—unemployment, 7, 26—comparison of cost of living in England and in Germany, 7—wages, 8—popular economic argument, 9—balance of exports and imports, 11—chart of fluctuations, 14—protective duties and National Dividend, 18—Labour and Capital, 24—labouring people as capitalists, 25—stability of industry, 26—dumping of surplus produce, 29—industrial combination, 30—danger of Protection increasing unemployment, 32.

## R.

- Randolph, Rev. H.*, his life of Sir R. Wilson reviewed, 345.  
*Robinet, Dr.*, his book on religion and the French Revolution reviewed, 33.  
*Roosevelt, T.*, his essays and Presidential Messages reviewed, 236.  
*Roscoe, E. S.*, his book on Admiralty decisions on Prize Cases reviewed, 471.  
*Rose, J. H.*, his 'Napoleonic Studies' reviewed, 345.

## S.

- Salamon, Mgr. de*, his book on the Church and the French Revolution reviewed, 33.  
*Sandford, Archdeacon*, his memoirs of Archbishop Temple reviewed, 429.  
*Sindair, May*, her 'Divine Fire' reviewed, 64.  
*Stampini, E.*, his 'Suicidio di Lucretio' reviewed, 137.

## T.

- Temperley, H. W. V.*, his life of Canning reviewed, 345.  
*Temple, Archbishop*, review of memoirs of, 429—his mother's Latin lessons, 431—Blundell's School at Tiverton, 431—scholarships at Balliol, 432—Tractarian movement, 433—Clough and Ward, 434—Dr. Pusey, 435—his idea of the Catholic position, 436—Principal of Kneller Hall, training college for teachers of work-house schools, 437—Inspector of Church Training Colleges, 438—denominational teaching and religious liberty, 439—Head Master of Rugby, 440—share in 'Essays and Reviews,' 441—Bishop of Exeter, 442—Bishop of London, 443—Ritual prosecutions, 444—Archbishop of Canterbury, 445—sale of Addington, 448—Lambeth playing-field transferred to London County Council, 449—Education Act of 1902, 449—death, 449.  
*Tormene, V.*, his book on the Bailage of Constantinople reviewed, 387.

## V.

- Vandal, A.*, his 'Napoléon et Alexandre' reviewed, 345.  
*Venetian Diplomacy at the Sublime Porte during the Sixteenth Century*, review of books concerning, 387—the Bailo or ambassador



at Constantinople, 387—protection of Venetian interests, 388—criminal and civil jurisdiction, 389—Orator or Ambassador-extraordinary, 390—household of embassy, 391—Gradenigo's disastrous mission, 392—ceremonial reception of new Bailo, 395—Divan or audience, 397—presents for the Sultan, 398—banquet, 399—dragomans and mezzani, 400—Janissaries, 401—revenue and consular functions, 401—Jews, 402—corn for Venice, 403—judicial duties, 404—postmaster, 406—diplomacy in defence of the Republic, 409.

## W.

*Wells, H. G.*, his 'Kipps' reviewed, 64.

*Woodberry, G. E.*, his life of Nathaniel Hawthorne reviewed, 210.

## Z.

*Zinkeisen, J. W.*, his history of Ottoman Power reviewed, 387.

END OF VOL. CCIII.











Author *Edin. Rev.*

Title *203*

*Jan. - Apr 1906*

*2 1/2*  
*1901*

DATE

NAME OF BORROWER.

*Nov 5-113* *Can. Lib. - 1906*

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
LIBRARY

—  
Do not  
remove  
the card  
from this  
Pocket.  
—

Acme Library Card Pocket  
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File."  
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU

